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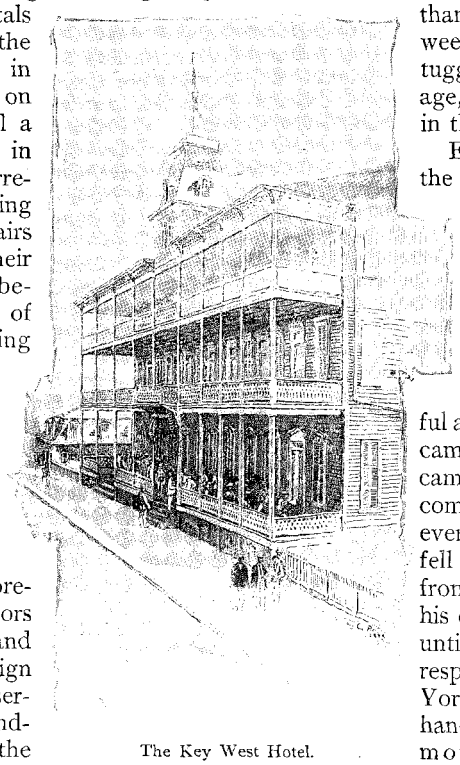
THE FIRST SHOT OF THE WAR

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

IT was half-past four on the afternoon of April 22d, and that peace which only exists when the sun is at 103° brooded over the coral islands of Key West and over the warships of the North Atlantic Squadron in her bay. The flags at the mast-heads moved irritably in the hot air, the palms at the Custom-house moved not at all, but were cut against the glaring blue sky like giant petals of tin; in the streets the colored drivers slept in their open hacks, and on the porch of the hotel a long row of officers in white duck and of correspondents in yachting caps sat with their chairs tilted back and with their feet on the railings before them, in a state of depressed and sweltering silence.

For two months they had been waiting at Key West. They had waited while the President's message had been postponed once, and three times, while Representatives and Senators moved and amended and referred, while foreign powers had offered services more or less friendly, and while all the machinery of diplomacy had been put in motion to avert, or to delay, the inevitable end. And they had lost hope and interest. For three weeks the White Squadron had been disguised in her war-paint of lead. The decks of the warships had been cleared for action, and the great battle-ships that were to lead the way, and which stood seven miles nearer to the goal than the others, for three weeks had strained and tugged at their anchorage, like dogs struggling in their chains.



The Key West Hotel.

Ever since February the fifteenth, when the Maine settled into the mud of Havana Harbor, these men at Key West had held but one dread and one hope. At half-past four that hot and fateful afternoon their hope came. It wore, when it came, the obvious and commonplace garb of every day. A small boy fell off of his bicycle in front of the hotel and ran his eyes along the porch until they rested on a correspondent of the New York *Herald*. To him he handed a telegram, and, mounting his wheel

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again, rode away up the hot and dusty street. The correspondent opened the envelope with his thumb, and read: "Rain and hail," and started, and then, seeing that the watchful eyes of half the row were upon him, turned his back and took a narrow code-book from his pocket, and ran his finger down its page. He held it toward me, as I stood looking over his shoulder, and I read: "Rain and hail"— "War is declared, fleet ordered to sea." And a few moments later the porch was empty, the hall of the hotel was piled high with hand-bags and sailors' kits, and hackmen were lashing their horses down the dusty street; and at the water's edge one could see launches, gigs, and cutters streaking the blue surface of the bay with flashes of white and brass; signal flags of brilliant reds and yellows were spreading and fluttering at the signal halyards; wig-waggers beat the air from the bridges, and across the water, from the decks of the monitors, came the voices of the men answering the roll: "One, two, three, FOUR! *one, two, three,* FOUR."

There were still ships to coal, or Captain Sampson, who had become Admiral Sampson since half past four, would on the word have started to blockade Havana. But as they could not be left behind, all of those ships that were ready were moved outside the harbor and the fleet was signalled to have steam up at four o'clock the next morning. That night as the sun sank—and it sinks at Key West with a splendor and glory that it assumes in but few other ports of the world—it spread a fiery red background for thirteen black ships of war outlined with gallows-like yards against it. Some still lay at anchor sparkling with cargo lights and with the coaling barges looming bulkily along side, and others moved across the crimson curtain of the sky less like ships than a procession of grotesque monsters of the sea, grim, inscrutable, and menacing.

War had been declared. It had come at last, and as the fleet lay waiting for the day, it is a question if any man in the squadron slept that night, but did not instead keep watch alone, and wonder what war might bring to him. To whom would it bring honor, to whom honor with death, to whom would the chance come and who would seize it when it came, and who would make it come?

In the quick changes of war and under its cruel tests, unknown men would become leaders of men, and those who had attained high places and had risen and fattened in the days of peace, would be pushed aside into oblivion; the newspaper-made generals would see a gunner's mate become in an hour the nation's hero, new conditions and new problems would rise to find men ready to grasp them—anything was possible—new alliances, new enemies, and new friends. The declaration of war meant all these things, a new map and a new chapter in the history of the world.

And yet while men wondered as to what the morrow might bring forth, the physical aspect of the night was one strangely in contrast with the great change of the day. We could imagine the interest and excitement which the declaration of war had roused in all corners of the country; we knew that for the moment Key West was the storm-centre of the map of the United States, and that where the squadron would go, what it would do, and how soon it would move upon the enemy were questions that men were asking in clubs, and on street corners; we knew that bulletin-boards were blocking the streets of lower New York with people eager for news, and that men and women from Seattle to Boston were awake with anxiety and unrest.

And yet at the heart of it all, in the harbor of Key West, save for the water lapping against the great sides of the ships and the bells sounding in chorus across the stretches of the bay, there was only silence, and the night wore every aspect of peace. For though all through that night the vessels talked with one another, they spoke in a language of signs, a language that made less sound than a whisper. That was the only promise for the morrow, their rows of lanterns winking red and white against the night, and vanishing instantly in mid-air, and the great fingers of the searchlights sweeping grandly across the sky, halting upright for a moment, and then sinking to the water's edge, measuring out the heavens and carrying messages of command to men many miles at sea.

The morning of the twenty-third awoke radiantly beautiful with light and color.

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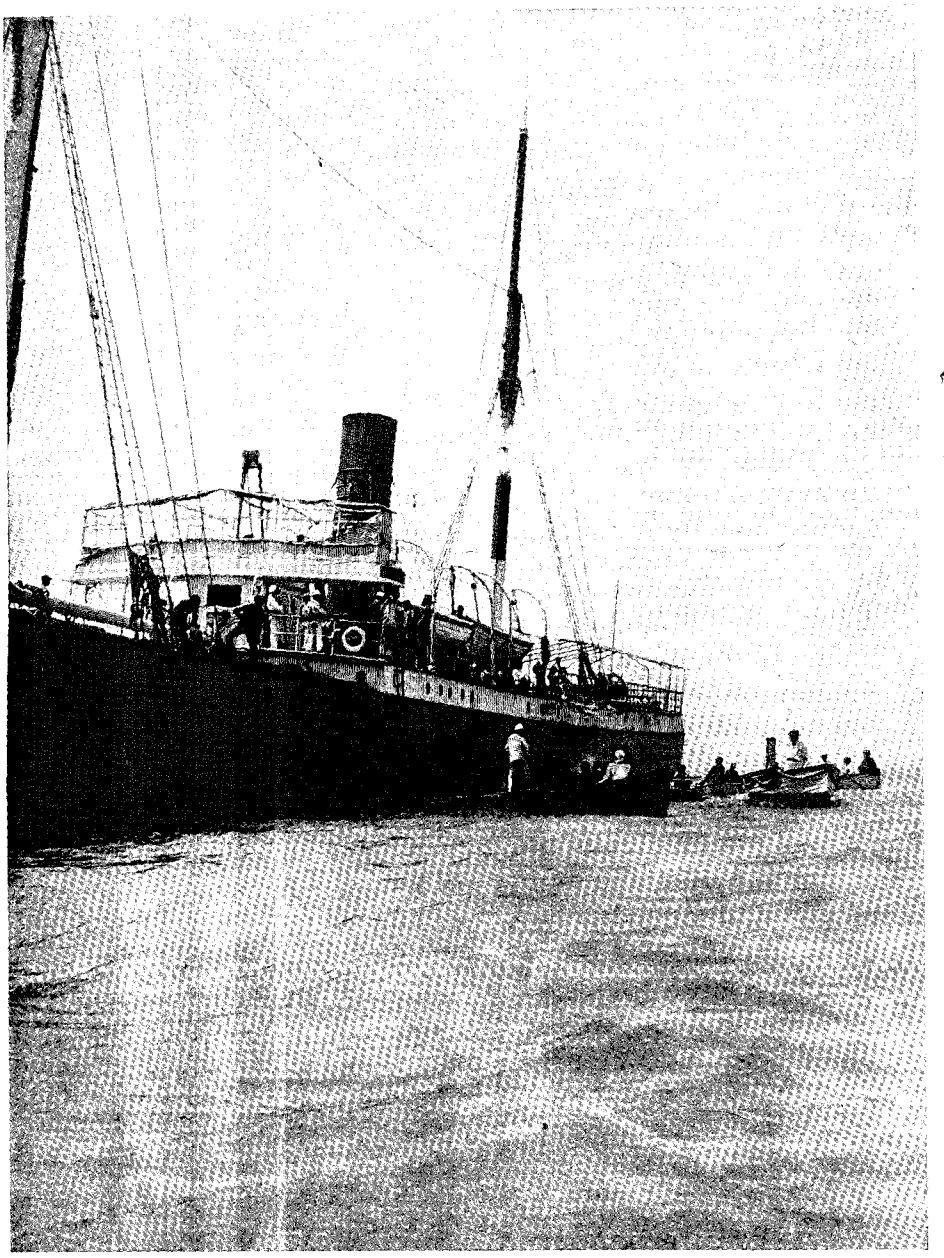

The First Prize of the War, Buen Ventura, Showing Some of the Prize Crew on Deck.

In the hollows of the waves deep blue and purple shadows caught the million flashes of the sun, and their white crests danced in its light. Across this flashing picture of light and movement and color, the leaden-painted war-ships moved heavily in two great columns, the battle-ships and monitors leading on the left, the cruisers moving abreast to starboard, while in their wake and on either flank the torpedo-boats rolled and tossed like porpoises at play. To the active imagination it might have appeared that each was racing to be the first to throw a shell into Cabanas prison, to knock the first stone from the ramparts of Morro Castle, to fire the first

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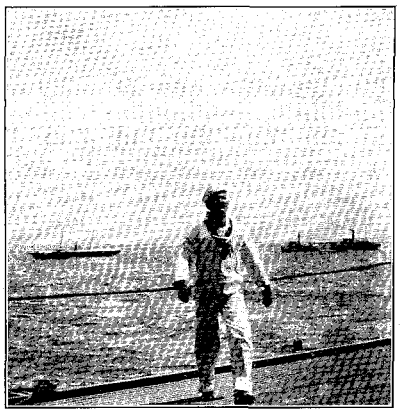
shot of the War of '98. But the first shot of the war was reserved for no such serious purpose.

For while the houses of Key West were still well in view, there came into the lines of the squadron a courteous Spaniard, who, unsuspecting and innocent of war,



"Messenger!"

steered his tramp steamer, the Buen Ventura, into the very jaws of the enemy. And it was upon him that the honor fell of receiving the first shot our navy had fired "in anger" in thirty years. It was an unsought-for honor which probably the Spanish captain did not appreciate.

According to his own story, as he told it that same afternoon in the harbor of Key West, when he saw so many "beautiful" war-ships flying the American flag, he said to himself: "Behold! the courtesy of my race requires that I salute these beautiful war-ships." Those are his exact words. And in admiration and innocence this poor man raised the red and yellow standard of Spain.

This was at half past five in the morning of April 23d. Lieutenant Frank Marble was officer of the deck on the flagship, and from the forward bridge he had reported the presence of a vessel on the starboard bow. The admiral signalled the ship nearest the Buen Ventura, which happened to be the Nashville, "What colors does the stranger show?"

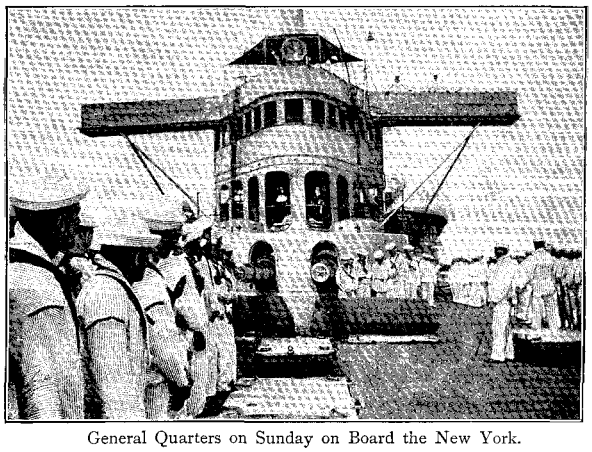
Both the Helena and the Nashville signalled back "Spanish," and the answer came from the flagship, to the Nashville, "Capture her."

The signal as it is in the code-book is really much fuller than that, but that is its meaning. So the Nashville fired a shot across the Buen Ventura's bow. Patrick Walton fired it. It was the first shot of the war. A second shot followed, and the Buen Ventura hove to, and a prize crew, under Ensign Magruder, boarded her, and a press boat buried her bows in the water and rushed back to the United States with the news that the squadron had taken her first prize, and that the blockade had begun. And so it came about that a fluttering of flags and a couple of shots aimed at a flashing, dancing sea formed the first hostile act of our war with Spain.

THE FIRST BOMBARDMENT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

FOR twelve days after war was declared the flagship New York lay ten miles off Morro Castle, blistering in the sun by day and made beautiful by the moon at night. She was the Central Office of the blockading squadron, and from her, messenger boys, in the shape of black and grimy torpedo-boats, carried orders to the men-of-war that stretched along the coast from Cardenas to Bahia Honda. While they lay waiting or patrolling their



General Quarters on Sunday on Board the New York.

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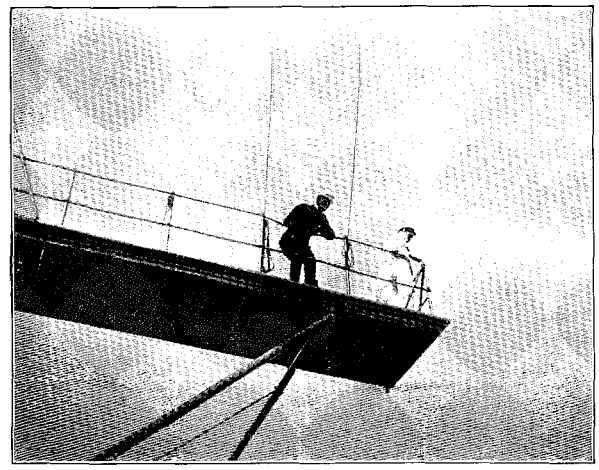
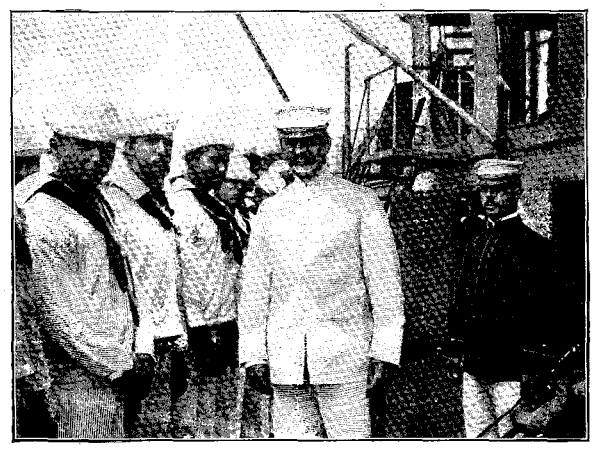
stations, alert and watchful, the flagship planned and arranged and issued commands. She was the bureau of information for the fleet, the mouthpiece of the Strategic Board at Washington, and all through the hot brilliant days her red and yellow signals fluttered and flapped and her wig-waggers beat the air. Other war-ships drew up beside her and their officers came on board to receive instructions, tug-boats converted into auxiliaries flew to her for aid, to ask for the loan of a few casks of drinking-water, or the services of a mechanic to mend a leak, or to deliver the mail-bags and, what was of equal value, clothes from the laundry.

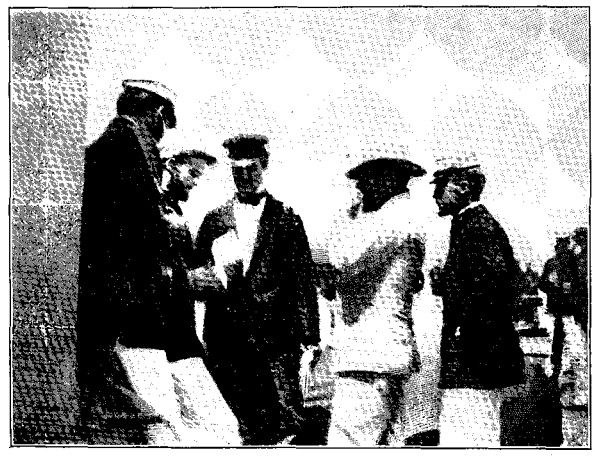
The New York was the clearing-house of the fleet, the first to receive the news, the one place from which news was disseminated. It came to us from officers of prize-crews on their way back to their ships, who halted to report to the Admiral and to tell their adventures to the wardroom mess, and it was brought to us by the fleet of press-boats, which in return received the news of the day on the flagship. Sometimes they received this through a megaphone, sometimes they sent a correspondent over the side to get it at first hand, and sometimes, when the sea was rough, we threw it to them done up in a glass bottle. The flagship was the only place from which to view and comprehend the blockade. What was seen from a press-boat was at long range; from their decks the motive and result of any move was of necessity problematical. It was like reporting the burning of the Waldorf-Astoria from the Brooklyn Bridge. The ob-



The Admiral's Bridge.



Lieutenant Mulligan in the Centre. Ensign Boone, who Fired the First Shot at Matanzas, is on the Right.



The First Prisoner of the War. The Spaniard is the one pulling his mustache, Sylvester Scovel is in the centre, in a yachting suit and cap.

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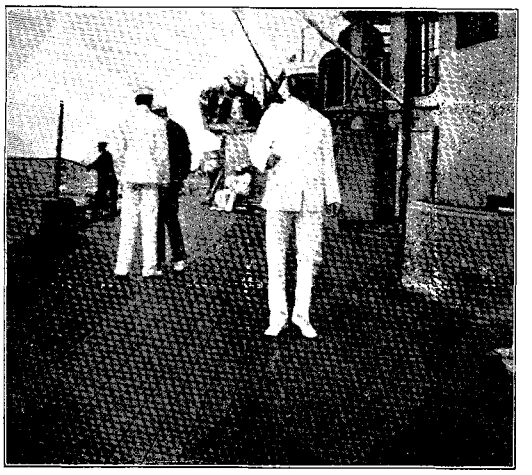
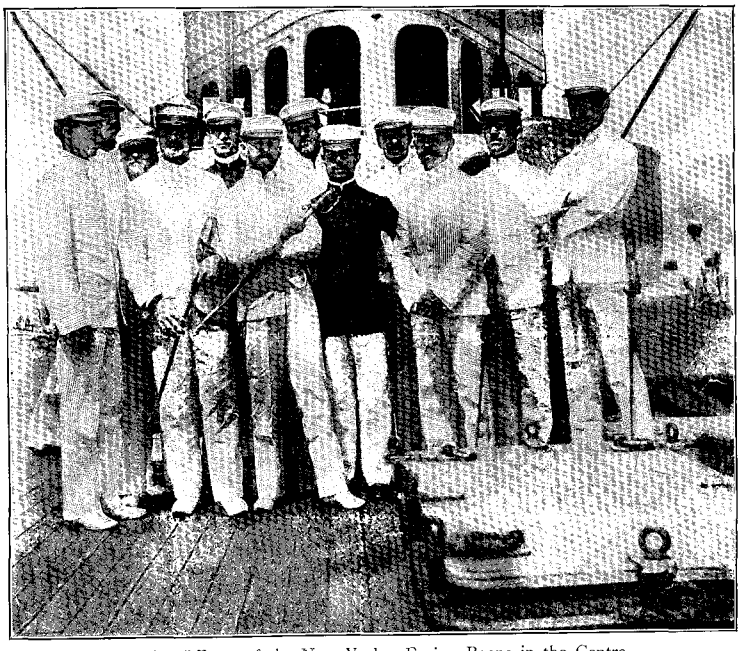
server in the distance might see much smoke and some flame, but whether the cause of the fire were accidental or incendiary, whether there were loss of life or deeds of heroism, he could only guess.



The Flagship New York Cleared for Action.

In its creature-comforts life on board the flagship was like that on board of a yacht cruising in summer seas; but overshadowing its comforts was an organization as complete as that of the Bank of England, and discipline as absolute as that of a monastery. In no military post, from Knightsbridge Barracks to Gibraltar, from Fort Houston to Fort Sill, nor in Greece, Egypt, France, Russia, or Germany have I seen discipline better observed, or such "smartness," or such intelligent obedience as I noted during the ten days that I remained on the New York. In that time there were many novel experiences to impress one; there was much that was entirely new and quite incomprehensible. There were some exciting races after blockade runners, some heavy firing, some wonderful effects of land and sea and sky, some instances of coolness and courage and of kindness and courtesy, but what was more impressive than all else besides, was the discipline of the ship's company and the perfection of her organization. Many men can swagger and be brave and shoot off a gun. That our sailors are brave no one has ever doubted, even before the victory of Manila harbor, but the best sailor is the man who not only can stand by his gun, but who can stand watch eight hours on end without stealing a few minutes' sleep; who respects himself, his



Junior Officers of the New York. Ensign Boone in the Centre.

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ship and her officers, who is as thoroughly in earnest when he is alone cleaning a bit of brass-work, as when he is aiming a four-inch gun in the presence of the enemy. And a more earnest, alert, and self-respecting class of men than were on the New York are not to be found in any class or profession in our country, and that is as true of the Admiral as of the crew, and of the crew as of the Admiral.

It was very difficult to believe that we were really at war. A peaceful blockade does not lend itself to that illusion. From the deck of the New York, we overlooked the coast of Cuba as from the roof of a high building, and all that we saw of war was a peaceful panorama of mountain-ranges and yellow villages, royal palms and tiny forts, like section-houses along the line of a railroad, and in the distance Morro Castle and the besieged city of Havana basking in a haze of glaring sunlight.

So, the first prisoner of the war was almost as much of a surprise to the ship as the ship was to him. Up to the time of his arrival a Spaniard, to most of the officers and crew, was an unknown quantity, —a picture of a bull-fighter in the comic papers, something hidden away somewhere along the smiling line of coast. The first prisoner introduced us to the enemy, and his uniform of blue drill, his Panama hat and his red and yellow cockade made the Spaniard for the first time real and human. I had seen Spanish officers in Cuba swaggering in cafés and plazas, tramping at the head of their troops through dusty roads, directing the burning of huts and cane-fields and giving the order to fire on insurgent prisoners, and I must confess to a sneaking sense of joy when this poor Second Lieutenant came silently into Captain Chadwick's cabin twisting his hat between his hands, and sank gratefully into the chair they placed for him. The first question Captain Chadwick asked was whether he would have breakfast, but the prisoner said he had no appetite; then the captain offered him a cigar, but he shrugged his shoulders and bowed and said he did not care to smoke. Then the Captain told Sylvester Scovel, who was interpreting whenever the Captain's Spanish failed him, to ask the prisoner where he came from and how he happened to get caught. But to every one of these questions Scovel added six of his own, inquiring as to how many troops the Spaniards had placed along the coast, where forts were situated, where patrols met, and how deep the water was in certain ports. Every now and then Chadwick would say, "That will do, tell him he is free;" but Scovel would object: "No, don't let him go yet, he is telling me things he shouldn't."

And then Scovel would smile with his innocent blue eyes upon the prisoner, nod encouragingly, and the unhappy Lieutenant would proceed to give him the information that the blockading squadron desired.

The name of Sylvester Scovel is probably better known in Cuba than that of any other American, even than that of Fitzhugh Lee. He is certainly more cordially hated than any other of the "nation of pigs," and a reward of ten thousand dollars was for some time placed upon his head. The Spaniards captured him once, after he had eluded them, hundreds of times; the Senate of the United States demanded that he should be set at liberty, and after a month's imprisonment he was released. To-day if he should be taken in Cuba, he would be shot or hung on the instant, and the death of no other American would, I believe, cause such universal rejoicing among Spanish officers and Spanish residents. Consequently, it was rather amusing to see the Spanish Lieutenant Juan de Rio clinging close to Scovel's elbow, and showing him the utmost deference and gratitude. Scovel wore a yachting cap and a suit of blue serge, so it is probable that the Spaniard mistook him for one of the ship's junior officers. But when they parted, after Scovel had shown him over the ship, there was a little scene. They had said farewell with many flourishes and the Spaniard had, after the fashion of his race, made a little speech to the effect that he saw it was as impossible to surpass the courtesy of an American officer as to surpass his war-ship.

"You have been most kind to me," he added, "and I should like to know your name. I shall always remember it."

Scovel laughed and nodded. "My name is Sylvester Scovel," he said, bowing. "I am the correspondent of the New York *World*."

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The Spanish have no sense of humor, and this one could not rise to the occasion. He only gasped and stared, and backed hastily away. He can hardly be blamed. It must be bewildering to find that you have been overwhelmed with courtesies by the man whose death, had he been your prisoner and you had killed him, would have brought you a reward of $10,000, and a vote of thanks from your Government.

The bombardment of the shore batteries at Matanzas came out of a clear sky. We knew something unusual was going forward, but only that. We had been lying off Morro and we suddenly started at good speed to the east, and when we reached Matanzas we came slowly in toward the mouth of the harbor, and then drifted. The New York was nearly two miles away from the shore, but with a glass we could see soldiers gathered on a long rampart of fresh earth. To the naked eye the yellow soil made a line against the green manigua bushes on the point.

I was in a gun-turret on the main deck listening to a group of jackies disagreeing as to whether the port before us was that of Matanzas or Cardenas. I had visited both places and ventured the opinion that it was Matanzas. So they crowded in to ask about the houses that we saw on shore, and as to whether there were mines in the harbor, and what we were doing there anyway, and I was just congratulating myself on having such a large and eager audience, when someone blew a bugle and my audience vanished, and six other young men came panting into the gun-turret, each with his hair flying and his eyes and mouth wide opened with excitement. All bugle calls were alike to me, so I asked if that particular one was "general quarters," and a panting blue jacket as he rushed by shouted "Yes, sir!" over his shoulder and ran on. Everybody was running, officers, middies, and crew, everyone seemed to have been caught just at the wrong end of the ship and on the wrong deck at the exact point farthest from his division. They all ran for about a minute in every direction, and then there was absolute silence, just as though someone had waved a wand over each of them and had fixed him in his place. But it was apparently the right place. Captain Chadwick ran down the ladder from the forward bridge and shouted at Ensign Boone, "Aim for 4,000 yards, at that bank of earth on the point." Then he ran up to the bridge again, where Admiral Sampson was pacing up and down, looking more like a calm and scholarly professor of mathematics than an Admiral. For the Admiral is a slow-speaking, quiet-voiced man, who studies intently and thoughtfully the eyes of everyone who addresses him, a man who would meet success or defeat with the same absolute quietness, an intellectual fighter, a man who impresses you as one who would fight and win entirely with his head.

Ensign Boone's gun was in the waist amidships, and he had been especially chosen to fire the first gun because the Captain had picked him out from among the other junior officers as an eager and intelligent ensign, and also because the jealousy that rages between the eight-inch guns in the fore and after turrets is so great that not even the Admiral himself would dare to let one of them fire the first shot of the war—that is, the first shot "with intent to kill"—for fear of hurting the feelings of the others. So Captain Chadwick cut the knot by ordering Ensign Boone to let loose first. It was a proud moment in the life of Ensign Boone, and as he is one of the class that was turned out of Annapolis before its time, he is a very young man to have had such an honor thrust upon him. But, fortunately, he is modest and bore it bravely.

At first I tried to keep count of the shots fired, but it was soon like counting falling bricks. They seemed to be ripping out the steel sides of the ship and to be racing to see which could get rid of the most ammunition first. The thick deck of the superstructure jumped with the concussions, and vibrated like a suspension bridge when an express train thunders across it. They came crashing from every point, and when you had steadied yourself against one volley, you were shaken and swayed by the backward rush of the wind from another. The reports seemed to crack the air as though it were an opaque body. It opened and shut and rocked you about with invisible waves. Your ear-drums tingled and strained and seemed to crack, the noise

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was physical, like a blow from a base-ball bat; the noise itself stung and shook you. The concussions were things apart, they shook you after a fashion of their own, jumping your field-glasses between the bridge of your nose and the brim of your hat, and hammering your eyebrows. With this there were great clouds of hot smoke that swept across the decks and hung for a moment, hiding everything in a curtain of choking fog, that tasted salt and rasped your throat and nostrils, and burned your eyes.

The ship seemed to work and to fight by herself; you heard no human voice of command, only the grieved tones of Lieutenant Mulligan rising from his smoke-choked deck below, where he could not see to aim his six-inch gun, and from where he begged Lieutenant Marble again and again to "Take your damned smoke out of my way." Lieutenant Marble was vaulting in and out of his forward turret like a squirrel in a cage. One instant you would see him far out on the deck, where shattered pieces of glass and wood-work eddied like leaves in a hurricane, and the next pushing the turret with his shoulder as though he meant to shove it overboard, and then he would wave his hand to his crew inside and there would be a racking roar, a parting of air and sea and sky, a flash of flame vomiting black smoke, and he would be swallowed up in it like a wicked fairy in a pantomime. And instantly from the depths below, like the voice of a lost soul, would rise the protesting shriek of Dick Mulligan asking, frantically, "Oh, WILL you take your damned smoke out of my way!"

The New York did not have all the fighting to herself, for the Puritan and the Cincinnati were a few hundred yards out at sea, and almost broke their signal halyards in begging the Admiral to be allowed to come in too. They were like schoolboys snapping their fingers at the schoolmaster in their eagerness to show off their knowledge, and well they showed it. An impudent battery had opened from the eastern coast of the harbor and they turned on that. The Puritan was a wonderful sight, her decks were lashed with two feet of water, the waves seemed to be running in and out of her turrets, and the flames and smoke from her great guns came from the water-line, so that it looked to us as though she were sinking and firing as she sank. The Cincinnati fired broadsides as rapidly as a man can shoot a self-cocking revolver; it was perhaps the most remarkable performance of the day. The aim throughout was excellent — although it is not necessary to say that of American marksmanship—and the shots fell fairly in the ramparts, throwing the earthworks fifty feet in the air and cutting them level with the ground. Only three shots from the batteries struck near the New York, and none of them came closer than one hundred yards. The engagement lasted fifteen minutes, but it was so exciting while it lasted that they did not seem more than five.

On the whole, the concussions were not as deafening as I had been led to think they would be, but in other ways the bombardment gave me the worst shaking up I ever received, though I once, with nine other unfortunates, dropped down the elevator-shaft of the *Life* Building; but the shock of that was like stepping off a bicycle in comparison. What the effect would be on one, if an enemy's shots of like force were striking and bursting around the ship, I cannot even imagine. The thought of it makes me want to take off my hat to every blue-jacket I meet.

No shots passed near us as I say, but I found the wear and tear from our own guns alone during that quarter of an hour in which they were in action far more trying than all the Turkish shells had been at Velostinos, when they raced continuously overhead for the better part of two long, hot days. But there you were a free agent, you only moved because you thought you were going to be hit; on the New York you moved because you could not help yourself, because the guns of your own side beat you about and deafened and blinded and shook you.

It is not likely that anyone will undervalue the qualities of our sailors, but no one need feel the least afraid of giving them too much honor, or of praising them beyond their deserts. Their footing on one of these floating iron foundries in action is about as secure as that of a parcel of flies on a window-pane when someone hits it with a rock. With the army, a soldier always has the satisfaction of knowing that if he is not victorious he can retreat

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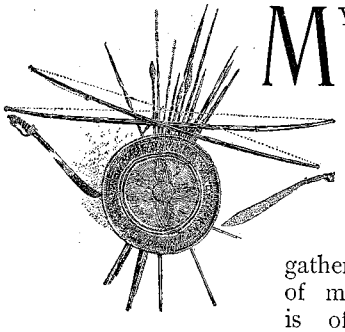
through several States before he is forced into the Pacific Ocean, but the sailor of our navy has no such consolation. He must either win, or sink in his coffin.

The men in the German Emperor's favorite regiment, the Red Hussars, take an oath on enlisting that they will never surrender, but that sooner than be made prisoners they will die fighting. Every man in the American navy, whether he is an oiler or a commodore, is qualified to enter that crack regiment, for when he enlists he virtually makes that promise to his countrymen on shore, "I win or I sink."

MANILA AND THE PHILIPPINES

By Isaac M. Elliott

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE COLLECTIONS OF JOSEPH EARLE STEVENS AND THE AUTHOR



Native Arms of the Philippines.

MY knowledge of the Philippine Islands was acquired while United States Consul at Manila from 1893 to 1896. The information which I gathered in the course of my official career is often incomplete, but anyone who has come in contact with Spanish colonial government will realize why I have been unable to give accurate specific figures in regard to trade questions. It is to the interest of the government to conceal the value of the imports and exports, because the undisturbed corruption of the Spanish officials is made possible through false returns in regard to these questions.

In fact, the government of the Philippines has been an illustration of Spanish misrule from the early massacres of the natives in the sixteenth century down to the present era of high taxes and official robbery.

Both natives and foreigners are oppressed by the elaborate system of taxation. Every male pays what is known as a head tax (*cédula personal*), which ranges from fifty cents for a young clerk to one hundred dollars a year for a man engaged in an independent business. Then there is a tax for the privilege of doing business, called the *patente*, which is gauged by the value and amount of the business, and every merchant is compelled to show his books. As an illustration of how high this tax is, I may mention that a drug store with a perfumery department in Manila pays one thousand dollars per year.

Real estate is also subject to a heavy tax. There is a tree-tax of twenty-five cents for each tree cut down, large or small. In Manila there is a carriage-tax of three dollars for each wheel. A horse is taxed four dollars per year. Then there is an elaborate system of stamp-taxes. All legal documents must be written on stamped paper, worth from five cents to one dollar per sheet. If a poor man enters into a law-suit, the smallest case would probably cost him four dollars in stamp-taxes, and everybody concerned, up to the judge who hears the case, gets a fee.

Importers are subject to the additional imposition of petty fines, which are inflicted for all sorts of insignificant offences. One man was fined one hundred dollars because a cargo of hundreds of cobblestones was one stone short of the number stated in the manifest. In the year ending in 1896 the collector of customs at Manila collected eighty-two thousand dollars in these petty fines, all of which legally became his personal property.

Not only are the duties on imports very heavy, but there is a large export duty.

Spanish misrule and oppression in the Islands is exerted also through the Church. The Church really owns a great many of the plantations in fee, on which the planters pay oppressive rents. They also have their own banks engaged in the business of lending money to the planters at usurious rates of interest. To put it in a nutshell, it may be said that the Church lives off the natives, and the Spanish officials live off the importers.

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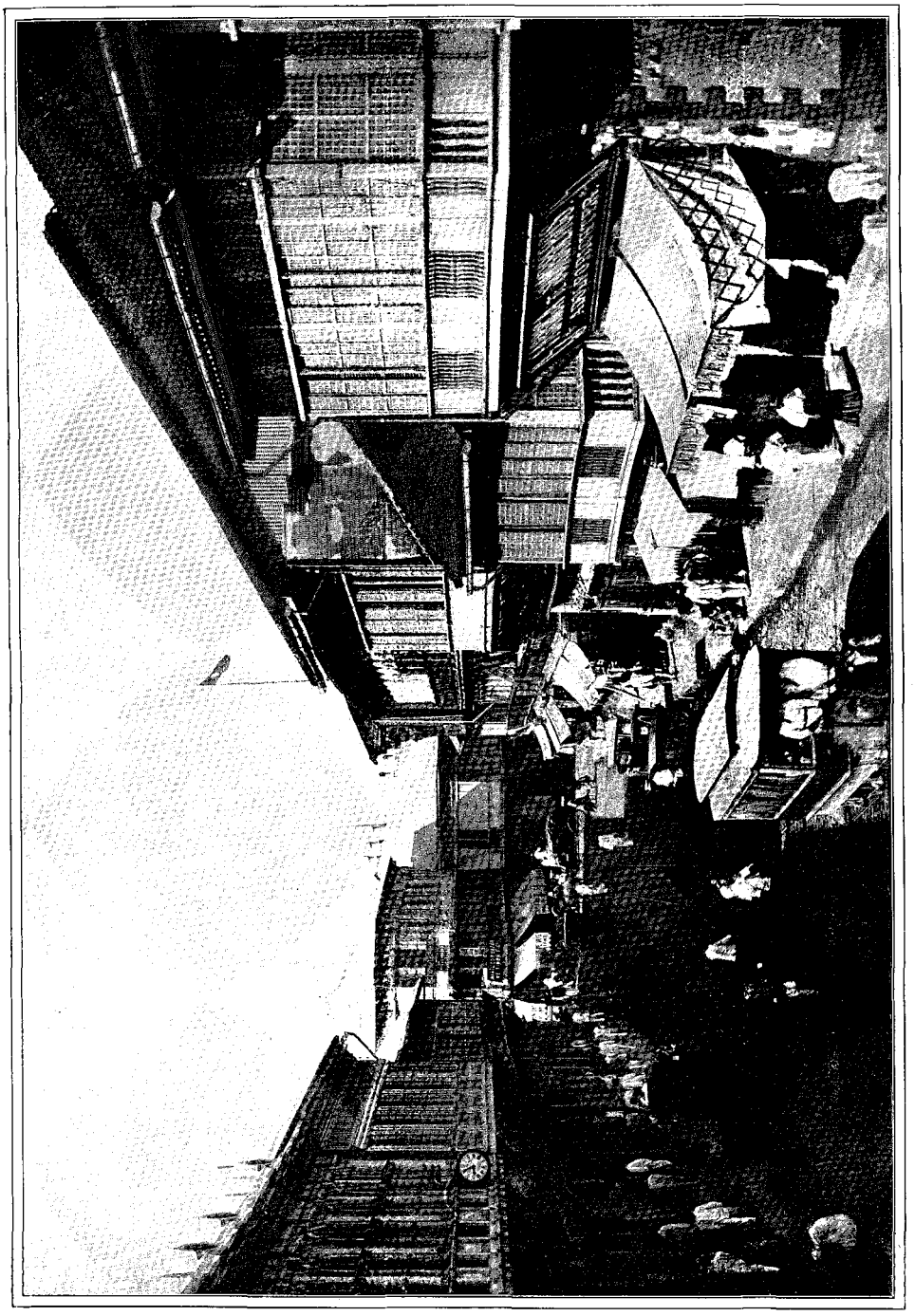

"Escolta," Manila's Main Street.

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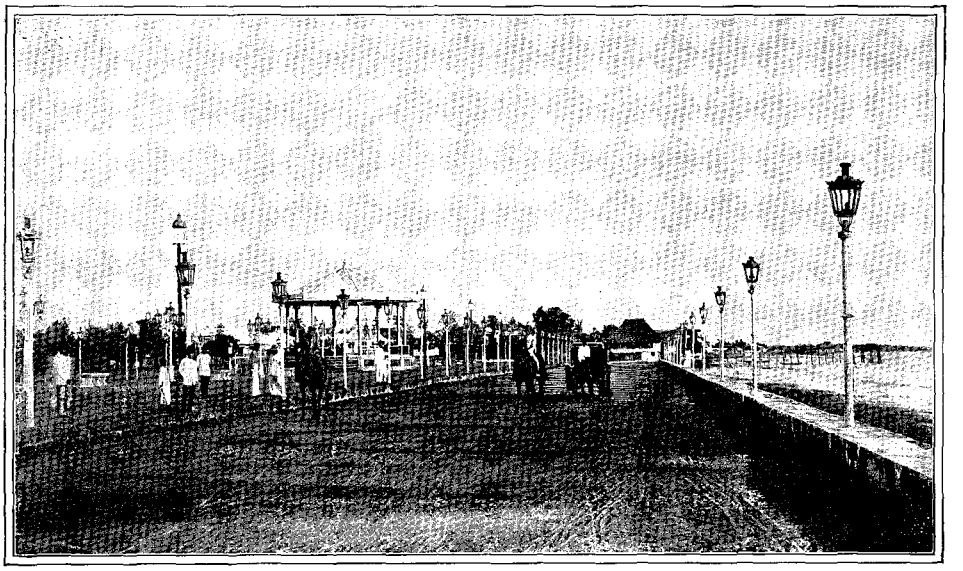
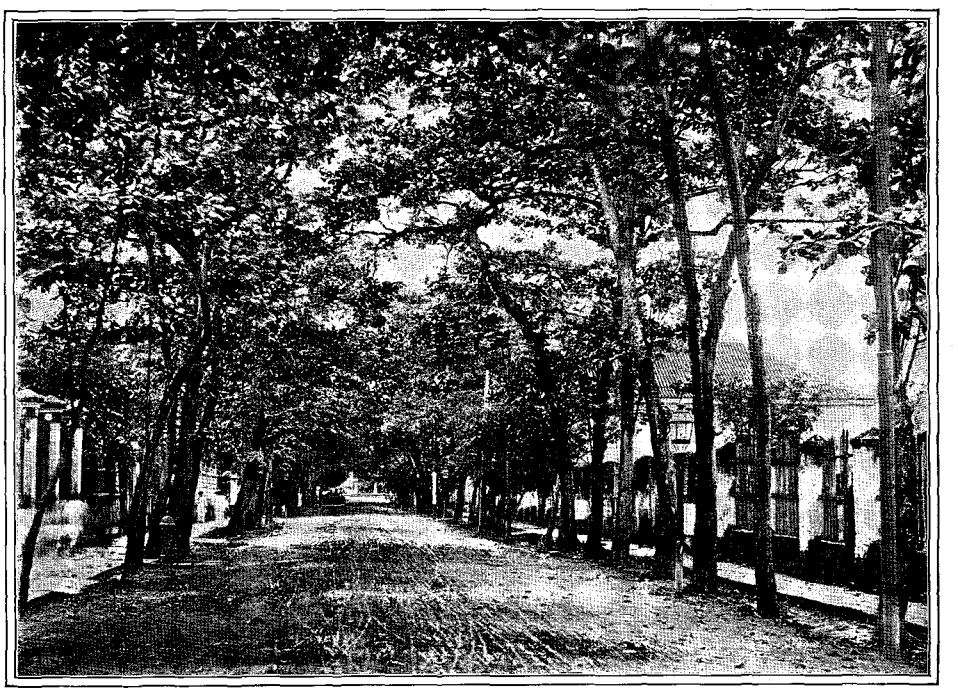


The Luneta.

Promenade at the end of the fortifications along the bay where fashionable Manila assembles from six to eight.

There are one hundred and fifty-one holidays observed, including Sundays. These of course reduce enormously the earning capacity of every man. Constant religious processions fill the streets, and images are carried, arrayed in the most costly raiment and covered with jewels. The churches are enormously rich. While I was in Manila one order alone sent a branch in America $1,500,000. While the



San Miguel.

The fashionable residence street of Manila.

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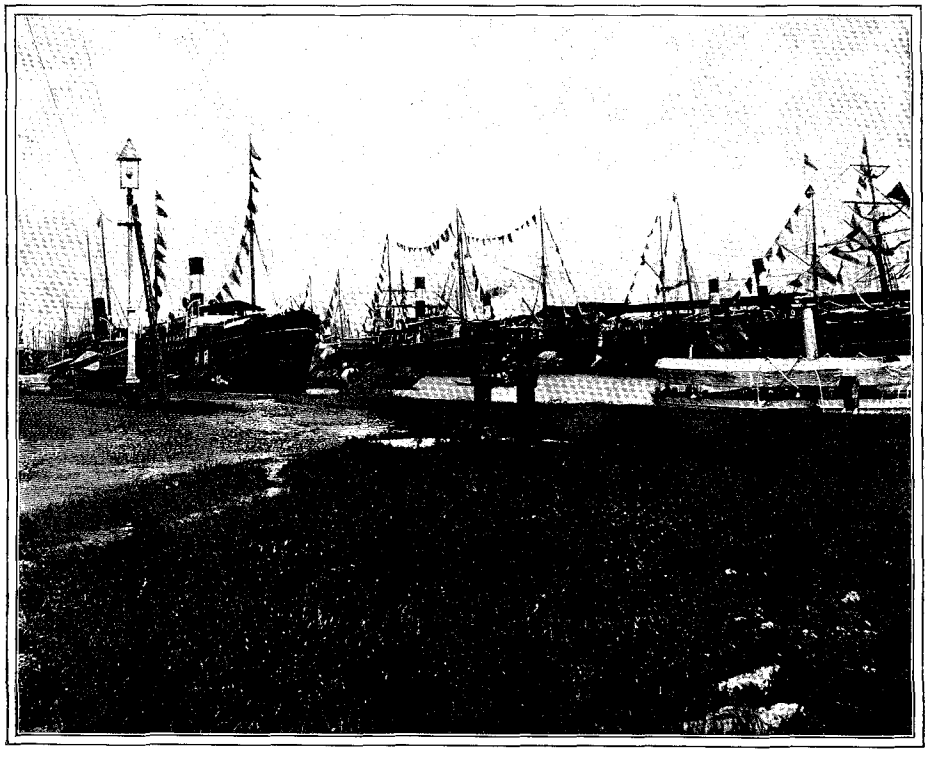
Church has absorbed a great deal of money from the people, still it has been the civilizing factor, and has built schools and churches all over the Philippine Islands, where the poor as well as the rich are always welcome.

It is said that the civil authority in many respects is actually subject to the religious, and that a large part of the real estate of the city is in the possession of the religious orders. One writer says that "The personal liberty of the common man may almost be said to be in their keeping."



Province Steamers in the "Pasig."

With these various forms of oppression by the government, and by the Church, it is not wonderful that the planters and their dependent plantation workers have risen in revolt. The insurrection in the Philippines, of which we have heard so much, is really a righteous uprising of the producing class against misgovernment. They are the Malays and half-castes, who have been robbed of their rightful share of the returns of their industry, and have taken up arms against the government. The savages, or Negritos, have nothing to do with this insurrection. All that the United States has to apprehend is that, having been oppressed for so many years, the insurgents may, if let loose, indiscriminately slaughter, loot, and destroy all foreigners. Under a liberal government, however, and if the Mestizos, whose part in affairs I shall describe later, are used as intermediaries, they will become a docile, orderly element.

The well-known historical facts in regard to these Islands since their discovery by Magellan, in 1521, need not be here repeated. There is great discrepancy in the accounts of the number of the islands, by reason of the hundreds of them that are simply rocks in the sea without inhabitants. There are probably 1,200 separate islands in the Archipelago, of which four hundred are inhabited. Most of these contain only wild bands of the Negritos, the original natives, who have never been conquered or civilized. Actual Spanish dominion is limited to the western coast of the largest island, Luzon, of which Manila is the capital; to the eastern coast of

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City Hall.—In Old Manila.

Mindoro Island, immediately south of Luzon; to Panay, a large island over which the Spanish have complete control and whose port is Iloilo, of which Admiral Dewey has already taken possession; and to the southeast of it, Negros and Cebu islands, where the Spaniards have partial control at certain seaports. The largest island in the whole group next to Luzon is Mindanao, where the Spaniards have never gained a foothold except in two or three fortified coast-towns. The absolute ruler is the Sultan of Buhaten, who controls an immense sultanate of Malayans who were converted to Mohammedanism. It thus appears that Spanish dominion is practically confined to narrow sea-coast strips, and that the great bulk of the territory of the Philippines is unsubdued and undeveloped, and inhabited by the original savage Negritos, who roam the islands unmolested and give no trouble whatever, unless interfered with in their fastnesses.

The inhabitants of the Philippine Islands who are to be considered in commercial questions are the Malayans, the Chinese, the Europeans, the English, and the Americans. When one speaks of the "natives," he generally refers to the Malayans and the half-castes, who are the descendants of Malayans and various foreign races who have intermarried with them. These are called Mestizos, and are often well educated. The wealthy Mestizos or half-castes send their children to Europe to be educated, and they are very apt pupils, too. I know a number of young men who are graduates of the best colleges in Europe.

The commercial and industrial life is founded on the great natural adaptability of the soil for producing tobacco, hemp, and sugar. Plantation life is the industrial unit on which the whole commercial system turns. These plantations are large or small, according to the wealth of the proprietor, who is generally a Malay. All the work of the plantation is done by other Malayans, and on some of the large plantations as many as five or six hundred of these live in little bamboo houses, just as the negroes lived on the old cotton plantations in the South. The planter furnishes these workers with food and clothes.

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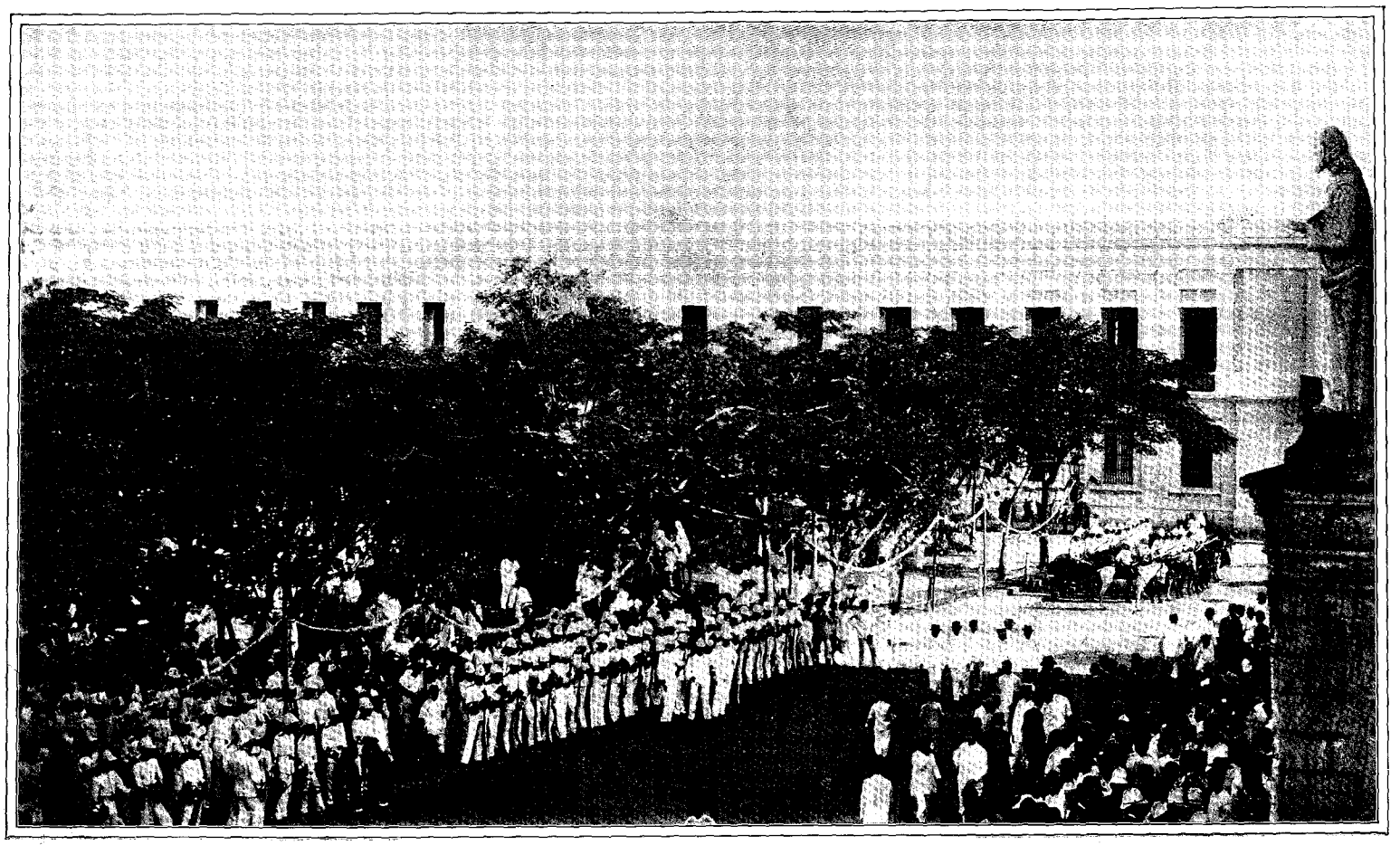

High Mass at the Cathedral on Sunday Morning in the Old Town.

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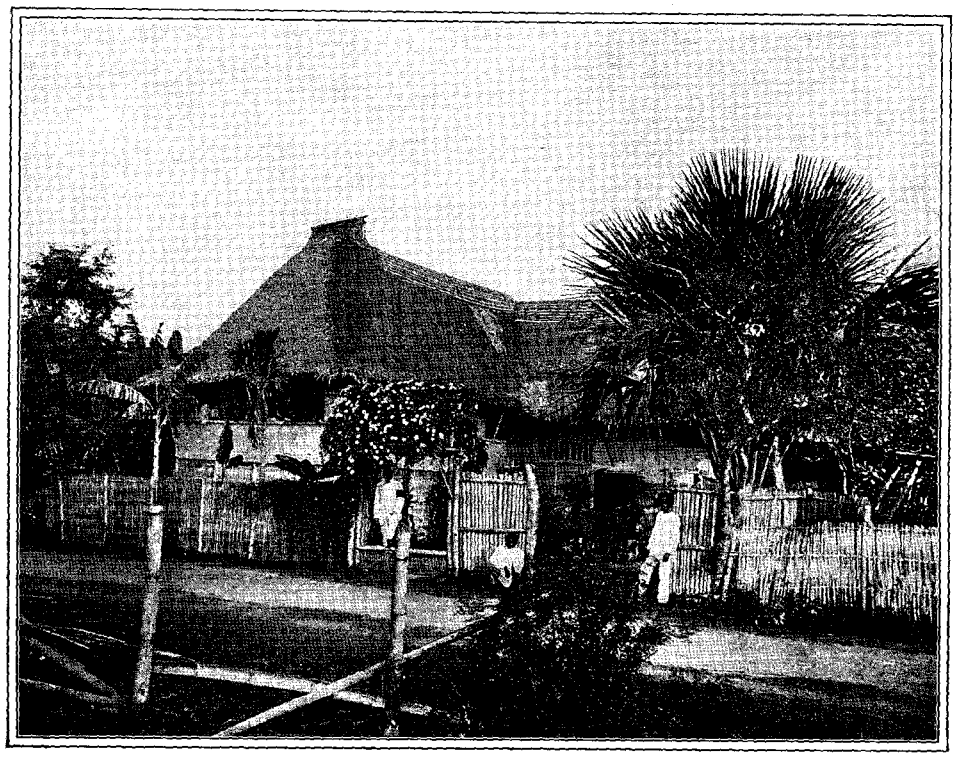

Native House and Typical Bamboo Fence.

The food is rice and fish and is very cheap, and the clothes are the most primitive—the men wearing white drilling and the women gorgeous-colored calicoes. An account is kept of the supplies furnished to the plantation-hands, and when the crop has been harvested a settlement takes place, resulting sometimes in a small balance of a few dollars in cash, which is paid to the workers; very often they are in debt to the planter.

Of course, the planter must have a certain amount of capital in order to purchase his supplies of food and clothing, and here is where the middle-man steps in. The middle-man is generally a Mestizo (half-caste), who is often a man of considerable education, tact, and shrewdness. It is his business to contract with the planters for their entire crops in advance, furnishing them with the needed capital. He makes these contracts on behalf of the great firms—English, German, French, American—who manage the export trade of the islands. These exporters are the original sources of the capital on which the whole industrial machinery depends. They lend money to the Mestizos at a high rate of interest, probably ten or twelve per cent., and the Mestizos sublet it to the planters at exorbitant rates, often as high as fifty per cent. a year. It is by this increased rate of interest that the Mestizo makes his money. As a consequence, the planter is almost always in debt, and the only men who make money are the exporters and the middle-men.

Of the products of the islands exported, America gets most of the sugar, part of it, however, going to Hong Kong. The tobacco is sent to Australia, New Zealand, and India, and to the European countries, while very little of it comes to the United States. On the other hand, we use most of the hemp which is produced for binder twine, rope, etc.

As is well known, America was supreme in the Philippine trade from the opening of the export business of the island on a large scale until within a few years. The reasons for the decline of American influence were largely the drawing out of capital by the older members of the great American trading firms, and their leaving

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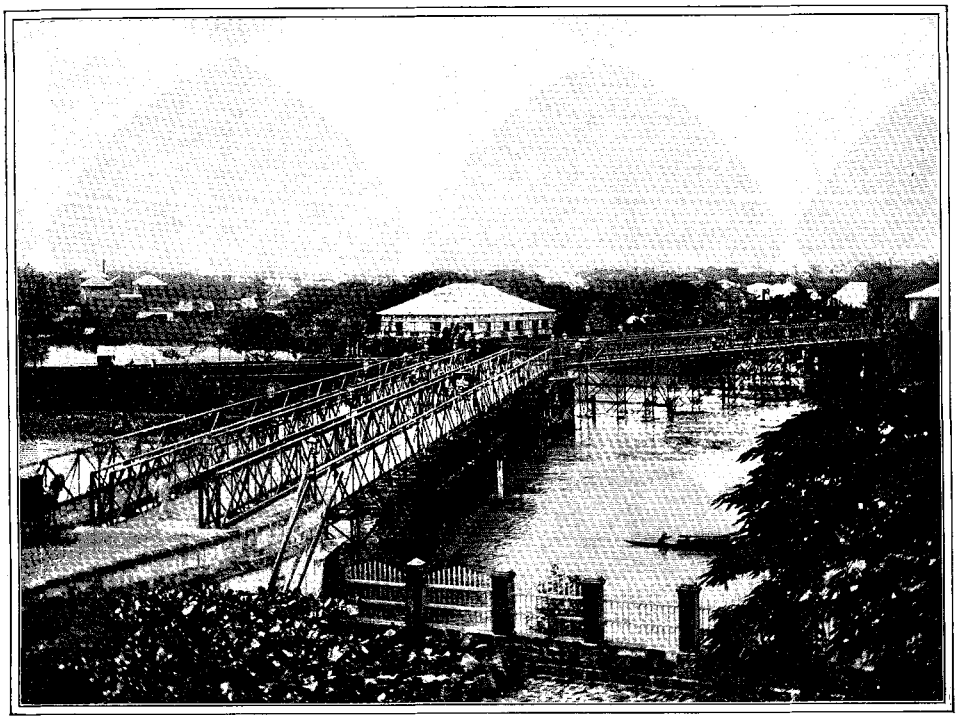

Puentes d'Ayala—Bridge Across the Pasig in the Residence Section.

the business to younger members of their families, who found themselves with great responsibilities and a reduced capital. Gradually English firms, with abundant capital, succeeded to the bulk of the business. The last American firms in Manila were crowded out three years ago by Spanish intrigues, caused by the hatred of Americans growing out of the Cuban troubles. This overthrow was managed by the thousand and one petty annoyances of legal machinery that the Spaniards exerted against American firms.

The commerce of these islands has been estimated by some authorities at $50,000,000 a year, but it is probably much greater; the chief exports being sugar, tobacco, and hemp. Of Manila cigars, the yearly product is several hundred million, one factory alone employing 10,000 hands; and of Manila hemp the yearly product is probably 200,000 tons, eight-tenths of which is bought by the United States. One factory in Manila produces 40,000,000 cigarettes in a single year.

The imports are also of enormous value. The United States sends the Philippines chiefly kerosene oil and flour, while England, Germany, and France sell them print cloths, white drilling, hardware, canned goods, etc. There are other large towns in the islands, but most of the imports are landed at Manila and are shipped to these by local steamers. One company alone has twenty-seven steamers engaged in local and coastwise trade; their ships ranging in size from 500 to 3,000 tons.

The mineral wealth of these islands is not believed to be of great importance, although vast regions are practically unexplored. Gold has been found, but not in paying quantities. A discovery of immense value was made a few years ago in an accidental manner. The American ship Richard Parsons was wrecked on the western coast of the Island Mindoro. Captain Joy, of Nantucket, Mass., and his crew were forced to cross to a port on the eastern coast in order to reach any vessel that could carry them to Manila. To do this they made a seventeen days' journey through the wilderness and over a range of mountains. In these mountains they came upon great ledges of coal, which are outcropping, and thousands of tons had

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Typical Attitudes and Expressions of Native Residents in Manila.

broken off and accumulated at the base of the cliffs. On hearing of this discovery the Spanish Government immediately confiscated the lands, but they have never done anything toward developing this great deposit of coal. All the coal now used in the islands is imported from Australia.

When the American fleet entered the harbor of Manila they passed in the night the Island Corregidor, which is a rocky hill five hundred feet in altitude. On it is the famous Corregidor Light. It rises in the midst of a channel about eight miles wide leading into the nearly circular bay of Manila, across which, about twenty-eight miles away to the northeast, lies the city of Manila at the mouth of the river Pasig, which divides it. The country where the city lies seems low and flat, and all that one

Native Manila Wood Carvings.

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sees from the harbor is an occasional white tower. Fifty miles back the mountains rise to a height of 4,000 to 6,000 feet.

Around the right-hand shore, about half way to the city, is a jutting sand-spit, on which is situated Cavite. Here were the docks, marine railways, arsenals, and low fortifications, under the shelter of which lay the Spanish fleet until destroyed by Admiral Dewey.

As you approach the city, on the shore of the bay there is seen the broad embankment and boulevard, called the Luneta, where the social world of Manila walks and drives in the evening. The main features of this parade are furnished by the European residents, of whom there are nearly four thousand, including Spanish officers and their families, and those attached to the civil government. Only five or six hundred of these are English, American, German, or French. An estimate made in 1887 gave the population at 154,000, but this is far below its present numbers. With the suburbs under the municipal government of Manila the total population is probably 400,000. A very important element in the population is the 50,000 Chinese, but by far the greatest is the half-castes.

The old city is entirely surrounded by two walls, a moat on the outside, also one between the inner and outer walls. Entrance was had by crossing drawbridges, which until 1871 were drawn up at 9 P.M. There were five of these entrances, three facing the sea and two on the opposite side, facing the Pasig River. I do not believe that there are better examples of the old style of fortifications in existence than those of Manila, and it will be a pity if we are compelled to destroy them. In my time the walls surrounding the old city were covered with old-fashioned cannon, which could do little damage to our modern fleet of war-ships. Opposite to the old city and under the same municipal government, is the new city called Binondo, where all the large business houses are situated, as are also the banks, hotels, and beautiful residences. The new Governor-General's palace is in this part of the city.

The average day of a foreigner engaged in business in Manila is something as follows: A bath in the early morning and then a light breakfast. At seven o'clock the men go to their business offices and work until twelve, when offices are closed and everybody takes a two hours' rest, during which luncheon is served, and then a short siesta taken. From two o'clock until six or seven business is carried on as in the morning; even the banks keep open until five o'clock. When business is over for the day the employés put on fresh white clothes and help to swell the throng of people who promenade the streets, so that they are almost impassable. At eight o'clock everybody is at dinner, which is the social function of the day. The staple food is rice, which is eaten by rich and poor alike. Chicken is always served at dinner, and native fruits. All the potatoes that the Europeans get come from China, and all the wheat and flour from California. The apples are brought from Hong Kong and sell at from ten to fifteen cents apiece. The cost of living for a European is very high on account of the extremely heavy duties imposed by Spain. The wages paid to servants are, however, very small. These servants use a Malay dialect, known as Tagalog. Most of them in the town speaks Spanish fluently, a few English.

The great and universal amusement is cock-fighting. I do not know how many cock-pits there are in and about Manila, but there must be over one hundred, some of them capable of holding over 10,000 people; these pits are in bamboo buildings with thatched roofs.

In regard to the climate which a foreigner encounters, it is easy to exaggerate its discomforts; although it is tropical, still even in summer the climate may be called healthy. From December to March there are warm days, with cool nights and little rain. During March, April, and May the days are hot, dry and dusty, while the thermometer rises to 96° at noon; but the nights are not uncomfortable. In the latter part of May and of June there are thunder-storms every afternoon with a tremendous downpour of rain. The greatest heat occurs in these months, the thermometer rising frequently to 105° in the shade. July, August, and September are the months of the great typhoons, and while Manila escapes the greatest fury of these, still enough of their force remains to demolish many houses. During October and

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November storms lessen in frequency and severity, and the weather gradually settles into the fine days of December. There are two scourges prevalent, small-pox among the natives, and malarial fever among the Europeans. A person once contracting this intermittent malaria in its worst form seldom fully recovers from its debilitating effects. The cholera was a few years ago very disastrous, and one hundred people a day frequently died in Manila, but since the gift of the new water-works to the city, by an old Spanish resident, the cholera has almost disappeared. It must be remembered with regard to this whole matter of health that a large part of the conditions that have hitherto prevailed has been directly the consequence of misgovernment, ignorance, and antiquated methods; and that the knowledge and improvements which we should introduce, if the Philippines remained a permanent possession, would minimize the dangers of the climate.

JOHN PAUL JONES IN THE REVOLUTION

By Captain A. T. Mahan, U. S. N.

FIRST PAPER

IT is a somewhat singular circumstance that the most renowned battle of the United States Navy during the Revolutionary War—one of the most illustrious, also, fought at any time under any flag—while it certainly and deservedly redounds to the glory of America, represents above all the remarkable personal qualities of a single man, who at that period of his career rather disavowed than rejoiced in the name of American. "Though I have drawn my sword in the present generous struggle for the rights of men," wrote Paul Jones to the Countess of Selkirk, in May, 1778, "yet I am not in arms as an American. I profess myself a citizen of the world, totally unfettered by the little mean distinctions which diminish the benevolence of the heart and set bounds to philanthropy." "I have drawn my sword only from motives of philanthropy, and in support of the dignity of human nature," he tells the French Minister of Marine a few months later. Jones served well the cause to which he thus devoted himself, and was among the first to come forward to sustain it upon the sea; but if he enunciated such visionary sentiments upon the quarter-deck, or round the mess-tables, of the vessels upon which he sailed in the early part of the war, that circumstance, and the fact of his foreign birth, may have given rise to the doubts of his fidelity, which his correspondence shows to have arisen among the hard-headed, practical, and wholly unsentimental seamen embarked in the same cause. In the hour of civil strife, the native of one section of the country who throws in his lot with the other cannot wholly avoid the suspicions of his neighbors. It was notoriously so with officers of Southern birth, who during the Civil War of 1861–65 ranged themselves on the side of the Union. Farragut himself did not escape the doubt at the first; although he, like Jones, had willingly sacrificed his nearest personal interests to conviction of right.

The motley crew of the Bonhomme Richard, gathered from many nationalities, and controlled to common action only by the invincible energy of its commander, might, without much straining of analogies, be considered the complement of his own fanciful ideal, the realization, though somewhat disreputable, of a world-citizenship unfettered by any mean distinctions of patriotism or of party. The experiences he had of their fidelity might well have suggested to Jones a doubt as to whether the great ends of universal humanity are best served by such a forced disregard of the narrower and more intense ties which bind man to man in the smaller groups, whose rivalries and frictions promote, rather than retard progress. Fortunately, before the hour of extreme trial arrived, a reinforcement of Americans, lately released from captivity in England, afforded a nucleus, unified by the paltry sentiment of common origin and common interests, round which the heterogeneous elements of the

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majority could cling and crystallize. There was a droll story current in the United States Navy after 1812, that to a lieutenant sent with a flag of truce to a British blockading ship, the commander of the latter expressed surprise at the result of some of the single-ship actions. "Half your crews, you know, are British," said he. "Well," replied the lieutenant, "the other half are Americans, and that, I presume, makes the difference." The Americans in the Bonhomme Richard's crew were a minority; but they flavored it as salt does food, and they were led by a lion.

It would give a very imperfect idea of John Paul Jones, however, were the impression allowed to remain, uncorrected, that he was distinguished merely by extraordinary energy, valor, and endurance. On the contrary, he belongs to that class of true sea-kings, whose claim to the title lies in the qualities of the head as well as of the heart. In the latter, indeed, there was with him an alloy of baser metal, of self-seeking, to which fault of our common manhood the narrow fervor of patriotism —love of home and of country—affords a better corrective than the vague philosophical prattle of the eighteenth century, with its Rights of Man and its citizenship of the world. Jones possessed considerable originality of ideas, resultant upon his insight into conditions round him and his appreciation of their relative value; and this quick natural perception received direction and development from habits of steady observation and ordered thought. He was also, notwithstanding his superb self-reliance, a man conscious of his deficiencies as well as of his powers; intent therefore upon self-improvement, upon the acquisition of knowledge and of experience.

From the time that the American Revolution drew him away, in 1775, from the schemes formed a year or two before, of quitting "the sea-service in favor of calm contemplation and poetic ease, the affections of the heart and the prospects of domestic happiness," he gave himself to thinking, widely and closely, how the struggle could be carried on most advantageously, and how he could best fit himself to play a prominent part as the contest grew and spread. "To be diffident," he wrote in 1782, to the United States Minister of Marine, "is not always a proof of ignorance, but sometimes the contrary. I was offered a captain's commission at the first, to command the Providence, but declined it. . . . I had sailed before this Revolution in armed ships and frigates, yet when I came to try my skill, I am not ashamed to own I did not find myself perfect in the duties of a first lieutenant. If midnight study, and the instruction of the greatest and most learned sea-officers, can have given me advantages, I am [now] not without them. I confess, however, I have yet to learn. It is the work of many years' study and experience to acquire the high degree of science necessary for a great sea-officer. Cruising after merchant-ships, the service in which our frigates have generally been employed, affords, I may say, no part of the knowledge necessary for conducting fleets and their operations."

Upon this follows a number of practical suggestions for the development of the United States Navy, illustrated by facts and events drawn from naval history, remote and recent, which show, beyond the possibility of a doubt, the extent of his information and his industry in acquiring it. That his knowledge was not raw, but well digested, is equally evident from his reflections and conclusions. Though Scotch by birth, his professional thought, as there shown, bears clear traces of the association which he diligently sought with the first French officers of the day, whose eager scholar he was while his little ship lay in port amid their great fleets. Let it be remembered, too, that the man who in 1782 wrote the words quoted, humbly confessing his defects, had three years before fought a frigate-fight excelled by none for tenacity of purpose and desperate valor; had had his ship there sink under his feet; had received sword and medal from the King of France, the thanks of his adopted country, the compliments of Washington. Where such strength of head and of heart meet, only opportunity is wanting to bring great events to pass. One opportunity only Jones had. It was not equal to his qualities, but the event will never pass from men's memories.

John Paul Jones was born in 1747, in the parish of Kirkbean, upon the Solway Firth, in the southwestern part of Scotland. His family name was Paul, that of Jones

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being assumed later. Thirty miles south of Kirkbean, on the other side of the Frith, and therefore in England, is the port of Whitehaven, whence he sailed during the early part of his maritime career, which began at the age of twelve. His voyages, of which, however, only an incomplete record remains, were chiefly to the West Indies and to the North American continent. In the latter an elder brother, William Paul, had settled at Fredericksburg, in Virginia. There John Paul visited him from time to time, as opportunity offered; and when William died, in 1773, leaving a considerable property, John went there to live and to settle the estate. It was then that he formed the purpose, before quoted, of abandoning the sea; moved thereto, doubtless, by the prospect of a reasonable competence which had thus opened to him.

The troubles of the colonies with the mother-country, however, had begun already. A recent settler, without family ties on the spot, with sisters in Scotland, Jones very well might have remained at least passively a loyalist; but he was a reading man always, and had imbibed, as before remarked, the ideas and the jargon of the century. With his native temperament and capacities, it was well nigh impossible that he should remain inactive in such stirring times, while his acquired views, his new interests, and the weakening hold of home affections, consequent upon absence since boyhood, combined to impel him to take sides with the fellow-citizens among whom he was then living, rather than with those in the old country. For this he was called then a traitor; not wholly unnaturally, for the doctrine of indefeasible allegiance was still maintained by Great Britain. It is singular, however, to find him again so styled in a very recent English work. A rebel he doubtless was; a traitor, perhaps, technically, as Washington might be called for the same reason; but he betrayed no trust. The disproportion of the term measures the intensity of the alarm caused on the coasts of England, by a man who clearly understood the value of the offensive, and brought the ravages of war home to a government which—from the American point of view—was inflicting upon its enemies sufferings wanton, or at the least excessive. If Paul Jones be a traitor, what epithet is left for Benedict Arnold?

It was at about this time, certainly before receiving his appointment in the navy of the colonies, that John Paul assumed the name Jones, from his father's Christian name, John. This step was unusual in the country of his birth, though frequent once in Wales, and in this case it has never been explained. Whatever his reason, it was by this now historic name, Jones, that he was appointed the senior lieutenant of the first naval force organized by the Congress of the Colonies, on December 22, 1775. There being but five officers of command rank in the new service, Jones was sixth in order of seniority in the whole body.

His first cruise in the Revolution was made in this subordinate capacity, as first lieutenant of the Alfred, of thirty guns,* the flagship of a small squadron under Commodore Esek Hopkins, the commander-in-chief of the new navy. The expedition sailed February 17, 1776, from the capes of the Delaware, and went to the Bahama Islands, where a certain amount of injury was done to British interests; but upon the whole the enterprise was not successful, and a rencounter with a British man-of-war off Block Island was considered to result discreditably. In this censure Jones was not involved, and soon after returning to the United States he was ordered, on the 10th of May, 1776, to command the Providence, a very small vessel mounting twelve four-pounders.

The British expeditions against New York under the two Howes were now approaching the coast, from Halifax and England, and maritime activity naturally increased as summer drew near. Jones was at first employed in convoying duty, but in August, 1776, he sailed "on a cruise," with orders largely discretionary. After a few days spent in the neighborhood of Bermuda, his enterprising spirit led him again to the enemy's coast, in the waters between Nova Scotia and Cape Breton Island, where he entered the principal ports, taking possession of the fishery and the shipping, which he either burned or carried away. His entire absence was

* Jones himself speaks of the Alfred as of thirty guns. Mr. J. R. Spears, in his "History of Our Navy" (New York, 1897), says that she had twenty nine-pounders and four smaller guns.

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JOHN PAUL JONES

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something less than seven weeks, in the course of which he sent into port, or destroyed, sixteen prizes.

What is chiefly interesting in these incidents, trivial in their immediate results, is the clear impression left upon his mind of the essential importance of a navy to the American cause, and that the best use to be made of the small force that could be put afloat was to direct it, not so much upon the enemy's commerce at sea, in transit, as upon his coasts and commercial stations, where his shipping would be found congregated, with insufficient local protection. Commerce-destroying, to use the modern phrase for an age-long practice, is a wide term, covering many different methods of application. In essence, it is a blow at the communications, at the resources, of a country; in system, it should be pursued not by random prowling, by individual ships for individual enemies, as they pass to and fro, but by dispatching adequate force to important centres, where the hostile shipping for any reason is known to accumulate. From his experience as a mariner, and from his habits of observation and reflection, Jones knew in his day that there were many such exposed points in the British dominions, on their coasts. Small squadrons directed upon them could do a maximum amount of injury; for the shipping caught in a defenceless port would be without the power of escape, and could be destroyed also without embarrassment concerning the disposition of prisoners, who would need only to be landed. Let a single ship of war—commerce-destroyer—meet twenty or thirty merchant-ships at sea, he can take but a few; the rest scatter and escape, and the prisoners must be cared for. Corner the same squadron in port, and neither difficulty, as a rule, exists. Moreover, Jones's plan contemplated destruction, not capture; injury to the enemy, not prize-money primarily. The latter he recognized as a necessary concession to the sordid weakness of the mass of mankind; for himself, glory, distinction, was the prime motive. This is satisfactorily shown, not only by the general utterances of his letters, which might be forced, but by his plans and his acts. Self-seeking in him took the shape of loving military success, not money.

Some quotations from his writings at this period will illustrate his accurate perception of conditions. Jones was not called upon—more is the pity—to play a part in a great navy, but to adapt very limited means to the attainment of considerable ends. Immediately upon his return from this cruise of the Providence, he wrote to Robert Morris, then President of the Marine Committee of Congress, echoing the words of Washington: "Without a respectable navy—alas! America! It is to the last degree distressing to contemplate the state and establishment of our navy. We enlist men, but the privateers entice them away as fast as they receive their month's pay. The common class of mankind are actuated by no nobler principle than that of self-interest; this, and this alone, determines all adventures in privateers—the owners as well as those whom they employ. While this is the case, unless the private emoluments of individuals in our navy is made superior to that in privateers, it can never become respectable, it can never become formidable." He suggests, therefore, that all the profits from prizes by naval vessels should be given to the crews. At the same time he showed the desirability of a renewed attempt against the fishing fleet at Cape Breton Island and the coaleries there, as well as to release a number of Americans forced to labor in the mines; and he advises, in the same general line of naval enterprise, that "an expedition of importance may be effected this winter on the coast of Africa with part of the original fleet"—that is, of the ships first bought into the navy, as distinguished from others ordered to be built and now approaching completion. Three ships which he names, "would, I am persuaded, carry all before them, and give a blow to the English African trade which would not soon be recovered, by not leaving them a mast standing on that coast." Here again Jones spoke from personal knowledge and observation, having twice, at least, visited the African coast in slavers.

About a year later he summed up his views on the naval policy of America, in a letter to the United States Commissioners in Paris. Though further developed and more explicit, the ideas were identical with those before enunciated, which they illustrate and confirm. "I have always, since

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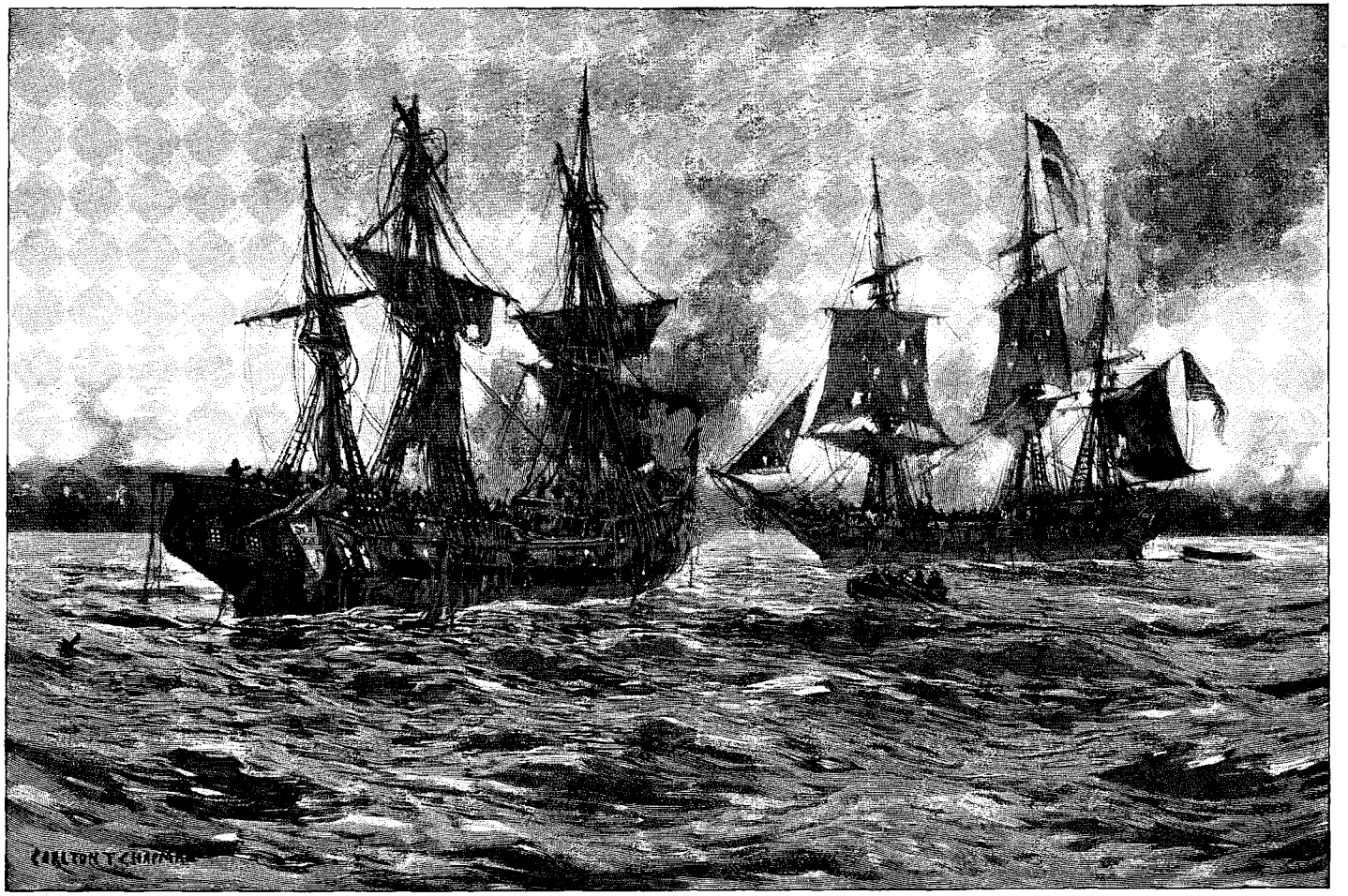

Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman.

The Ranger and the Drake.

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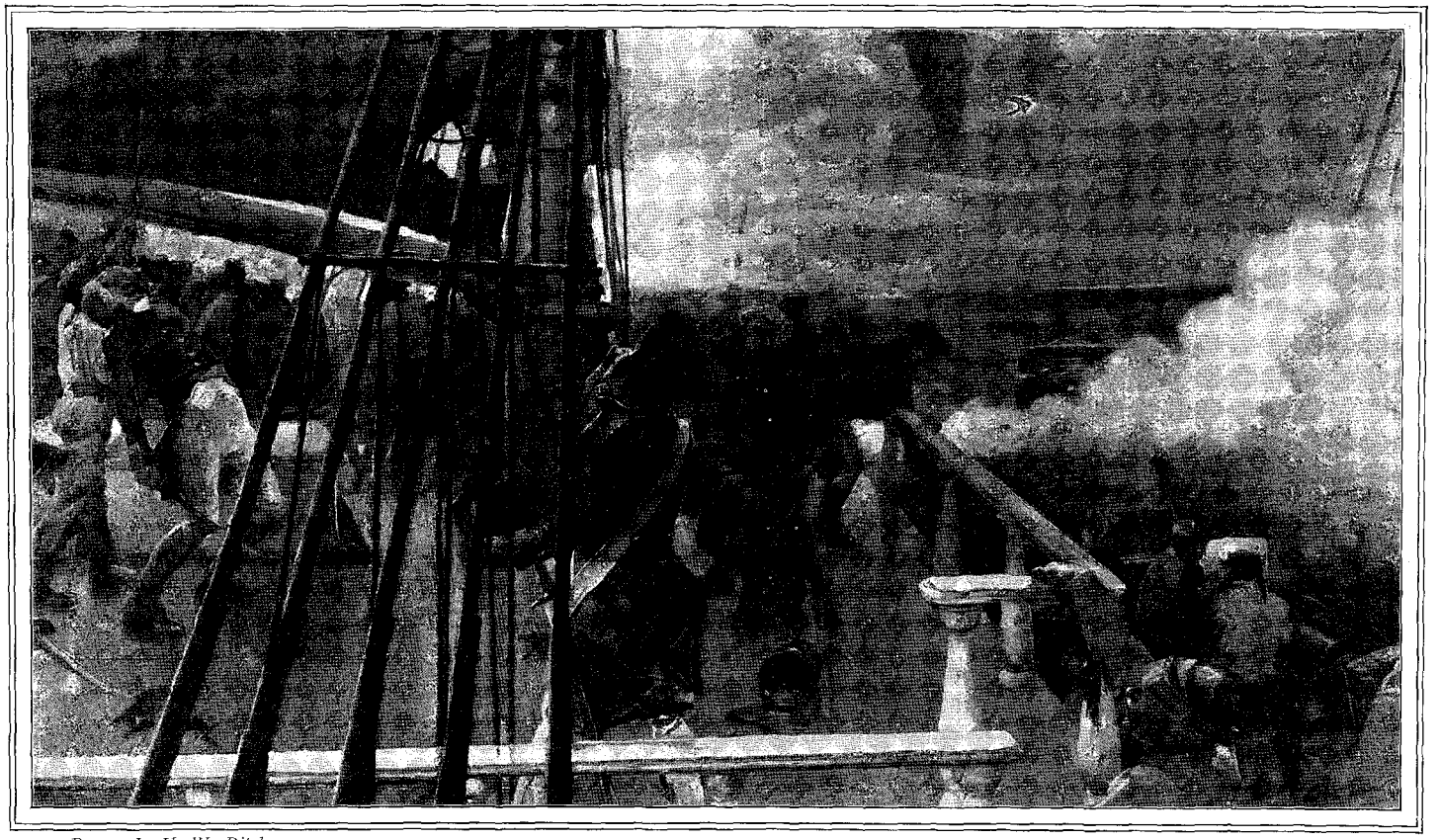

Drawn by H. W. Ditzler.

On the Quarter-deck of the Ranger during the Fight.

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we had ships of war, been persuaded that small squadrons could be employed to far better advantage on private expeditions, and would distress the enemy infinitely more, than the same force could do by cruising either jointly [that is, the whole navy together] or separately [as single cruisers]. Were strict secrecy observed on our part, the enemy have many important places in such a defenceless situation that they might be effectually surprised and attacked, with no very considerable force. We cannot yet fight their navy, as their numbers and force are so far superior to ours. Therefore it seems to be our most natural province to surprise their defenceless places, and thereby divert their attention and draw it from our coasts." This expresses decisively the career that Jones, throughout the Revolutionary War, proposed to follow—to pursue the enemy, not in occasional merchant-ships, but where great interests were concentrated and inadequately protected; and to do so not with a single ship, seeking to snatch a hasty morsel, but with a squadron, capable of deliberately insuring the destruction of the enemy rather than its own profit. Such a conception places its author far above the level of the mere prize-seeker, as well in loftiness of purpose as in breadth of view. It may be added that the great and truly influential successes of commerce-destroying —as distinguished from control of the sea —in modern times, successes associated with such illustrious names as Jean Bart, Forbin, Du Guay Trouin, were obtained by following the same system; by hard-fighting squadrons, not by merely booty-seeking ships. The celebrated cruise of the Essex in 1813–14 illustrated Jones's principles; for it was directed by sudden surprise against an exposed and concentrated industry of the enemy, and, although begun by a single ship, her captain at once constituted for himself a squadron, by using the best of his prizes.

Some obscurity hangs over the process by which Jones impressed upon Congress his own peculiar fitness for carrying the war of destruction home to Great Britain. His local knowledge of her shores doubtless counted for something, his audacity and success upon the shipping of Cape Breton for more. There may also have been a disposition to remove him from American waters, and from immediate contact with other captains of the navy. Some of these looked upon him with suspicion, as perhaps lukewarm toward America. "I have asked Captain Saltonstall," he writes to Commodore Hopkins, "how he could in the beginning suspect me, as you have told me, of being unfriendly to America. He seemed astonished at the question; and told me it was yourself who promoted it." "I have even been blamed," he says, in another place, "for the civilities which I have shown my prisoners." There may also have been some idea of compensation for wrong done him; for in the reorganization of the navy, October 10, 1776, though Jones was retained as captain, there were placed over his head thirteen men who were not there when he was first commissioned, "not one of whom," to use his own words, "did (and perhaps some of them durst not) take the sea against the British flag at first." If Jones's account can be accepted, this injustice, for such it assuredly was, was due to what is commonly styled political influence—an influence which has its own sphere in politics, but is apt to work disaster and injustice when its power is intruded where other motives and considerations should prevail. A member of the Continental Congress, writing to him, said: "You would be surprised to hear what a vast number of applications are continually making for officers of the new frigates, especially for the command. The strong recommendations from those provinces where any frigates are building have great weight."

The shortest way of repairing the injury done was to send Jones to Europe, where he would have no superior officer, and would be free to work out his own plans. He was first ordered to go to France, as passenger in a French vessel, the Amphitrite; but this was soon changed, and by a resolution of Congress, dated June 14, 1777, he was put in command of the Ranger, a new ship, built at Portsmouth. She carried eighteen six-pounder guns. On board her Jones hoisted, for the first time in the American Navy, the new national flag, of thirteen stripes and thirteen stars. On November 1st she sailed for France, carrying dispatches with the news of Burgoyne's surrender, which was to determine Louis XVI. to recognize the independence

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of the United States; and on December 2d she anchored before Nantes.

As the French court was still vacillating, though inclined to espouse the American quarrel, Jones was instructed carefully to avoid embarrassing it by giving a handle for complaint to Great Britain. "While on the coast of France, or in a French port, you are, as much as you conveniently can, to keep your guns covered and concealed, and to make as little warlike appearance as possible." The British Government was watching the movements in neutral ports, as attentively as the United States officials watched the building of the Alabama and of the Laird rams during the Civil War. This vigilance defeated the expectation, held out to Jones when he sailed, that he should have command of a large frigate, the Indien, carrying the unusual battery of thirty six-pounders, then equipping at Amsterdam. The representations of the British minister prevented the delivery of the ship in Dutch waters, and Jones felt compelled to assent to her being turned over to the French Government after the secret treaty of alliance with the United States was signed, February 6, 1778. As formal war did not yet exist between Great Britain and France, no technical objection was valid against this transfer. The same condition of formal peace still obtained when Jones sailed on his first offensive cruise in the Ranger, on April 10th. The American Commissioners at Paris therefore directed him not to send the prizes he might take to French ports, but to those of Spain; and in case he made an attempt on the coast of Great Britain, he was "advised not to return immediately into the ports of France, unless forced by stress of weather or the pursuit of the enemy; and in such case you can make the proper representations to the officers of the port, and acquaint us with your situation."

Beyond such cautions, Jones's movements were left to his own discretion. In the exercise of this he had already given an instance of that combination of sound judgment with dignified self-assertion—or, rather, assertion of his country's dignity—which, having regard to his lack of early training, showed his natural aptitude for affairs. Having to convoy some American merchant-ships to Quiberon Bay, where they were to place themselves under the protection of a French squadron commanded by Lamotte-Piquet, he took the opportunity to obtain an open recognition of the American flag, by saluting the Commodore; having first received, as is customary, the promise of due acknowledgment. The question arose of the number of guns to be fired in return to his own. Jones demanded gun for gun; "the haughty English," he said, "do as much for foreign officers of equal rank;" and he claimed that he was entitled to the same, as being the senior American officer in Europe. Lamotte-Piquet replied that, by the orders of his court, he must, to the ship of a Republic, give four less than he received. Jones would not come within saluting distance until he knew the facts; but then, finding them to be as stated, he waived his claim to the equal number, because any salute at all "was in fact an acknowledgment of American Independence" by France—an important political consideration. Again, as he did not reach the anchorage till after dark, and the salute might therefore not be generally seen, he notified the Commodore that he would next day sail through the fleet and salute him in open daylight; which was done, thirteen guns being fired and nine returned.

Upon leaving Brest, on April 10th, Jones steered at once for St. George's Channel, bent upon the destruction of the merchant-shipping in the port of Whitehaven, where conditions were familiar to him from early and long association. It is, perhaps, this readiness, in his character of citizen of the world, and not of an American patriot, to visit with fire and sword the scenes of his childhood, that has intensified the feeling against Jones, among those who do not share the pride of Americans in the lustre shed by him upon their flag. Except for some such sentiment, the enterprise was unimpeachable; justifiable by the common practice of war, even without the further plea of retaliation.

On the 18th of April, the Ranger was near the Isle of Man, and at evening stood over toward Whitehaven, between thirty and forty miles distant. At 10 P. M. she was off the harbor, and the landing party ready; but the wind increasing greatly, and blowing directly on shore, Jones thought it imprudent to remain. The ship beat out to

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sea, and continued cruising between the Irish and Scotch coasts until the evening of the 22d, when the attempt was renewed, but with imperfect results. Owing to a failure of the breeze, she could not get close enough; and the party of thirty-one men, led by Jones himself, having left her at midnight, did not reach the outer pier till day began to dawn. One boat with an officer was sent with combustibles to the north side of the harbor, while Jones himself superintended operations on the south, where were the fortifications intended for the defence of the shipping, but evidently neglected and ungarrisoned. The guns were spiked, but, when it came to firing the vessels, it was found that all the candles had burned out. Those were not the days of lucifer matches. To add to Jones's annoyance, the boat returned from the north side without having done its work; his "wise officer," Jones afterward stated in a memorial to Congress, "observed that it was a rash thing, and nothing could *be got* by burning poor people's property." One ship on the south side was at length fired, by means of live coals obtained from a neighboring house, and a barrel of tar poured upon the flames, which began to mount from the hatchways and up the mainmast; but the sun was already an hour high, and, worse, one of the party had deserted and roused the inhabitants. "David Freeman," said a local gazette of the day, naming this deserter, "may in some respects be considered the saviour of this town." The men of the place now came running to the beach in numbers. There was nothing to do but to retire discomfited. This was effected unharmed, the hostile guns being for the time useless. Jones claimed that "had it been possible to have landed a few hours sooner, my success would have been complete. Not a single ship, out of more than two hundred, could possibly have escaped." Estimates of probable achievements are to be received with caution, but the educational and moral effects of what had been done were certain. Wherever the coast defences were not in proper condition, as was the case in many parts of Great Britain, men would fear the repetition of such attempts with worse results.

During this short cruise of the Ranger —she was absent from Brest only twenty-eight days—there occurred two other incidents, which must be mentioned but briefly, for more important events demand our remaining space. Of these, the first is the taking of silver plate, to the amount of a few hundred pounds, from the house of the Earl of Selkirk. Jones had purposed to seize the persons of one or more distinguished subjects of Great Britain, to hold them as hostages for the treatment of American prisoners; the influence of their friends might prevail to ameliorate conditions, which were retaliated upon them. With this object he landed at the seat of Lord Selkirk. The latter being from home, the scheme failed; but the boat's crew demanded permission to take the family plate, which Jones reluctantly granted, as a concession to the desire for prize-money, the imperiousness of which he recognized. As regards this act of the crew, it must be remembered that, owing to the poverty of the United States at this time, wages were most irregularly paid, a condition which invariably relaxes discipline; and their ears had been filled with stories of similar injuries done to their own people in America. The taking of private property under such circumstances is to be condemned, not as injury, but as *useless* injury, and therefore unworthy. This Jones felt, and himself bought in and restored the plate. The clearest vindication of his conduct in this affair is to be found in the diary of Gouverneur Morris, when United States Minister at the Court of France. "April 20, 1791. M. de Chatelet has brought hither Lord Dare, who is the son of Lord Selkirk, and who meets here by accident Paul Jones. He acknowledges the polite attention of Jones in the attack on his father's house in the last war." It is to be mentioned also that Lord Selkirk, when acknowledging the receipt of the plate to Jones, wrote: "On all occasions, both now and formerly, I have done you the justice to tell that you made the offer of returning the plate very soon after your return to Brest." He bore witness also that the transaction was limited to taking such silver as the butler got together, no search being made nor incivility offered.

The other incident was the capture of the British sloop-of-war Drake. This vessel was lying off Carrickfergus, at the en-

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trance of Belfast Lough, both before and after Jones's two attempts on Whitehaven. On the 21st he got sight of her, and that night attempted to board her by surprise; anchoring so that the Ranger would swing alongside. This manœuvre failed, because the anchor was not dropped in time. The ship was disguised as a merchantman, and the cable, being instantly cut, seemed to those on board the Drake to have parted. The Ranger, therefore, beat out to sea undetected, but not unsuspected. The British captain, considering her movements doubtful, unmoored his ship next day, and in so doing, lifted along with his own anchor that of the Ranger, together with a length of cable, showing the marks of cutting. On the 24th the strange sail again appeared, and the Drake weighed; but it falling calm, and the wind afterward coming easterly—ahead—she was long in getting clear of the bay. While turning slowly out of the harbor, a lieutenant on shore service came on board, to volunteer in room of the first lieutenant of the ship, who had died two days before. He brought with him a letter from Whitehaven, giving an account of Jones's attempt there, and of the force of the American vessel, of whose identity with the one in sight little doubt could remain.

Jones's purpose had been to go in and attack, for which the wind was fair, but he was prevented by a singular incident, which illustrates a class of difficulty he continually encountered. The first lieutenant, who had long been insubordinate, persuaded the crew "that, being Americans, fighting for liberty, the voice of the people should be taken before the captain's orders were obeyed, and they rose in mutiny. Captain Jones was in the utmost danger of being killed or thrown overboard. Fortunately, the Drake was just then seen to be in movement, and at the same time sending a boat. Jones stood out to sea, moving slowly, that he might be overtaken, but keeping the ship's stern toward the boat, that the Ranger's character might not be evident. It thus came alongside and was captured.

Toward sunset the two vessels were within range. A sharp action ensued, lasting, by Jones's report, one hour and four minutes, when the Drake surrendered. She carried twenty guns; but the principal witness before the court-martial upon the survivors, held eighteen months later, stated that these were 4-pounders, which would make her battery decisively inferior to that of her opponent; and he added that the shot failed to penetrate the enemy's sides. Her crew numbered 154 to the Ranger's 123. The general drift of the evidence, by the officer who surrendered the ship, would show that the British vessel was not kept up to the fighting mark. What explanations her captain would have given, had he lived, cannot be surmised. He was killed by a musket-ball in the head, fifteen minutes before the ship struck, and the lieutenant also fell. Though "nominally of equal force," says an excellent English authority, Professor Laughton, "in reality the Drake was no match for the Ranger; and at this time the crew was mainly composed of newly raised men, without any officers except her captain, and the registering lieutenant of the district, who came on board at the last moment as a volunteer. She had no gunner, no cartridges filled, and no preparation for handling the powder." Her disadvantages were thus similar to those of our own twice unlucky ship, the Chesapeake, when she was brought-to by the Leopard, and when captured by the Shannon. It is only just, however, to take into account that, though the Ranger was the longer in commission, Jones had to meet exceptional difficulties in maintaining her efficiency, which in fact rested, under most depressing circumstances, wholly upon his own personal ascendency.

The Ranger regained Brest May 8, 1778, bringing with her the Drake and two other prizes. A period of disappointment and mortification now awaited Jones. His drafts upon the United States Commissioners at Paris were returned to him dishonored, owing to their want of funds, and it became increasingly difficult to maintain discipline on board, or respect ashore for his position in a foreign port. He wished, therefore, to return to America; but his activity, daring, and the circumstance of his victory over a ship of superior armament, had inclined the court to utilize his abilities, and at the same time to gratify their American allies. "The Minister of Marine (Sartine)," wrote Franklin to the Congressional Committee for Foreign Affairs, "was

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desirous of employing him in the command of a particular enterprise; and to that end requested us to spare him, which we did, and sent the Ranger home under the command of his lieutenant." Jones accordingly left that ship in June, and she sailed for America the last week in July. He went to Paris, and received at first most cheering assurances of the character and numbers of the ships of war to be assigned to him under the United States flag. "I was flattered," he wrote three months later to Sartine, "with the assurances that three frigates, two tenders, and a number of troops should be immediately put under my command, to pursue such objects as I thought proper." Upon this expectation he danced attendance during the summer and autumn, sometimes in Paris, sometimes in Brest, but all in vain.

He thus lost, moreover, the opportunity of going out with the great French fleet of thirty ships-of-the-line, which put to sea in June, 1778, under Admiral D'Orvilliers, and on July 27th fought a pitched, though indecisive, battle with the British under Keppel. D'Orvilliers, struck with his desire for professional acquirement and distinction, had offered to take him on board the flagship—a chance which Jones, with his broad views of what constituted professional excellence, was anxious to improve. He believed, however, that the service which he proposed to execute would materially affect the issues of the campaign, by provoking a diversion in a different quarter from that in which the great fleet operated. "I prefer," he wrote to Sartine, "a solid to a shining reputation —a useful to a splendid command; and I hold myself ready, with the approbation of the American Commissioners at Paris, to be governed by you in any measures that may tend to distress the common enemy." There can be no question that Jones had to an unusual degree man's natural desire for distinction; but his correspondence at this period bears consistent evidence of a yet more honorable ambition to serve his cause well.

The brilliant prospect at first held forth dissolved before the steady opposition of the officers of the French Royal Navy, who, like any other body of men, jealously resisted the proposal to put ships which would naturally fall to them, under the command of a foreigner. They urged, what was perfectly true, that such an assignment would carry an implied slight upon them; and, as they at that day were all of noble birth, their social influence at court could not be overcome by the mere consideration of the exceptional merit of the adventurer whom it was intended to favor. The minister had to recede from his intention to employ ships from the navy, and he fell back upon the expedient of purchasing. On February 4, 1779, he announced to Jones, in somewhat pompous phrase, that "in consequence of the exposition I have laid before the king, of the distinguished manner in which you have served the United States, his majesty has thought proper to place under your command the ship Duras, of forty guns, at present at L'Orient." To this vessel, which was a worn-out East-Indiaman, Jones, with the royal consent, gave the name of Bonhomme Richard, for the following reason. While kicking his heels in enforced idleness at Brest, he found by chance a copy of Dr. Franklin's Almanac, containing the Maxims of Poor Richard. One of them read, "If a man wishes to have any business faithfully and expeditiously performed, let him go on it himself; otherwise, he may send." Jones was then struck with the folly of leaving his application at court in other hands, went there in person, and secured the Duras.*

It will be remembered that an essential element in Jones's plans for secondary objects of war, such as he contemplated—for diversions—was that small vessels should act in squadrons. There were associated, therefore, with the Bonhomme Richard, four others, viz.: Alliance, 36 guns; Pallas, 30; Cerf, 18; Vengeance, 12. Of these, the Alliance alone was a United States ship, which had arrived in France on February 6, 1779, bringing Lafayette back. She was an exceptionally fast sailer, but the command of her had been given by Congress to a French officer, Pierre Landais. This step, intended as a compliment to an ally, proved most unfortunate. Landais was a man of temper irascible and insubordinate, to the verge

* Jones's idea in renaming his ship seems to have been based upon the French single word *Bonhomme*, with the derived meaning of pleasant, or poor; but he spells it as two words in his letters—Bon homme—though apparently without the capital H.

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of insanity, and he had conceived the idea that, although junior to Jones by date of commission, he was of superior, or at least equal, authority, because his ship was United States property. All the others, including the Richard, belonged to the King of France, but flew the American flag; and their officers, though chiefly French, received temporary commissions from the American Commissioners, for the specific cruise. Also, although Jones was in supreme command, he was to communicate, not only with the American Commissioners, but with the French Minister of Marine, who wrote to him: "You will render me an exact account of each event that may take place during your cruise, as often as you may enter a port under the dominion of the King."

This duplex control naturally became a root of bitterness, which bore fruit on many occasions, and was aggravated by the character of Landais, the second in rank. M. de Chaumont, the representative of the Minister of Marine, imposed upon Jones, before sailing, a "concordat," signed by the representative and the five captains. Although chiefly concerned with the distribution of prize-money, this paper was intended also to reserve certain rights to each vessel, and in fact made of the squadron a confederacy rather than a military unit. Its spirit is best indicated by Chaumont's letter to Jones: "The situation of the officers who have accepted commissions from Congress to join the expedition of the ship Bonhomme Richard, which you command, may be in contradiction with the interests of their own ships; this induces me to request you to enter into an engagement with me, that you shall not require from the said vessels any services but such as will be conformable with the orders which those officers shall have," etc. Thus, instead of Jones being absolute, responsible only to his superiors, every subordinate captain had ground for questioning his particular orders. In short, although the ships all bore a strictly public character, reinforced by the United States' commissions to their officers, the enterprise as a whole embodied some of the worst partnership features of a *private*, or privateering, expedition, by which name it was occasionally called. "I was anxious," wrote Jones, after the Revolution, "to force some ill-natured persons to acknowledge that, if they did not tell a wilful falsehood, they were mistaken when they asserted that I 'had commanded a squadron of privateers.'"

Under these discouraging conditions the squadron left L'Orient, the port of equipment, on June 13, 1779. On the 30th it returned to Groix Roads, outside of L'Orient, having made a short cruise in the Bay of Biscay. The Richard had proved to be slow, as she was before known to be unsound and worn out. "It is the constructor's opinion," wrote Jones, on July 12th, "that she is too old to admit of the necessary alterations. Thus circumstanced, I wish to have an opportunity of attempting an essential service, to render myself worthy of a better and faster-sailing ship." He received now from Franklin some modifications in his instructions. Originally, as issued April 28, 1779, these had contemplated landings on different points of the British coast, for which many varied suggestions were made by Jones's active mind; and it was then intended that Lafayette should command the soldiers embarked. This fell through, partly because the particular designs adopted leaked out; chiefly, probably, because, in consequence of detentions so far incurred, the time was now near for executing a proposed grand scheme for an invasion of England. A Franco-Spanish fleet was to enter the Channel—and actually did enter it, to the number of sixty-six ships-of-the-line, somewhat later—under cover of which the passage of the troops was to be made. In this invading army Lafayette was to command a regiment, and it was not expected nor desired that Jones's ships, intended to operate a strong diversion, should get back before the crossing began.

The instructions now received by Jones, dated Passy, June 30, 1779, represented the wishes of the French court, though coming through the American Commissioners. "As it is at the chief expense," wrote Franklin, "I think they have the best right to direct." The project of landings, in force sufficient to cause damage, beyond ransom and a certain amount of local panic, was abandoned, and for it was substituted a cruise at sea, incidental to which a hurried descent, such as at Whitehaven, might be casually attempted, as

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opportunity afforded. "You are to make the best of your way," wrote Franklin, "with the vessels under your command, to the west of Ireland, and establish your cruise on the Orcades (Orkneys), the Cape of Derneus, and the Dogger Bank, in order to take the enemy's property *in those seas*. . . . About the 15th of August, when you shall have sufficiently *cruised* in those seas, you are to make route for the Texel, where you will meet my further order." This was commerce-destroying, pure and simple; but Jones's general views were so far realized that it was done by a fairly powerful squadron, and directed finally against the British homeward-bound merchant-fleet from the Baltic, upon which, as laden chiefly with important naval stores, the working efficiency of the British Navy greatly depended. It was hinted to Jones, also, that the ultimate object of going to the Texel was to get out the Indien, the frigate promised him before he left the United States.

During the detention at Groix, which was prolonged by unavoidable repairs upon the Bonhomme Richard, 119 exchanged American prisoners, seamen, arrived at Nantes. From them, and from foreigners, Jones appears to have completed his crews; and at the same time he weeded out some incapables. On the 11th of August, three days before his final sailing, he reported to Sartine that there were on board the Richard "380 officers, men, and boys, inclusive of 137 marines." Exclusive of marines, therefore, the seaman force, including all that could therein be comprised by stretching the denomination to the utmost, would be 243, when the cruise began. An official but seemingly imperfect roll, which Sherburne quotes in his "Life of John Paul Jones," without stating his reference, gives 227 names of persons constructively on board at the time of the battle of September 23d. This omits two French officers, De Chamillard and Weibert, whom Jones mentions by name in his report of the fight, nor does it give any list of the marines, who probably were in great part, if not altogether, French soldiers. Not more than a half dozen French names appear among the 227, although Jones expressly says that American seamen under Dale, and French volunteers under Weibert, fought the main battery. Assuming the marines to be not materially fewer than at sailing—for they were not liable to be sent in prizes—the number on board in the action, 227 + 137, would be 364. From these are to be deducted an officer, 12 seaman, and 4 marines, separated from the ship off Cape Clear by an incident hereafter to be related, and one officer and 16 seamen, similarly separated on the very day of the encounter with the Serapis. These 34, being absent on duty, would remain on the books as present and entitled to prize-money; and the names of the officers are consequently found among the 227. We thus reach 330 as an approximate maximum on board at the time of the action. Allowances for deaths and men sent in prizes would reduce the total probably to little more than 300.

In this remarkable cruise and battle, the composition of the Bonhomme Richard's crew is more interesting than its number. The birthplaces of 207, of the 227 officers and men, is given in the roll. It was as follows: Officers, American-born, 24; French, 2; British, including Jones himself, 6.* Seamen, American-born, 55; British-born, including 16 Irish, 77; all other nationalities, 43, of whom more than half, 28, were Portuguese. Add to these 137 French, as marines, and the cosmopolitan character of the ship's company is sufficiently apparent to have satisfied even Jones's wide sympathies as a citizen of the world. He was, however, already somewhat sickening of that character, though he repeats the phrase afterward. The French Navy had not shown toward him a cosmopolitan warmth of appreciation; the tergiversation of the ministry had wearied him; and the common run of mankind, the materials with which he worked, were, as he had said before, more bent on profit than on glory or public advantage. "You will observe with pleasure," he wrote three months later to Robert Morris, "that my connection with a court is at an end, and that my prospect of returning to America approaches. The great seem only to wish to be concerned with tools who dare not speak nor write truth. I am not sorry that my connection with them is at an end. In the course of that connection I ran ten chances of ruin and dishonor to one of

* Two surgeon's mates.

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reputation ; and all the honors and profit that France could bestow would not tempt me again to undertake the same service, with an armament equally ill-composed and with powers equally limited. It affords me the most exalted pleasure to reflect that, when I return to America, I can say that I have served in Europe at my own expense, and without the fee or reward of a court. I shall hope hereafter to be usefully employed under the immediate direction of Congress." In later years he boasted that he had twice declined the offer of a captain's commission in the French Navy, which, as a citizen of the world, he might consistently have accepted from a nation fighting in the same cause. "I can never," he said, at a somewhat later date, "renounce the glorious title of a citizen of the United States."

Before quitting this subject of nationalities, it may be well to note that the crew of the Alliance was composed of English and Americans; the former in so great proportion that her suspicious conduct in the subsequent action was attributed on board the Bonhomme Richard to a revolt among her men. Before the ship left Boston, in the preceding January, it had been found that the dislike of New England seamen to serving under a French captain was so great that her complement could not be raised—a characteristic evidence of the prejudice still remaining from the colonial wars. To meet the exigency, there were enlisted a number of men wrecked in the British sixty-four, the Somerset ; also some volunteers among prisoners of war. With these, and with a few French seamen, a crew was formed; but it is scarcely surprising to learn that with such a personnel, and with a half-crazy captain, a mutiny was organized on the voyage to Europe, to take away the ship from her officers, and was only suppressed by the resolution of the latter, sword in hand. The officers and crews of the Pallas and Vengeance were French subjects.

(To be concluded.)

ON THE SHORE

A MALAY SONG

By R. H. Stoddard

THE wave rolls high on the shore,
Like a long, white winding-sheet
Torn from the ocean's dead,
And tossed on the sand at my feet!

A reed stands low on the shore,
Where late I walked with thee ;
But the wave is wasting it now,
As thou art wasting me !

Not long. For here on the shore,
When the wave is rolling high,
The broken reed will fall,
And the lonely lover lie !

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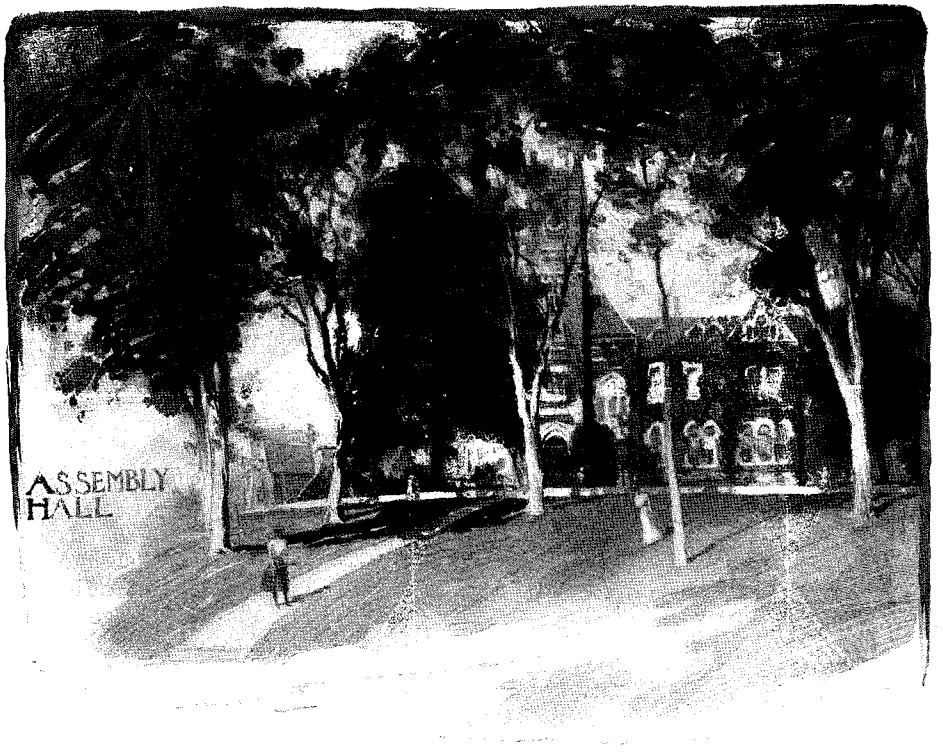

UNDERGRADUATE LIFE AT SMITH COLLEGE

By Alice Katharine Fallows

Illustrations by Walter Appleton Clark

UNLESS a freshman belongs to the ready-made type of girl who finds every situation in life a fit, she experiences mentally, for a few weeks, the awkward sensations gathered about her first long skirt. She hardly knows what to do with college. The transition from preparatory school is difficult. A new set of propositions stares her in the face, and she is not altogether certain that she can meet their requirements gracefully. If she is possessed of an anxious conscience, she will find elective courses no small responsibility. Whether "English 13" or "History 1" will benefit her most fifty years hence is a vital question. She may be diligent and eager to embrace the whole curriculum, or indolent, though willing to expend much energy in finding the easiest courses and in keeping her hours at the minimum limit.

But whatever the bias of her mind, she must make her adjustment to the college world. Everything is unfamiliar. Wandering about in the inevitable freshman rain, she feels, for a day or two, like a lost atom. Then, in the midst of this intellectual upheaval, another phase of college life is opened up to her by the Freshman Frolic, an informal coming-out party held in the gymnasium. This Frolic, handed

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down from the early days of Smith history, illustrates in an interesting way the protective attitude of the upper classes toward the freshman, in its turn, perhaps, a copy of the paternal aspect of the college toward all its members. Each freshman is invited to the Frolic by some student, who escorts her to the gymnasium and watches over her through the evening. For an hour and a half the guests are passed from one girl to another in a round of introductions, till they feel as if the Frolic were a species of cyclorama. Then hostesses and guests join in singing college-songs, and, as the freshman falls silent and listens for the first time to the unfamiliar strains of "Fair Smith," she begins to feel something of the college loyalty which binds together in one community girls of every sort and condition, who else might be as wide apart in their interests as the poles.

As far as the social prospects of the freshmen are concerned, this occasion is of considerable importance, for it is likely to prove the centre from which many of her friendships radiate. She meets congenial members of her own class, whom she bows and smiles to afterward and knows as soon as she finds a convenient time. The upper class girls, who have been told by some friend to look her up, make appointments with her for calls or walks, or invite her to dinner. They introduce her to their friends, and by the end of the evening she has a small social equipment of her own, which gives her a feeling of participation in college life, however much she may enlarge or change it as her experience grows wider. She learns, too, at this time her first lesson in college standards; the college genius, the college beauty, the social belle, the girl bright, as well as popular, who belongs to a dozen societies and clubs, and the quiet girl, whose judgment everyone respects, are all pointed out to her by one or another, as worthy of attention and regard. She comes to the conclusion, at last, that success lies along many lines, and examines her own small talent hopefully.

The Candy Man.

At the Frolic the meeting of girl with girl is brief and momentary, and further acquaintance something of an effort. But in the routine of every-day life friendships are easily formed. At chapel the different classes sit together alphabetically, and the freshman soon becomes friendly with the neighbors in her row. In various courses, also, she meets sections of her own class, but the house surroundings in which she finds herself are likely to determine her intimate associates, for the first few months at least.

Two or three years back, in a pre-collegiate past, she dropped ten dollars into the college till with the request that she might be assigned a room in the college house of her choice. But even so, she has no chance of living on the campus until her sophomore or junior year. The stubborn fact that three or four hundred other girls, who applied before she did, have the priority, is never entirely understood by her family or by the freshman herself until she reaches college. Then she finds that only about a third of the students can find rooms on the campus. The others must distribute themselves as best they may among the boarding-houses in town. The campus community is a unit, which separates into the smaller communities of ten college houses, each with its own set of interests, but each having a part in campus life as a whole. The town girls, on the other hand, have no organization. Their interest centres around the particular house they are in. Whatever concerns the whole college, they share in, but the social occasions of the

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A House Dance in the Gymnasium.

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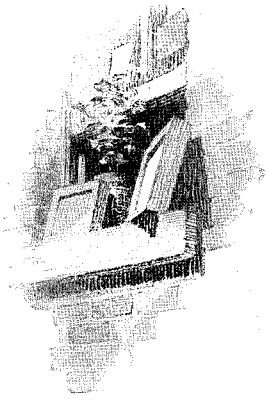
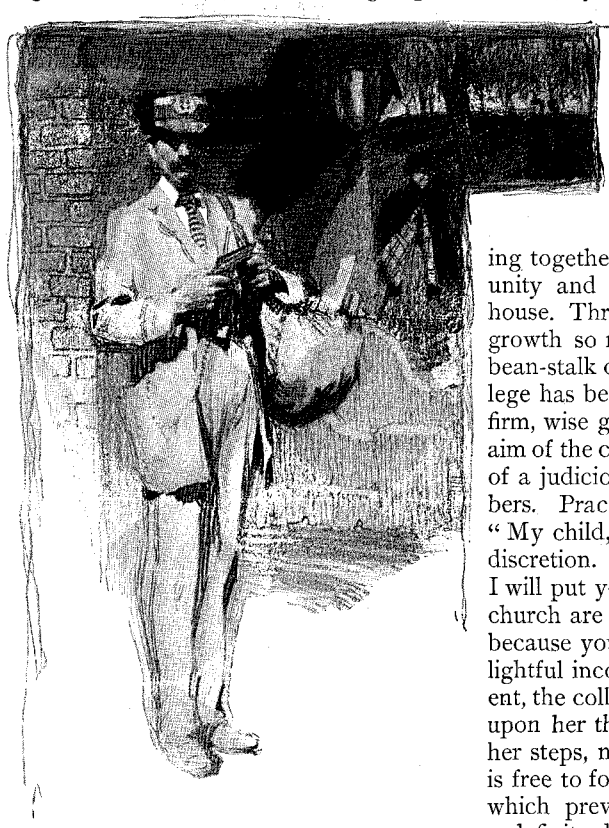
campus they attend only at the invitation of someone in a college house. In the psychology of Smith life, however, the town element plays an important part. As a check on undue excitement, its influence is very noticeable. If the campus girls are inclined to rise in wrath over some trivial issue of their house life, like the cessation of morning lunches, they find their righteous indignation evaporating when they attempt to explain their grievance to the calm, dispassionate outside students. Truly, looking at herself through the town girl's eyes is as salutary an experience to the campus girl as if she pulled herself up by her own ears and saw herself from another point of view.

In 1876, when the college was founded, all its members, numbering nine, could be sheltered comfortably under the roof of the Dewey House, now the smallest but one of the college homes. Used first as a private house, with the pillars of its Parthenon front and its hospitable entrance, it has a significance all its own in the group of houses built for a purpose, which, however convenient, can never have quite the charm of this quaint Old World building set down in the midst of a modern college.



Blue Prints.

As intellectual and social centres these homes are of the greatest importance in the Smith *régime*. A lady in charge of each of them acts as head of the family, manages all the details of the housekeeping, and looks after the general welfare of the girls. A resident teacher, though in no way responsible for her students outside of the class-room, is expected to be interested in them, and shows herself friendly by a genial reception of her girl callers, by little teas or suppers, or by giving them opportunities of meeting her distinguished guests. The smallest house holds twenty girls, the largest only sixty; for the president's first idea of a "literary family" is still dear to him, and no new dormitory is allowed to interfere with it by crowding together so many girls that it loses its unity and degenerates into a boarding-house. Through all the difficult phases of a growth so rapid that it rivals the famous bean-stalk of Jack the Giant-killer, the college has been kept true to its ideal by the firm, wise guidance of one president. The aim of the college is to stand in the relation of a judicious parent to each of its members. Practically, it says to every student, "My child, you have arrived at years of discretion. I will advise you, not force you. I will put you on your honor. Chapel and church are not compulsory. You will go because you love to." But, with the delightful inconsistency of every human parent, the college soon forces the conclusion upon her that, although no monitor dogs her steps, no rules hedge her in, and she is free to follow the "laws of good society which prevail everywhere," she will meet a definite day of reckoning at the end of



Entrance to the Alumnæ Gymnasium.

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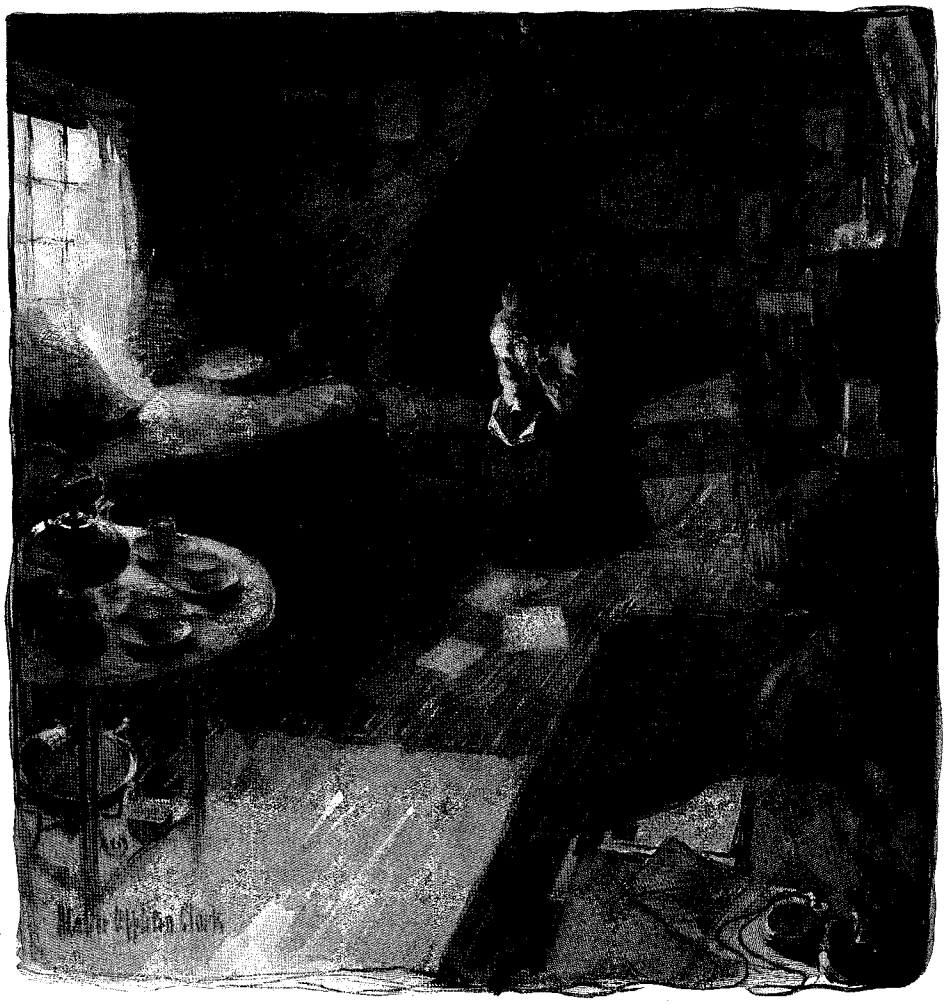
the term, when every student must report on chapel and church attendance and receive her measure of praise or blame. If the student is so much out of sympathy with college etiquette that she refuses to follow the laws of good society which prevail there, she is requested to find another atmosphere in some remote place, which will be more congenial. To avoid turning out girls cut by any one pattern has been the great desire of the president and of the members of the faculty most influential in college affairs. A brand of girl, put through the mill and turned loose upon the world, stamped and labelled "Smith," would be their greatest disappointment. For a symmetrical, well rounded woman, in every way developed as the need of her own personality dictated, has been their hope for the alumna. But, withal, the president has scrupulous notions of womanliness, which express themselves, in earnest expostulations at chapel, if any unladylike proceeding falls under his notice, and which have the tonic effect of making a student wish to be the best kind of a college woman, instead of some weak imitation of a college man.



A Girl's Room.

College is not a cloister, to develop a race of nuns. It opens up to a girl many new connections with her fellow-beings, and in this process the college houses are

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"As You Like It." '98 Senior Dramatics.

invaluable. If a student lives outside, her light may shine, but she is on the circumference, and it takes longer to penetrate the centre. On the campus, however, she has an easy opportunity of showing her value and utility to the college world. The girl with a talent for society makes herself useful in the various social functions that centre about her house; in the dance, for instance, given once a year in the gymnasium, by every house, while the executive girl is much in demand, for organizing and arranging committees to manage these entertainments. For the dance every girl in the house may invite three or four outside guests, and as she makes out a programme beforehand for everyone she invites, the task is sometimes as difficult as a problem in permutations and combinations. The dance is a spectacle peculiar to the college. From the gallery it looks like a butterfly ball. Not a single black-clad man mars the effect, but the floor is filled with girls in delicately tinted evening-dresses, flitting about during intermission, weaving the figures of the mazy waltz, or following an unaccustomed partner through the easier intricacies of the two-step.

Dramatics, formal and informal, put girls who can act at a premium, and furnish one sure road to college success. Each large house or group of small houses gives a play once in three years in the gymnasium. For several weeks before the date set, mysterious rehearsals fire the curiosity of the outside girls. The number is limited, lest the students should be overtaxed, and only girls of a satisfactory grade of scholarship are permitted to take part. A maximum of eighteen dollars is allowed for expenses, but the ingenuity of the students produces the effect of many times that sum. The costumes are gathered from the four corners of the college. For the heroine and other ladies of the play, gowns are usually contributed from the wardrobe of accommodating friends. The costumes of the hero and gentlemen of the play are sometimes of home manufacture, sometimes contrived from the contents of the property-box, sometimes rented with part of the precious eighteen dollars.

On the night of the play the body of the gymnasium is filled with chairs facing the stage, and the gallery is divided by screens into "boxes" filled with stools and cushions, toward which the unknown girls turn

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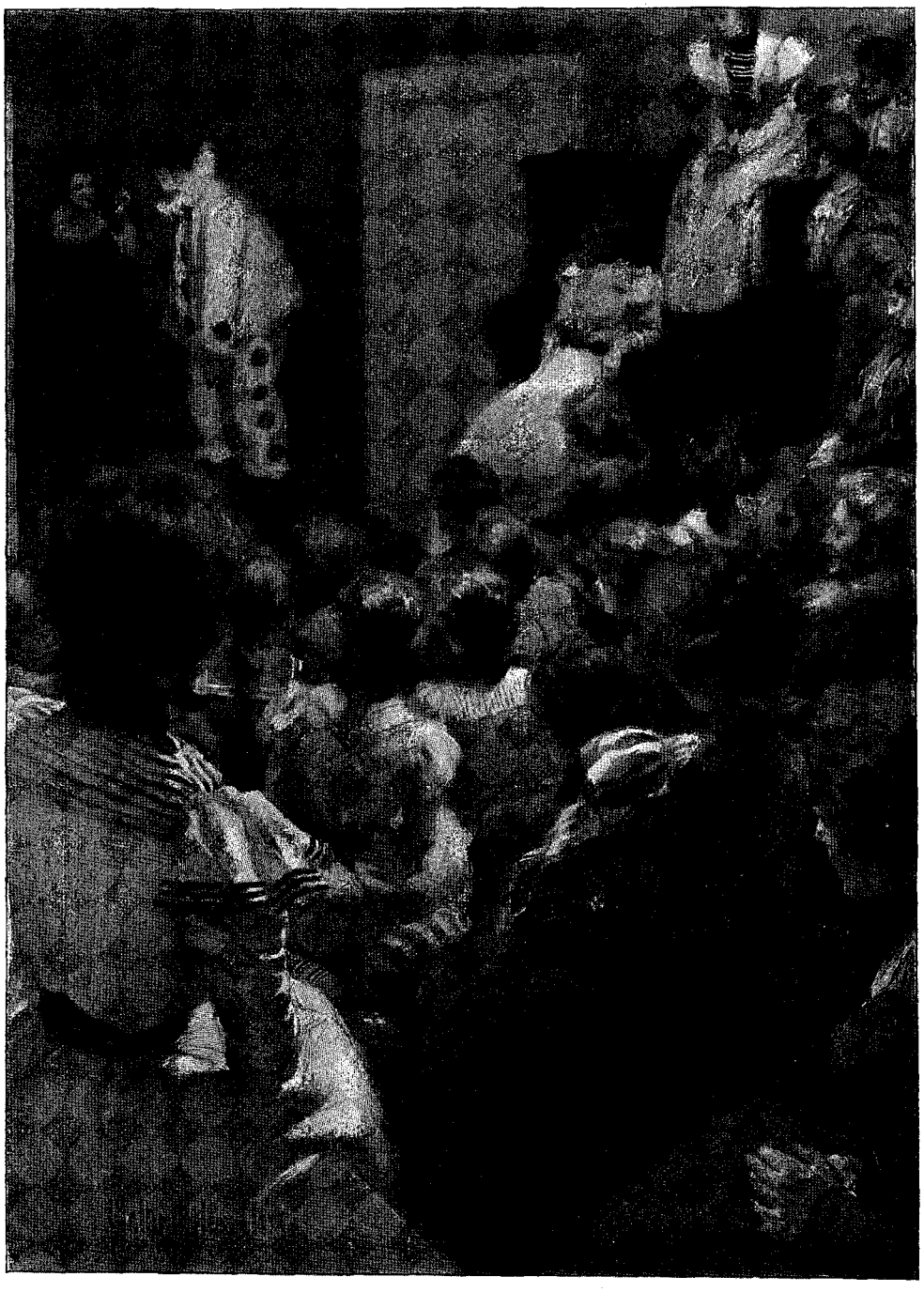

Impromptu Theatricals in College Parlors.

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their longing eyes, and wonder if they will ever be prominent enough to sit there with the choice spirits of the college. A play is one of the social events of the term; the Glee Club sings between the acts, while the heroine is changing her gowns and laying up for herself laurels in the approval of the audience. The unassuming scene-shifters, in the meantime, in shirt-waists and bicycle-skirts, move about tables and chairs and arrange vases, hang up portières and pictures, bring in trees or carry them out, all with a real spirit of self-abnegation. For they shine with no glory at all, not even reflected, and have only the thanks of the star, tired muscles, and the spiritual satisfaction of knowing that the play is running smoothly for their reward.

Though much less formal, in the early days of the college the house-plays have always been a feature of its social life. When the houses were few, each one was allowed a play every year. It was held in the old gymnasium, and no admission was charged. The gentlemen of the play were distinguished from the ladies only by a scant black cambric skirt reaching to their ankles, interfering sadly with a free and manly tread. More leeway is allowed now in the matter of costumes, but the doors of the gymnasium on play-nights are sternly shut against any but the feminine sex.

In the impromptu farces, often given from half-past six to seven Wednesday and Saturday evenings in the college parlors, the girl who has dramatic ability again makes bid for popular notice. These farces, sometimes original, are often very clever, and furnish a merry thirty minutes to the spectators.

College girls are usually too much occupied with present impressions to take much thought for the morrow. The average student does not sit down deliberately in self-communion, and say, "I will make a success of myself. Everything I do shall bend to that end." Yet unconsciously she shapes her life to bring it about. In college the same desire for a complete self-expression is as dominant a motive as in the world outside. Fortunately college activities are so complex and various, that girls of every description and character may find an outlet for their energies. Often they attain a place in the inner circle of college popularity and respect by their own efforts. They measure their personal attraction, perhaps, by the number of afternoon teas to which they are invited, or by the murmur of approval which greets their entrance into a room full of girls. But sometimes a girl wakes to find herself famous, for the fortitude with which she has met some sorrow, or the business reverses which have left her as poor as a church-mouse. The afflicted girl and the poor

"Paradise."

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Practice.

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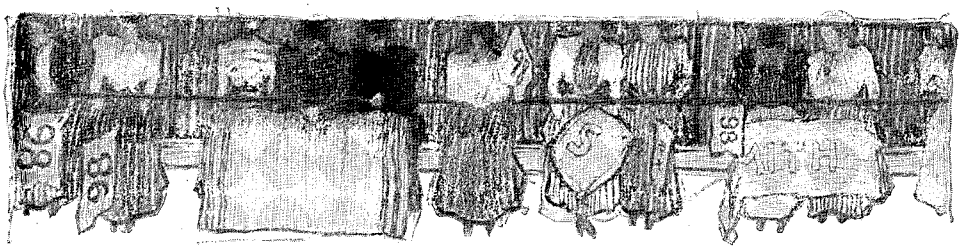

Watching a Game from the Running Track in the Gymnasium.

girl have a warm place in the Smith heart, for the only aristocracy recognized is the aristocracy of brains, and except for the effect on herself, the poor girl is almost more blessed with her poverty than the rich girl with her wealth.

If a student is bright she can read her title clear to much honor in her class, election to a society, in all probability, and the good-will of the college. If she is supporting herself wholly or in part, so much the better, for it argues ability to pound knowledge enough for "passing" into the dull brains of backward students, to make two or three hundred gymnasium-suits, or write for some paper, keeping up with college work at the same time. The rich girl, if she has worth, will undoubtedly impress herself upon her college generation, but she does not come to her inheritance so easily. An attitude of interrogation exists toward her achievements; and there is a grain of truth in the humor of the remark that a society ought to be founded for the protection of rich girls and pretty girls. A Smith student is in a curiously isolated position. It is herself that her fellow-students look at and find interesting or uninteresting. Though she has the bluest blood in the land, and show herself stupid, she shall not gain distinction at Smith. If a student has brawn as well as brain, athletics may prove the stepping-stone to much pleasure as well as profit. Golf, bicycling, long walks with the Walking Club on Wednesday afternoon, dreamy rows on "Paradise," a miniature lake made by the widening of Mill River, just at the foot of the college campus, are end enough in themselves. Skating in the winter and snow-shoeing, too, serve no ulterior purpose, but tennis practice may mean the championship at the tournament in the spring, and a reputation throughout college.

Snow-shoeing on Hospital Hill.

Basket-ball, however, is the great joy of the athletic girl, and to Smith belongs the distinction of having first introduced it in a college for women. The freshmen and sophomores have teams, chosen soon after Christmas, and from that time until the game in the spring, they practise with a persistence worthy of the ancient Greeks. Seniors coach the sophomores, juniors the freshmen, with no hostile eye to view the practice.

On the momentous day of the game, the gallery of the gymnasium is divided between sophomores with their allies, and freshmen with theirs. The territory of each class is picturesquely marked by its colors wound about the gallery

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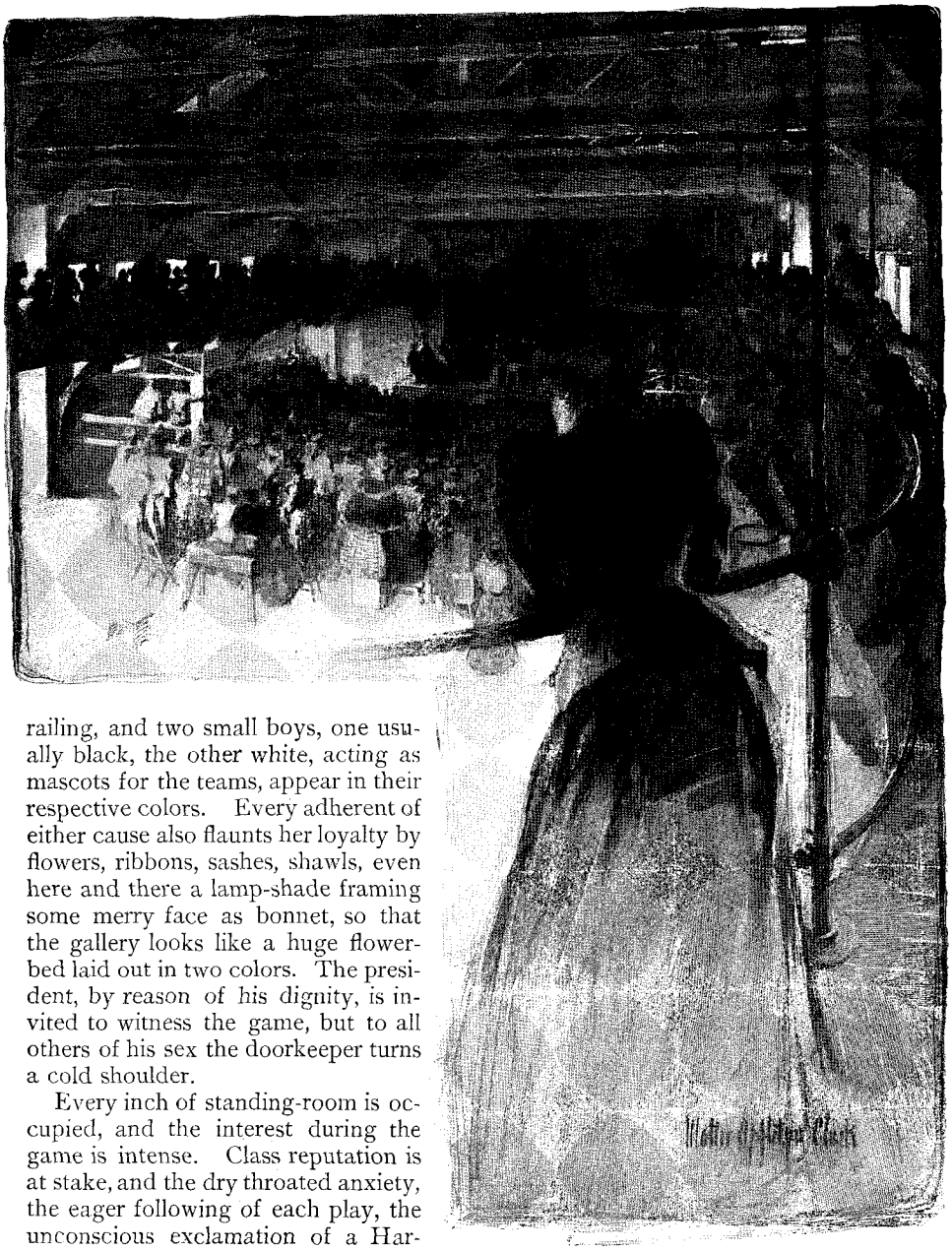

"The Rally," Washington's Birthday.

railing, and two small boys, one usually black, the other white, acting as mascots for the teams, appear in their respective colors. Every adherent of either cause also flaunts her loyalty by flowers, ribbons, sashes, shawls, even here and there a lamp-shade framing some merry face as bonnet, so that the gallery looks like a huge flower-bed laid out in two colors. The president, by reason of his dignity, is invited to witness the game, but to all others of his sex the doorkeeper turns a cold shoulder.

Every inch of standing-room is occupied, and the interest during the game is intense. Class reputation is at stake, and the dry throated anxiety, the eager following of each play, the unconscious exclamation of a Harvard-Yale football audience, are repeated there. But as cheering is not included in the president's scheme of womanliness, no shouts are heard, only the exultant songs of the victorious class and the would-be exultant songs of the class that feels its last hope going. Two innings are played, of fifteen minutes each, with five minutes rest between; then time is called, the score announced, and the victorious captain, after receiving the congratulations of her magnanimous rival, is borne away in triumph on the shoulders of her team.

The graceful butterfly with an outfit of brain-power, the executive girl who can manage anything from her own account-book to the college itself, the dramatic

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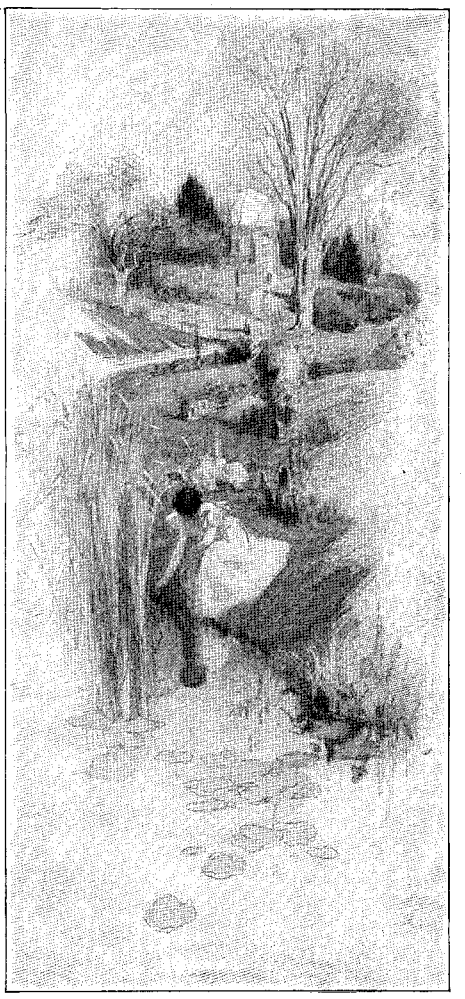
genius, and the successful athlete, often take a prominent place in Alpha or Phi Kappa Psi, the two literary societies in college. They are, however, particularly the domain and opportunity of the girl whose strongest interests and enjoyments are intellectual. They give full scope to her powers, and she can prove herself worthy before the college audience. Even to the average Smith girl, election to either society means, in all probability, the keenest joy of her course; failure to make either, one of her most bitter disappointments. For a girl with literary aspirations their attraction is even stronger, and the thought of them is bound up with the very nerve and sinew of her college happiness.

Alpha, the oldest society in college, was founded by the second sophomore class. It gathered into itself at first all the brightest students, but as the college grew constantly larger it was discovered that some of the most desirable girls were not and could not be within the fold of one society. Accordingly in 1892 Alpha chose five of its senior members to go forth and form a new society, the Phi Kappa Psi, with essentially the same objects and ambitions as the mother society. The amicable relations of the beginning were not always strictly maintained when Phi Kappa Psi became as large and strong and popular as Alpha itself, but the rivalry between them is for the most part good-natured.



The Botanical Ponds and Observatory.

Freshmen at first were admitted, but later the two societies agreed not to elect students until after Christmas of their sophomore year, to limit the number to five, and, that the game might be fair, to take first choice alternate years. The societies are not sororities and are semi-secret only. No "tapping" system exists. An invitation is looked upon as a favor conferred; the candidate is not consulted beforehand as to her preferences, and receives the first intimation of her election with the formal invitation. Scholarship is supposed to be the basis of selection, though the personal equation weighs so much that students of mediocre attainments sometimes find their way into a society because they are "so attractive" in some other way. Such an election, however, often causes the entire revision of a girl's ambitions, for only a college-student can appreciate the authority of society interests over her conscience. Avoidance of conduct that would peril its reputation; the extra attention to her work, that she may be worthy of its approval and the trust of the members in electing her; her disquiet at its failures, her pride in its successes, are as strong as any ties which bind a man to the interest of his fraternity.

A pretty ceremony, characteristic of the feminine instinct that makes life in a girls' college so graceful a thing, has grown up in connection with the delivery of the invi-

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Glee Club Promenade Concert. Evening of Ivy Day.

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The Reading-room.

tations for the first sophomore elections. Formerly the notes were placed on the bulletin-board, that the dutiful attendants of chapel might find them on their way thither, but now the secretary delivers the invitations in person. As she goes across the campus, girls, to the proportion of a small army, join her from every side and move in a solid body to the door of the first candidate. The sophomore sitting within, carefully preparing her lessons, hears a knock. Suddenly the room is full of girls crowding about her with congratulations; an envelope is thrust into her hand, a society pin fastened on, and the vantage of one of her greatest desires is gained. The other four sophomores go through the same experience, and almost before they can recover breath, flowers (by boxes and by dozens), the visible congratulations of their friends, begin to pour in upon them. They are proffered suppers, teas, and drives; they are the centre of an admiring college for a week; then the rival society has its meeting, and other five sophomores taste the joys of fame and popularity. Although the elections at the ordinary meetings are never of such general interest, as only a hundred girls out of the thousand in college are members of Alpha or Phi Kappa at any one time, an election to a society is honor enough whenever it takes place.

The *Smith College Monthly*, as well as the societies, provides an outlet for the energy of the literary girl, and reveals often, in the contributions of some shy, quiet student, an ability which otherwise might have to wait a dreary time for recognition. The election of the editorial board in the spring, from the junior class, is an event next in importance to the sophomore society elections. The honor to the girls chosen is very great, though one which involves time and labor in proportion to the satisfaction which the *Monthly* affords its critical subscribers. The society girls are usually quite evenly represented in the board, but it sometimes happens that a non-society student, little noticed in her early college course, has worked steadily and persistently, without

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Ivy Day.

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The Tennis Courts.

fuss or flurry, to such a pinnacle of excellence that some one of the retiring editors finds her sitting there, and by appointing her on the monthly board discovers her to the college. Senior year often brings about a revolution of popular opinion, and several girls in a class from whom nothing was expected shine out with wonderful lustre, while some of their more brilliant sisters go out like a flash in a pan when philosophy and psychology overtake their superficial attainments with swift retribution.

If a girl possesses no particular literary ability or other valuable quality which might open to her the delights of Alpha, Phi Kappa Psi, or the *Monthly*, she can find a measure of comfort in one at least of the many clubs, varying in purpose as widely as the metaphysical speculations of the philosophical organization and the frivolous occupation of the "eat-clubs." Almost every department has its representative body, composed of the students specializing in that branch and corps of instructors, who bear their part in work as well as entertainment. Among the girls themselves are clubs innumerable, those bringing together students from a certain town or locality, as the Chicago, St. Louis, New York, and Maine clubs, small societies whose basis is congenial acquaintance, sewing-circles, reading-clubs, and a hundred others, which serve for the amusement of the girls themselves. The Smith College Association for Christian Work, however, has quite another object, and provides for an altogether different set of interests in the Smith girl's life. Her work and her play bring particular benefit to herself alone, but the various lines of activity offered her by this society are all more or less altruistic. It assists in guiding the religious activities of the college; also in providing for its social welfare, and in bringing to neglected girls the good things of the college. However the be-

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nevolent instincts of a student best express themselves, she will probably find her need satisfied in some one of the branches of industry offered her by the association. If not, she may enter the ranks of workers for the Students' Building, a Mecca for the college world, where the societies shall have their different rooms and the ὅι πολλοι a place to disport itself. With the unselfishness of Horace planting trees for future generations, the girls interested offer to their small public, teas, lectures, courses, specialties in fancy articles, and many other attractions. The proceeds from these, together with private contributions from the girls themselves, and the overplus from the monthly expenses, generously offered by the editors, month by month and year by year, are bringing the Students' Building nearer to a local habitation. The benevolent student may teach in a mission-school, read to the inmates of the Old Ladies' Home, or take one of the Home Culture Club classes made up of the working-people of the town. As there is no college church, she may also assist in the work of the town church with which she is allied, or, if she prefers to do her charity in the unostentatious way which lets not the left hand know what the right hand doeth, she can find in the routine of her daily life countless opportunities for the display of an unselfish spirit.

Efficiency of any kind is respected at Smith, and a student soon comes to believe that college success has its basis in Darwin's law of the survival of the fittest. Sham and false show are useless, but any honest attempt to cultivate one talent or ten meets with encouragement. In the complicated social system each has a utility and a place. The art students and the music students, with another scale of values and estimates, act and react on the more practical life of the purely academic students. The college which can comprehend the manifold interests of Smith students must be tolerant and broad of mind, and the bond which unites these different elements elastic. But a strong college feeling exists, fostered by chapel every morning, when the student-body feels its own unity and personality, and by those formal occasions during the year, when the college acts together as a whole and takes thought of its oneness. Among these the festivities on the Twenty-Second of February are peculiarly significant and interesting. After the first exercise, held in Assembly Hall, where patriotic songs are sung and some outside lecturer, or, occasionally, a member of the faculty, delivers an address on an historical subject, the students adjourn to the gymnasium for the rally. They stand together by classes, waving class-flags, wearing class-colors, and singing class-songs celebrating their own achievements. Some oratorical contest follows. Often it takes the form of a debate, and after hearing conclusive proof that George Washington, for example, never existed at all except in the mind of the American people, the students join in a circular march about the floor of the gymnasium, seniors leading, freshmen bringing up the rear, each girl grasping the shoulder of the girl in front, till some one loses her hold, and the rally breaks up in merry confusion. In this locked march the student finds her own individuality merged in that evolved from a thousand girls acting as one, and more than at any other time she feels the thrill and rhythm of the college pulse beating in her own.

Formerly on the Twenty-Second of February the college was at home to its outside friends, and a reception, held in Assembly Hall, gave to a student the opportunity of paying off social obligations. Except at Smith, this occasion was known as the "Eight mile" walk. Amherst, Yale, Harvard, and Princeton were well represented. Small glasses of lemonade were served as refreshment. Occasionally, through the evening, the guests walked through a quadrille. Round dancing was under the strictest ban; but at one reception, no one knew quite how or why, the floor was suddenly filled with couples dancing the forbidden waltz. The president, with his usual astuteness, realized the import of what had happened, and knowing that the times were ripe for a change, walked quietly away, and gave his consent to the students who asked the next year for a junior promenade to be substituted for the reception of the Twenty-second. This adjustable conservatism on the part of the president always opposes every tendency toward greater elaborateness in

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college functions till an issue has justified itself; then he graciously cedes the point.

The junior promenade is essentially the old "walk around," on a different date, suited to present needs. Amherst and the brother colleges throng the campus as of old; they experience the same unique feeling of tables turned when their Smith friends pilot them through walks, drives, and teas, in the afternoon, the same sensations of surprise at the completeness of the arrangements when their hostesses usher them into the gymnasium in the evening and present them with carefully filled dance programmes.

Contrary to the custom of the Twenty Second of February, on Mountain Day the college separates to enjoy itself, and goes everyone her different way. This day is a free gift of the faculty to the students. Chapel and all recitations are suspended, and by ten o'clock in the morning the campus is left almost deserted in the glorious October sunshine. Girls in twos and threes, in tens or in twenties, with boxes of luncheon, have started forth, on foot, on bicycles, and in every conceivable kind of vehicle, from a small dog-cart to an old farm wagon. Expeditions to the top of Mount Tom and Holyoke prove particularly attractive to the freshmen. As they drive back through the broad quiet streets of old Hadley, around the corner where the quaint hotel stands haunted by the tradition of the Regicides, past the cider-mill, about which they will gather traditions of their own; as they pause on the bridge to look up and down the sunlit stretches of the beautiful Connecticut, they can but feel that their lines have fallen to them in pleasant places. But when they drive beyond, and the purple "meadows" lie spread out before them, with the river in the far distance, and the mountains rising sheer and straight from the level, they feel the fascination that will draw them again and again to those strange lowlands, till "the meadows" have a personality of their own, and an inspiration for them that cannot fail while memory lasts.

For the upper class girls, Whately Glen, Chesterfield, Ashfield, Cummington, the home of William Cullen Bryant, Worthington, and other somewhat remote places, are points of interest which an all-day drive makes possible and a limited number of college holidays desirable. At night the houses gather in their flocks again, and tired, wind-blown, but happy, the girls live over their day with each other.

The Thirtieth of May is the other great holiday of the year. Again the exodus from the college, and the invasion of the surrounding country, take place. The attacks of Mountain Day upon cider-mills and chestnut-groves yield to a search for spring flowers; otherwise the history of the two days is identical.

Quite as much as these stated intervals of fresh air and pure sunshine, when the college as a whole is given over to merry-making, the girls enjoy excursions arranged on the spur of the moment, the luncheon-suppers carried to the top of Sunset Hill, or to some lovely spot along the Williamsburg car-line; or, when the spirit of their ancestors is very insistent and they would wander far afield, the drives with a congenial three or four, who, in trying the effect of original poems and stories on each other, have delightful mishaps with self-willed steeds that give them conversational material for a month to come.

Love and respect for the college as a unit are strong and vigorous, counting as important factors in the Smith girl's life. The emphasis of the individual, on the contrary, is the intellectual characteristic, and the composite of these two elements results in a Harvard for girls, without the indifference of Harvard. The class partisanship which would naturally accompany college feeling is constantly modified by house interests, and still further by a Conference Committee of the students, which brings together representatives from the four classes, and the president of each, to discuss all matters of college interest, and to act as a half-way house between faculty and students. The laws of hospitality which prevail at Smith act also as a cog on hostility between class and class, and prevent it from becoming bitter or obtrusive. Sophomores give freshmen an elaborate reception in the fall, and the relation of hostesses and guests never entirely fades out through the year, except at the basket-ball game, when the two classes become rivals. In the different festivities of the campus houses, at the merry masquerades of Hallowe'en night, the Valentine parties on the Fourteenth of February, the Christ-

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mas celebrations; at receptions, teas, and faculty parties, seniors, juniors, sophomores, and freshmen all mingle indiscriminately. Courtesy forbids any distinction, and class-lines merge.

The genial, friendly atmosphere of the college makes it seem to outside guests like a charming home on a large scale. In connection with the societies, and also at the invitation of the president and faculty, men and women of note often come into the circle, and the stimulus and uplift of meeting some of the great souls of earth face to face are perhaps as helpful to a student as anything in the curriculum. No one who heard dear old Joseph Jefferson speak one afternoon in Assembly Hall can forget the twinkle in his eye, when the girls, by round after round of applause, were demonstrating to him his theory that "this time doesn't count." They clapped and fluttered handkerchiefs at him so insistently that finally, when it seemed to him that silence would be desirable, with quick humor he pulled out his own handkerchief and shook it at the audience. If the tossing of flowers by double lines of enthusiastic girls between which Paderewski's carriage made its slow way, after a concert at the college, seemed to the great musician one of the most delightful forms of applause he had ever known, and if J. M. Barrie, William Dean Howells, and Charles Dudley Warner carried away with them, as they said, a pleasant impression of the college, they left behind them, with the students, warm admiration and gratitude for the kindly way in which they met their many hostesses.

At the Glee Club concert in the Opera House, the girls have a formal opportunity of showing their hospitable spirit. All through the fall the Glee, Banjo, and Mandolin Clubs practise faithfully for this concert, and they do their part well. When the concert is successfully over, the clubs and their leader feel like Atlas when he dropped the world from his shoulders. The spectators are, however, so attractive that they divide interest with the programme itself. The audience, every girl in her prettiest gown, every man pledged to enthusiasm, in the gold and white setting of the Opera-house is framed like a beautiful picture. The lights, the scent of flowers, the music, make it seem like some fairy scene, and the guests go away feeling that Smith existence is a dream of bliss and has no part in a workaday world.

But a week of examinations, in a very recent past, serves to keep the balance true for the Smith girl, and the memory of them corrects effectually any tendency on her part toward excessive gayety. It is with the satisfaction of a danger safely bridged that she sits back and listens while the Glee Club sings the familiar words:

They said she must not worry,
  Nor sit up late to cram,
Nor have a sense of hurry
  In writing her exam.

And so she did not worry,
  Nor sit up late to cram,
Nor have a sense of flurry,
  And she flunked in her exam.

For the ambitious students at Smith are in large majority. They are of two classes, and between the two a gulf is set. The members of the one known as "grinds" or "digs" have a hunger for facts as intense as a miser's for gold. Their delight is in acquisition, and whether they work individually or gregariously, note-books flank them on every side. They pack their brains as they would a dress-suit case, and the future they view only as an opportunity of gathering yet more degrees. They have their reward, but the student who gets her knowledge by using it is the peculiar joy of the college. She regards her note-book as a point of departure, also conventional pleasures. Groups of such girls are the direct cause of the originality, freshness, and healthfulness of undergraduate amusements.

Among the girls themselves many informal exchanges of courtesy take place, assuming the form often of invitations to dinner or supper, particularly on Sunday noon, when leisure is not at such a premium as on week days. The result is an interesting rearrangement of the college population, for the places of girls invited out for dinner are filled in turn by guests, so that anyone who could get a bird's-eye view of all the college tables at once might think he was witnessing the "ladies-change" figure of a gigantic quadrille.

In the last seven years the college has almost doubled in size. Even to a recent

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graduate it seems now like a strange place in a strange land, and she must, perchance, rub her eyes like Rip Van Winkle and wonder; but when the superficial differences are stripped away she finds it at heart the same *alma mater*, changed only as its rapid growth and increased responsibilities demanded. While she drinks her afternoon tea in a college room she hears the college-gossip of her own day about her own professors. She cannot refrain from smiling at the tale of a freshman caught in the toils of one of the thinking-courses—the best discipline in the Smith curriculum—who lifted her timid hand, after a set of topics had been assigned, to ask if there was any book wherein she could find the answers to those questions, and almost wept in despair when she was told to look within her own brain.

The activities of a thousand students make so complex a whole that a list of the week's amusements might cause an alumna of an early class much apprehension unless she understood the difference in conditions. In her day the college numbered, perhaps, a hundred or two, and was present as a whole at every entertainment. Now a comparatively small number of students attend any one. An evening of recreation a week may be the average for a group of girls who take their pleasure together. But the diversions of one group multiplied by a hundred reaches a total which, announced to an unprepared public, might give the impression that the college was given over to gayety and Mammon. As a matter of fact, intellectual requirements grow more rigid year by year, the standard higher, and the social life, as always, comes as the necessary alternation of play with toil that sends a girl back to her work rested and refreshed for the next task.

When an alumna turns back to her college memories she finds them incidental and fragmentary. It is only with an effort that she can construct the continuous life of her college days. But the charm of Sunday always appeals to her. She remembers her sympathy with the old nursery rhyme which designates "Thursday for losses, Friday for crosses, and Sunday the best day of all," as she turned over for a luxurious last nap on Sunday morning, and her enjoyment of the hour after breakfast, when, with a spirit of economy, even in time, she persuaded one of her friends, while she was dusting her room and washing her tea-cups, to read Kipling to her, or Browning, or Stevenson, or anything else she pleased; then how, by fair exchange, she turned reader and her friend housemaid. But the vesper service at five in the afternoon was the solace of her busy week of definite engagements. She could listen or not, as she pleased, with no sense of responsibility or obligation to remember what she heard. The songs of the choir, the few sincere, practical words of the president, the beautiful vesper hymns, and through the window a glimpse of sunset sky fading into purple twilight, blend into one of the loveliest memories of her college Sunday.

In its capacity of wise parent, the college rarely lays upon a Smith student the command "Thou shalt not." Knowing the proneness of the human mind for forbidden fruits, it does not wish to put temptation in her way. But the ten-o'clock rule, which sets a beneficent limit to a busy day, is an exception.

It is broken, of course. Many a bold-spirited college alumna has recollections of stealing through inky-black halls full of shadowy terrors to the room of some other girl who was giving a spread. Can she ever forget the ploughed field (the Smith species of fudge), the olives, doughnuts, the candy, and the ghost stories, by the dim light of a waning moon? But after one or two experiences of the kind the college-girl bitterly thinks of the morrow, the heavy eyes and head, and the pleasure of a spread begins to pall. A pathetic experience has come down from an earlier day, of several girls who had laboriously made oyster-soup over a gas-jet. The butter had been wheedled away from the cook, and the milk collected glass by glass from their friends, but when the guests were all gathered, and were waiting a moment in total darkness for the house to grow quiet, some careless girl stepped into the soup set on the floor, and the company dispersed unfed and unsatisfied. For an alumna, therefore, the night watchman and his lantern have more poetic value than for the student, since he keeps careful tally of all lights that appear during the night

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and reports them the next morning to the ladies in charge of the houses. Formerly during examination week, or when the pressure of work was unusually heavy, so that students felt obliged to burn the midnight-oil, they took refuge with a lamp in their closets, but the closets were uncomfortably small, and soon grew very close. So they fell into the habit of blanketing their windows, but it was discouraging to find through what a small chink the watchman could discover a light, and the zest of the achievement was quite taken away when the rule was made more flexible and permission granted, as now in most of the houses, for an occasional late vigil, when a good reason is forthcoming.

The pioneer days of a girls' college are over. It was the duty of the first classes to set out stakes along the outskirts of knowledge and to overcome much prejudice. The girl student of that time was looked upon as an experiment, and felt the responsibility of her conduct strong upon her. Self-consciousness was thrust at her. It was her privilege to write *quod erat demonstrandum* at the end of her course, but something of the sweet graciousness of college experience, which she made possible for later generations, was denied her. To many a girl now, the four college years come as naturally as the finishing-school a quarter of a century ago. No one opposes her except, perhaps, an isolated auntie, who shakes a warning finger at her, or some kindly gentleman of the old school, who, if he had ever been within the doors of a college for girls, would wish to stay there forever.

Indeed, to one who, knowing the crudities and oddities of the Freshman Class, sees it gather together for its graduation exercises, college seems like a school for all the graces. The queer girl, misunderstood in her own small community, among all the levels offered her has found her own, and is queer no longer. The shy girl has opened out and expanded. The obstreperous girl has been toned down ; and the stolid girl shaken up.

When commencement-days approach it is a complex past that the senior puts behind her. Intellectual problems which she has met and conquered ; a life philosophy worked out from her own experience, which shall keep the balance of her character always true, and for her lighter moments the spontaneous, self-forgetful recreation that makes the charm of college play-hours ; the free, glad life within the college campus ; the last June twilights under the trees, in sweet converse with some friend, with the far-away music of the Glee Club as a background, and the thought of the good-by, making the moments precious—from it all she turns with swift regret to the beauty of commencement week. To the guests who have gathered from the east and west, the north and south, the charm of commencement is very great. They set out to the Opera-house on the night of *senior dramatics* with a good-natured intention of overlooking all the glaring faults of amateur production. But from the time the curtain rises until it falls they are spellbound by the beauty of a performance which might do credit to a New York theatre.

To the spectators everything seems to move with the ease and splendor of a tale from the "Arabian Nights." Talent, conscientious work, and careful training have made some of the actors excellent, all of them good. The seniors alone appreciate the long hours of practice individually, in sections, and all together, in their own rooms, at the gymnasium, and in the dusty Opera-house, which have made this night possible. The persistence with which a student tries for *Portia, Balthazar,* and all the parts between, and the cheerfulness and equanimity with which she finally ends up in the mob, are the greatest tribute to that loyalty which subordinates all personal considerations to the glory and honor of the class. The unexpected turns of the literary interpretation of a Shakespeare play are new and delightful. Moreover, the audience cannot altogether forget that the superbly arrayed personages moving through the play are of the same flesh and blood as themselves; that the heroine is as young as she looks, and the hero as enthusiastic as he seems.

After *dramatics*, in quick succession follow the picturesque ceremonies of parting. On Baccalaureate Sunday the senior class, in long procession, white gowned, and carrying flowers, marches with slow step down the aisles of the church. In the afternoon sun, streaming through the richly colored windows, the scene is like a dream pag-

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eant to the friends watching; again on Ivy Day, when the girls, two by two, thread their way across the campus; and at the commencement exercises, when white gowns and roses fill the chapel with light and fragrance, the spectators breathe the hope that this peculiar beauty of the Smith commencement may never be replaced by academic lines of sombre students clad in the insignia of office.

Commencement is the farewell which sets a boundary to the sum of college days. When the final toast of the class supper has been given, and the senior finds her way to her own college-room for the last time, the scent of roses and the sound of music are still with her, and commencement as a confused memory of people, blue skies, and bright nights. Sitting there, recalling the swiftly passing years—"with pain they were so fleet, with joy they were so sweet"—she realizes, with a great wave of thankfulness, her widened horizon, her broadened sympathies. She had only to throw out her hands and gather what she could hold of the beauty of knowledge and the inspiration of life. But her thought lingers a moment with the child, Sophia Smith, rebelling from the blindfold leading of the dame-school and sitting through the long hours of the summer morning, her head against the door of the boys' school, to listen to the words of knowledge, denied her, that fell from the master's lips. No one satisfied the hunger of her eager, groping mind. Her life was repressed and incomplete to the end; but unnumbered girls with earnest eyes and serene hearts are bearing into the future the unuttered message of her life, and the warm, rich love of the college that lies so safely where

> The hills in purple shadows
> Eternal vigil keep
> Above her happy river meadows:
> In golden haze asleep.

THE WIND UPON A SUMMER DAY

By M. L. van Vorst

THE wind upon a Summer day
How sweet it stirreth in the trees!
The shifting shadows as they lie
Across the fields, the bending rye
The blue flowers in the grain, and you
To love the livelong Summer thro'—
There are no sweeter things than these.

The dawning of a Winter's day
How sad it is! The leafless trees,
The frozen meadow-lands that lie
All cold beneath the snowy sky—
The old year's bitterness: and you
To lack the livelong Winter thro'
There are no sadder things than these!

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AD FINEM FIDELES

By Guy Wetmore Carryl

FAR out, far out they lie. Like stricken women weeping,
Eternal vigil keeping with slow and silent tread,
Soft-shod as are the fairies, the winds patrol the prairies,
The sentinels of God about the pale and patient dead!
Above them, as they slumber in graves that none may number,
Dawns grow to day, days dim to dusk, and dusks in darkness pass,
Unheeded springs are born, unheeded summers brighten,
And winters wake to whiten the wilderness of grass.

Slow stride appointed years across their bivouac places,
With stern, devoted faces they lie, as when they lay,
In long battalions dreaming, till dawn, to eastward gleaming,
Awoke the clarion greeting of the bugles to the day.
The still and stealthy speeding of the pilgrim days unheeding,
At rest upon the roadway that their feet unfaltering trod,
The faithful unto death abide, with trust unshaken,
The morn when they shall waken to the reveille of God.

The faithful unto death! Their sleeping-places over
The torn and trampled clover to braver beauty blows;
Of all their grim campaigning no sight or sound remaining,
The memory of them mutely to greater glory grows.
Through waning ages winding, new inspiration finding,
Their creed of consecration like a silver ribbon runs,
Sole relic of the strife that woke the world to wonder
With the riot and the thunder of a sundered people's guns.

What matters now the cause? As little children resting,
No more the battle breasting to the rumble of the drums,
Enlinked by duty's tether, the blue and gray together,
They wait the great hereafter when the last assembly comes.
Where'er the summons found them, whate'er the tie that bound them,
'Tis this alone the record of the sleeping army saith:—
They knew no creed but this, in duty not to falter,
With strength that naught could alter to be faithful unto death.

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THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

HOW THE WEST WAS SAVED—THE INVASION OF GEORGIA

HOW THE WEST WAS SAVED

AFTER the Battle of Monmouth the war in the Northern Department dragged on through the summer without any general campaign and without any results which affected the final outcome of the war, except that time was always on the side of the Americans, and the failure of the British to advance was equivalent to defeat. On July 8, 1778, the French fleet, under D'Estaing, appeared off New York, but they were unable to get their large ships-of-the-line through the Narrows and could not attack the British squadron. D'Estaing then desired to sail away and conquer Newfoundland, which would have been a wholly barren undertaking, but Washington persuaded him to go to Newport and make a combined attack on the British, who held that place with 6,000 men. For this purpose he called out the militia of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and sent a brigade from his own small army, together with Greene and Lafayette, to the aid of Sullivan, who commanded in that district. Everything went wrong from the start. The French arrived on August 8th, were kept outside by Sullivan for ten days, and then ran in past the batteries and forced the British to destroy their men-of-war and galleys in the harbor. Meantime, Sullivan, without notice to D'Estaing, crossed over to the island of Newport, and had hardly done so when Howe appeared outside with his squadron. D'Estaing put to sea to fight him, but both fleets were scattered and severely damaged by a heavy storm. Howe was forced to return to New York, while D'Estaing returned to Newport only to announce that he must go to Boston, to refit. The Americans were disheartened and disgusted. The combined attack had broken down, and the militia began to leave for their homes. The storm had wrecked their camp and largely ruined their ammunition, so that they presently found themselves with only 6,000 men cooped up on an island with an enemy whose forces were already superior, and would soon be greatly increased by the arrival of Clinton with re-enforcements 4,000 strong. There was nothing for it but to withdraw to the mainland, and the retreat had begun when the British attacked them. Greene, instead of defending, changed the retreat to an advance, charged the British and drove them back to their works. The American loss was two hundred and eleven, the British two hundred and sixty. It was a well-fought action under adverse circumstances, but it led to nothing. The expedition had failed, and bore fruit only in recriminations between the Americans and their allies, which it took time and effort to allay. Clinton, arriving too late, returned to New York, having done nothing but burn the shipping at New Bedford, and rob the farmers of Martha's Vineyard of some cattle and money. A year later he withdrew the remaining troops from Newport. The occupation had been pointless and fruitless, and led to nothing but the abortive attack of the French and Americans.

The affair at Newport was, however, typical of the sporadic fighting of the summer, different only from the others in the presence of the French and English fleets, and in the considerable number of men engaged. The British did nothing effec-

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tive. They could hold no extensive country, nor could they control any important military line which would divide and hamper the States. A foray into New Jersey in September and the defeat of some surprised militia, the burning of shipping at Little Egg Harbor, and the wasting of the neighboring country by Captain Ferguson in October, an Indian raid into Cherry Valley in November, which failed to take the fort but burned houses and scalped some thirty persons, mostly women and children, completed the sum of Clinton's military achievements during his first summer of command. When winter came he was again settled in New York, the only place he held, except Newport, while Washington cantoned his men so as to form a line of defence from Long Island Sound to West Point and thence south to the Delaware. His head-quarters were at Middlebrook, but he held Clinton fast and permitted him to have nothing but the ground on which his men camped and which the guns of his fleet covered.

It is easy to see now how completely the military situation in the North was making in favor of the Americans; that all that region had been wrested from England and could never be regained by her. The English had been campaigning in the Middle and New England States for three years, and they had lost, or failed to retain, everything except New York, where they had landed, and the outlying Newport. In other words, they could hold a town under the guns of their fleet, the Americans having no organized navy, and that was the extent of their power. This, of itself, showed that they were utterly defeated in the attempt to conquer, and could not hold America by force of arms; but the real state of the case, which is so obvious now, was not so plain then. The fact which most impressed those who were fighting America's battles in 1778 was that there was practically no general government. The revolution had been carried forward by Washington and his army, who were permanent active forces, and by vigorous, although sporadic, uprisings of the armed people when invasion actually threatened their homes. But of effective government and executive power outside the army and the diplomatic representatives there was practically none. Their own enforced flight from Philadelphia, the condition of the army, and Washington's vigorous letters, had made Congress feel that perhaps all the reasons for defeat were not to be found in the short-comings of their General. They therefore turned to the long-standing business of forming a better union, and, after much labor, produced the Articles of Confederation. Beyond the fact that such action showed a dim awakening to the dire need of efficient national government and better union, this instrument was quite useless. The separatist, States-rights theory so prevailed in the construction of the Confederation that the general government had no real power at all, and could only sink, as it afterward did, into imbecile decrepitude. Moreover, this feeble scheme, which had no value, except as teaching people what to avoid, could not go into effect until ratified by each State, and this process took so long that the war was nearly over before the poor Confederation got enough life to begin dying.

The efforts for better government thus came to but small results, and Congress stumbled along as best it could, trying to borrow money abroad, and getting little except in France; trying to persuade the States to give, a very uncertain resource, and finally falling back on emissions of more paper money, fast-sinking and worthless. Without executive power, with no money, with constant and usually harmful meddling with military matters, with no authority to raise soldiers, the Congress of the United States presented a depressing spectacle. It would have foreboded ruin and defeat had it not been for the fact that each State had an efficient government of its own, which prevented anarchy, while the people, accustomed to self-government, managed to carry the war along in some fashion, haltingly and expensively, no doubt, but still always stubbornly forward.

In the field of diplomacy, the Congress showed to great advantage, as it had from the outset. Some of our ablest men had been sent abroad and had proved themselves the equals of the diplomatists of Europe. Everywhere on the Continent, at every Court they visited, the American envoys made a good impression and secured, at least, good-will. The great tri-

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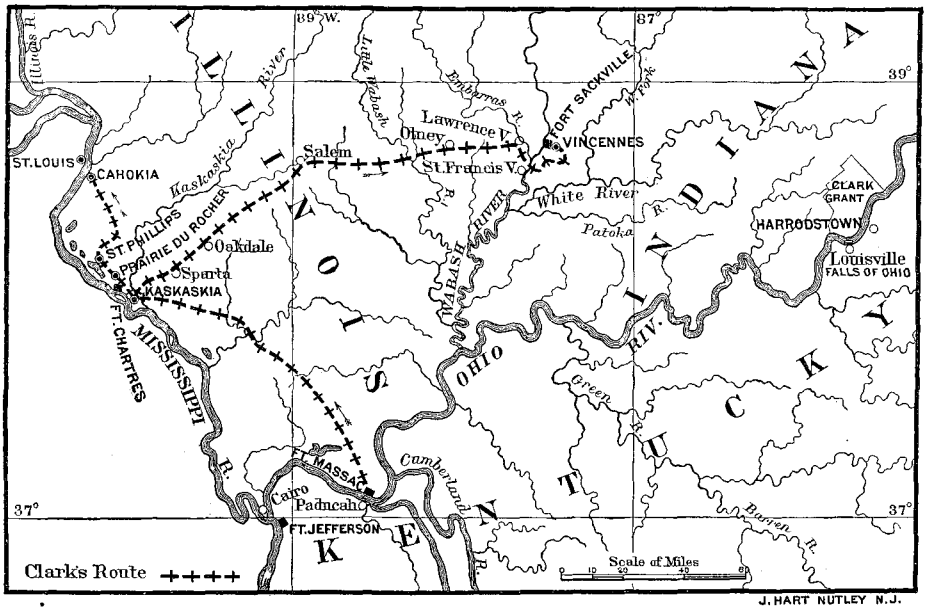

umph was the French alliance, and although elsewhere the tangible results at first seemed less than nothing, the good-will then obtained and the favorable impression made were before long to bear fruit in loans which carried on the war, and in the assured neutrality of the Northern powers. In any event, the Americans had at least succeeded in alienating Europe from England, which at that time seemed to enjoy her "splendid isolation" less than she professes to do at the present day.

One European power, however, showed itself distinctly hostile, and that was the very one upon which Vergennes relied for support, and which was finally drawn into war against England. This was Spain, which showed an instinctive hatred of a people in arms fighting for their rights and independence. To Spain, decrepit and corrupt, the land of the Inquisition, and the owner of a vast colonial empire, nothing but enmity was really possible toward revolted colonists fighting for independence, free alike in thought and religion and determined to govern themselves. Her statesmen hung back from the invitations of Vergennes, and gave the cold shoulder to Arthur Lee when he went to Burgos. They hated England, undoubtedly, and were more than ready to injure her and profit at her expense, but they had no love or good wishes for her rebellious colonies. Florida Blanca, the prime minister, held off from the French, tried to bargain with the English, and aimed at nothing but Spanish advantage in North America. When France, heedless of his wishes, formed the American alliance, he was filled with profound disgust, all the deeper because his hand had thus been forced. He drove a hard bargain with France in the treaty which pledged Spain to join in the war against England, refused to recognize the independence of America, and was left free to exact from the Americans, as the price of Spain's support, the control of the Mississippi Valley, of the Great Lakes, and of all the vast region between the great river and the Alleghanies. The policy of Spain aimed, in fact, at the possession of the North American Continent, and the whole future of the United States was staked on the issue. Yet even while Spanish statesmen wrangled with Vergennes, and schemed and intrigued for Spanish dominion on the Mississippi, the question was being settled far out among the forests by a few determined backwoodsmen with rifles in their hands, no knowledge of diplomacy, and a perfectly clear idea of what they wanted to do and meant to have.

The early intrigues with the Southern tribes, and the war parties of Indians who came with Burgoyne and deserted him when the tide turned against him, formed

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but a small part of the English efforts in this direction. The British policy was a far-reaching one, and was designed to unite all the tribes of wild Indians against the Americans, harry the borders with savage warfare, and prevent the Western expansion of the United States. It was not exactly a humane or pleasing policy, but it was much in favor with the ministry, although it led to some sharp criticisms in Parliament, especially when the item of scalping-knives came up in a supply-bill. It was a scheme fraught with possibilities, and, properly handled, might have caused lasting injury to the United States, not by Burgoyne's war-parties, which did more harm than good to their employers, but by destroying the settlements beyond the mountains and checking the western movement of the American people.

So far as uniting the northwestern and western tribes went, the English were singularly successful, and secured their active alliance and co-operation. The Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest, whose head-quarters were at Detroit, was Henry Hamilton, and to him the department of Indian warfare against the colonies was entrusted. The task could not have been committed to more capable hands, so far as organizing the Indians and sending them out on the war-path was concerned. Where he failed was in the largeness of conception which was needed to tell him the vital point at which to strike. In 1776 he had his alliances secure, and for the next two years he turned the savages loose upon the settlers of the American border. It was a cruel, ferocious war, as all Indian wars are marked by ambush, murder, fire, pillage, and massacre. It fell not on armies and soldiers, but on pioneer farmers, backwoodsmen, and hunters, with their wives and families. To the prisoners who were brought in, Hamilton was said to be entirely humane; but the Indians were rewarded for their burnings and pillagings, and for the slaughter of American settlers. They earned their wages by evidences of their deeds, and the proofs furnished were human scalps, which were bought and paid for in Detroit. It is of no consequence who paid for these hideous trophies; it was done at an English town and fort, with English money, and the frontiersmen who nicknamed Hamilton the "hairbuyer" reached the essential truth.

This method of warfare was cruel in the extreme and caused untold anguish and suffering, but it had no effect on the fortunes of the revolution at the point where Hamilton made the greatest exertion. In carrying out his orders to push back the American frontier he directed the weight of his attack against the borders of New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia. This caused an incalculable amount of misery to individuals, but made absolutely no impression upon the strong, populous, and long-settled States against which the attack was aimed. Very different was the case to the south of the Ohio, where bold hunters and adventurers had pushed beyond the mountains, and, just as the revolution was beginning, had established in the forests the half-dozen little block-houses and settlements which were destined to be the germ of the future State of Kentucky. These outposts of the American advance across the continent were isolated and remote, separated from the old and well-established States of the seaboard by a range of mountains, and by many miles of almost pathless wilderness. If they had been broken up, the work would have been to do all over again, for they were not branches from the main trunk, like the outlying settlements of Pennsylvania and Virginia, but an independent and separate tree transplanted and growing on its own roots. If Hamilton had come down with a force of his own and given the Indians white leadership, he might have systematically uprooted and destroyed these Kentucky settlements and flung back the American border to the east of the mountains; but he preferred to direct his main forces elsewhere, and left it to the Indians alone to deal with the Kentuckians. He may have thought, and not without reason, that this would be sufficient to destroy these few and scattered settlements, the importance and meaning of which he, no doubt, underestimated. If he so thought he erred gravely, for he failed to reckon on the quality and fibre of the men who had crossed the mountains and settled in the beautiful woods and glades of Kentucky. The Indians did their part zealously and faithfully, and, for two years after Hamilton had unchained them, Kentucky well deserved the name of

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the "dark and bloody ground." It was continuous fighting of the most desperate kind, man to man, and band to band. Ambushes, surprises, hand-to-hand struggles, hair-breadth escapes, imprisonment among the savages, torture, murder, and the stake were part of the daily life. The block-houses were successfully held with stubborn courage, the women battling side by side with the men. It was savage fighting, filled with endless incident, where personal prowess played a great part, and with a certain barbarous simplicity and utter indifference to life and to deadly peril, which recall the heroes of the Nibelungenlied, remote kinsmen of these very men who now stood at death-grips with the Indians in the depths of the American forest.

This battle of the Kentucky pioneers, under the lead of Boone, Logan, Kenton, and the rest, forms one of the finest and most heroic chapters in our history, too largely lost sight of then and since in the greater events which, on the Atlantic seaboard and in the cabinets of Europe, were deciding the fate of the revolution. None the less it was a very great and momentous fact that these hunters and farmers held firm and kept the distant wilderness a part of the United States. They rise up to us from the past as Indian fighters and explorers, hunters, trappers, and adventurers, but we must not forget that they were primarily and more than anything else settlers. They had entered into the land to possess it, conquer it, and hand it down to their posterity. So they hung to their forts and settlements with grim tenacity and much desperate fight, and were satisfied, as well they might be, to beat off invasion and yield no inch of ground. But among them was one leader who was not content with this, a man with "empire in his brain," with an imagination that peered into the future, and a perception so keen as to be almost akin to genius. This man was George Rogers Clark. He was a young Virginian, twenty-five years old, and had been one of the best and most daring of the leaders who were holding Kentucky against the Indian allies of Great Britain. But Clark was not satisfied with a mere defence of the settlements. On the western edge of the great wilderness which lay between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi were the old, long-established French settlements, which had passed to the British crown with the conquest of Canada. Clark's restless spirit and quick imagination became filled with the idea that the way to defend Kentucky was to carry the war into the Illinois country and attack England there, instead of being content to beat her off at home. In this plan he saw, as he believed, the true method of breaking down the Anglo-Indian campaign, and also—and this probably moved him much more—of adding all this vast region to the territory of the United States. Without breathing a word of the plans he was weaving, he sent out two young hunters to penetrate into the Illinois country and get him information. His scouts went, and reported on their return that the French sometimes joined the British and Indian war-parties, but that they took little interest in the revolutionary struggle, and stood much in awe of the American backwoodsmen. This encouraged Clark, for he believed that under these conditions he could deal with the French, and he forthwith set out, in October, 1777, and made the long and toilsome journey back to Virginia to get aid and support for his expedition.

When he reached the capital he saw Patrick Henry, who was then Governor, and laid his plans before him with all the eager enthusiasm of youth and faith. Very fortunately, Henry, too, was a man of imagination and ardent temperament. He was touched and convinced by the young soldier's brilliant and perilous conception, and gave him his hearty sympathy, which was much, and all the material aid he could command which, in the stress and strain then upon Virginia, was very little. Clark received from Henry public authority to raise men to go to the relief of Kentucky, secret instructions to invade Illinois, and a small sum of money in depreciated currency. Thus meagrely provided, everything depended on Clark's own energy and personal influence. Very fortunately, these were boundless, and, although he encountered every difficulty, nevertheless, by spring he had raised a hundred and fifty men, and started in flat boats down the Ohio, taking with him some families of settlers. On May 27th he reached the Falls of the Ohio, and there established a post, and left those families who had re-

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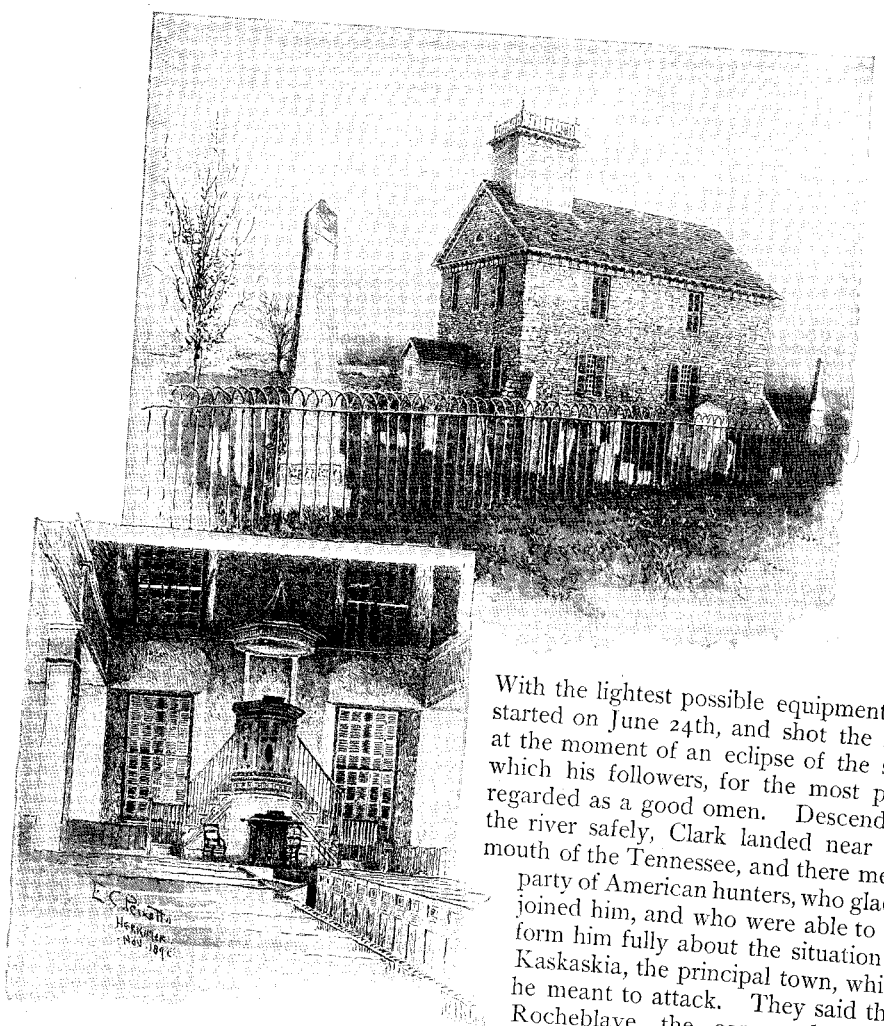

Old Stone Church at German Flats in the Mohawk Valley.

It was built in 1767 and formed part of the stockaded defence of Fort Herkimer, and was often used by the settlers as a place of refuge from the raids of the Tories and Indians.

mained with him to form a settlement, destined to become the city of Louisville. Here he heard of "the French Alliance," which, he felt sure, would help him in his progress, and here some Kentuckians joined him, under the lead of Kenton, as well as a company from Holston, most of whom deserted when they learned the distant and dangerous purpose of the expedition. When every preparation had been made, Clark carefully picked his men, taking only those who could stand the utmost fatigue and hardship, and formed them into four companies of less than fifty each.

With the lightest possible equipment, he started on June 24th, and shot the falls at the moment of an eclipse of the sun, which his followers, for the most part, regarded as a good omen. Descending the river safely, Clark landed near the mouth of the Tennessee, and there met a party of American hunters, who gladly joined him, and who were able to inform him fully about the situation at Kaskaskia, the principal town, which he meant to attack. They said that Rocheblave, the commander, who was devoted to the British cause, had his militia well drilled, and was looking out for an attack; that the French had been taught to dread the Americans, and that if warned of their coming would undoubtedly fight, but if surprised might be panic-stricken. Clark immediately conceived the idea that if the French had time to discover that the Americans meant them no harm, the revulsion of feeling would swing them to his side. To take the town by surprise, therefore, became absolutely essential. With this purpose, he set out at once, marched for fifty miles through dense forests, then across open prairies, where he was nearly lost, and finally, on the evening of July 4th, reached the Kaskaskia River, three miles from the town. Capturing the people on an outlying farm, he learned from

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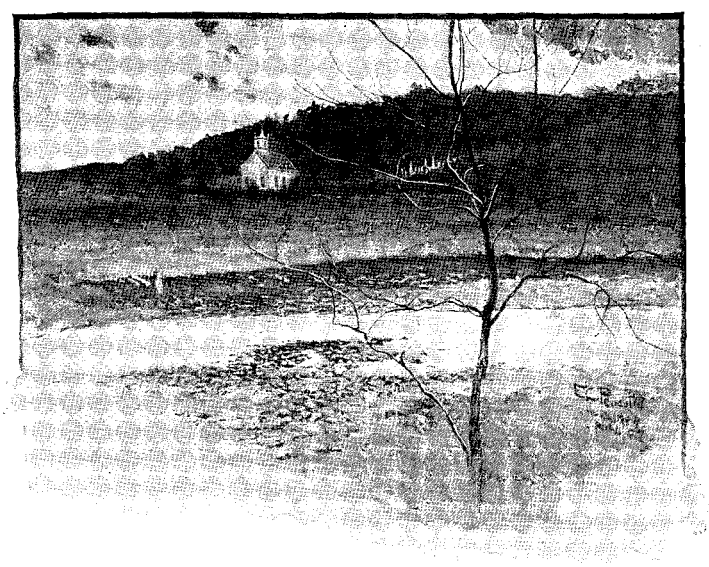
them that the rumors of the coming of the Americans had died away recently, and that the garrison of Kaskaskia were off their guard. Still, Rocheblave, although he had been unable to get aid from Detroit, had two or three times as many men as Clark, and, if warned in season, was sure to fight hard. But everything yielded to the young Virginian's coolness and energy. He got boats, ferried his men silently across the river in the darkness, and then marched swiftly to the town in two divisions, one of which surrounded the town itself, while the other followed Clark to the fort, where he placed his riflemen, and then, led by one of his prisoners, slipped in himself through the postern. In the great hall in the main building of the fort lights were burning brightly, and the sounds of music floated out upon the summer night. Inside there was a ball in progress, and the light-hearted, pleasure-loving French Creoles were dancing and making merry. To the music and dancing of the Old World civilization, the flare of torches and the figure here and there of a red man crouching or leaning against the wall gave a picturesque touch of the wide wilderness in which the little town was islanded. On went the dance and the music. The pretty Creole girls and their partners were too deeply absorbed in the pleasures of the moment to notice that an uninvited guest had come quietly among them and was watching the dancers. Suddenly one of the Indians lying on the floor, with the canine instinct of a hostile presence, looked up, gazed a moment at the stranger, and then sprang to his feet and gave the war-whoop. As the wild cry rang through the hall the startled dancers turned and looked, and there they saw standing by the door, with folded arms, the grim, silent figure of Clark in his fringed buckskin, the American backwoodsman, the leader of the coming conquering race. The music ceased, the dancing stopped, the women screamed, but Clark, unmoved, bade them dance on, and remember only that they were under the rule of Virginia, and not of Great Britain. At the same instant his men burst into the fort and seized all the military officers, including the commandant, Rocheblave.

The surprise was complete. Town and fort were now in the hands of the Americans. Clark ordered every street secured, and commanded the people to keep their houses, under pain of death. He wished to increase the panic of terror to the last point, and no finely trained diplomatist of the Old World ever played his cards with



Castle Church, near Danube in the Mohawk Valley.

Built as a Mission for the Indians by Sir William Johnson. The notorious Brant was taught here by the Missionaries, and lived in a house a little to the north of the church.

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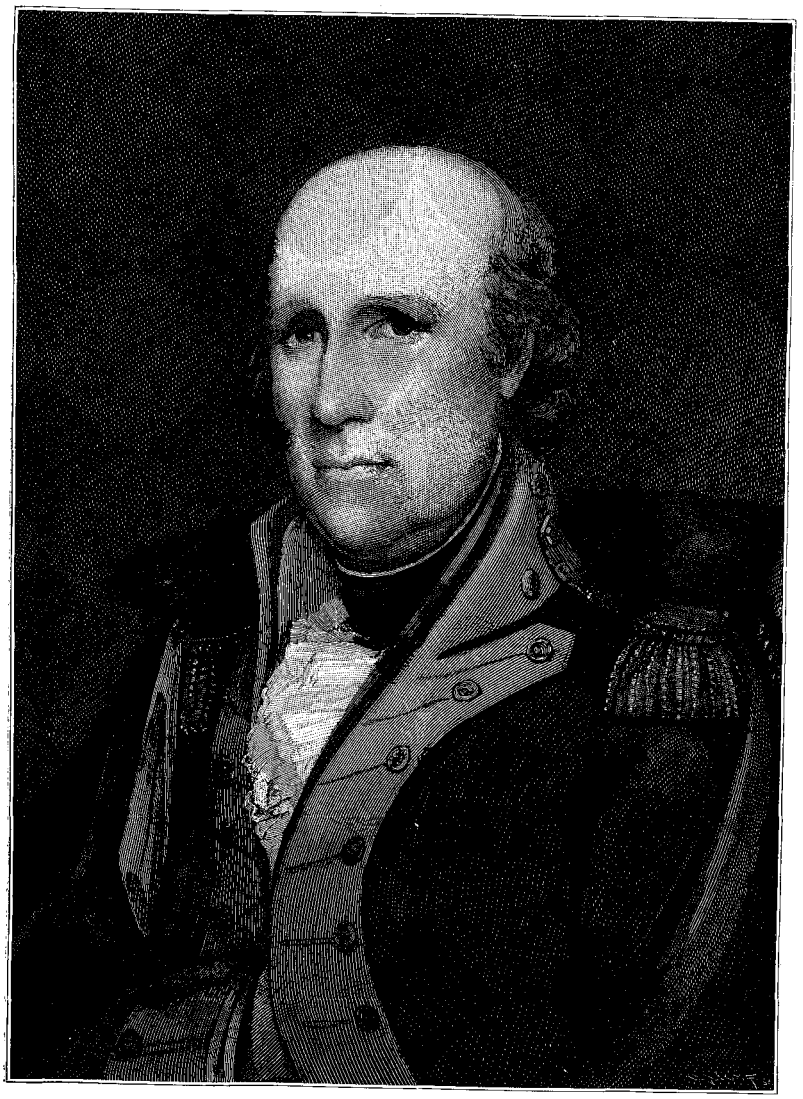

GENERAL GEORGE ROGERS CLARK

FROM AN ORIGINAL MINIATURE ASCRIBED TO J. W. JARVIS AND OWNED BY MR. JEFFERSON K. CLARK, OF ST. LOUIS, MO.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF

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greater subtlety. In the morning a committee of the chief men of the town waited on Clark to beg their lives, for more they dared not ask. Clark replied that he came not to kill and enslave, but to bring them liberty. All he demanded was that they should swear allegiance to the New Republic, of which their former king was now the ally. The French, caring little for Great Britain, were so overcome by the revulsion from the terror which had held them through the night that they took the oath with delight and pledged their loyalty to Clark. Then the American leader promised that they should have absolute religious freedom, and the priest, a most important personage, thus became his firm supporter. In a word, the whole population rallied round Clark, and became, for the moment at least, zealous Americans. Rocheblave alone, deserted and helpless, undertook to be mutinous and insulting, and so Clark sent him off a prisoner to Virginia, where he thoughtfully broke his parole and escaped.

General Benjamin Lincoln.
From a portrait painted by C. W. Peale in 1784.

Despite the brilliancy of his victory, Clark's difficulties were really just beginning. Cahokia and Vincennes followed the example of Kaskaskia—eagerly accepted the rule of the United States and raised the American flag—but he had no men to garrison either place, and all he could do was to send an officer in each instance to take command. He had thus made himself master of a great country, and had less than two hundred absolutely trustworthy troops with whom to hold it. Even these men were anxious to be off. They had done the work for which they had enlisted and wanted to go home. Clark, with difficulty, persuaded a hundred to remain. Then he told the French that he, too, meant to go, whereupon, as he expected, they implored him to stay, which he consented to do on their furnishing him with men to fill his depleted ranks. This done, he turned his attention to the much more thorny and perilous problem of the Indians. He got the leaders of the tribes to Cahokia, and, by a mixture of audacity and firmness, backed by a little actual violence, with much astute diplomacy and good temper, he broke the English confederacy and secured pledges of peace. Through all this difficulty and anxious work Clark kept steadily drilling his new Creole recruits and getting his little army on the best possible footing. He was beset with perils, but his high spirits never flagged, and he played his parts of statesman, diplomatist, and soldier with unwearied energy and ability.

Meantime to Hamilton, planning an expedition against Fort Pitt, came the amazing news that the Americans had invaded Illinois and taken Kaskaskia and then Vincennes. These were evil tidings, indeed, for this was a blow at the very heart of the whole British campaign in the West. Hamilton, who was both determined and energetic, immediately abandoned his expedition against Fort Pitt, sent out French couriers to recall the Western Indians to their allegiance and rouse them again to war, while he himself rapidly organized an expedition for the relief of the Illinois towns. On October 7th all was ready, and Hamilton left Detroit with a strong force of five hundred English, French, and Indians, well provided with artillery and every munition of war. After a long and toilsome journey of seventy-one days, they reached Vincennes on December 17th. The French deserted Helm, the American commandant, as quickly as they had abandoned his predecessor, and went over to Hamilton, who took possession of the town and the fort without difficulty. Then came the crucial moment. Hamilton had three times as

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many men as Clark, was nearer his base of supplies, and knew that the Indians were returning to their old alliance. He ought to have gone to Kaskaskia at once and at all hazards, and crushed Clark then and there, as he could easily have done. But, although Hamilton was a good soldier and an extremely competent man, he lacked the little touch of imagination or genius, call it what we will, which was absolutely needful at that moment. He concluded, very reasonably, that it was the dead of winter, that a march through the Illinois wilderness to Kaskaskia was a rather desperate undertaking, and that the affair could be dealt with just as well and with much greater safety in the spring. So he sent most of his men back to Detroit, to return in the spring with a powerful force, a thousand strong, and sweep over the whole country. He then suspended operations for the winter and contented himself with holding Vincennes with the hundred men he kept with him. It was all reasonable, and sensible, and proper, and yet it was a fatal mistake, for opposed to him was a man who had just the spark of genius and imagination which he himself lacked.

Colonel Daniel Boone.

From a portrait by Chester Harding, owned by Colonel R. T. Durrett, Louisville, Ky.

Clark heard of Hamilton's arrival at Vincennes with feelings which we can guess, for he knew how helpless he was in the presence of such a superior force, and he supposed that Hamilton would do what he would have done in the former's place.

Clark's Surprise at Kaskaskia.

They saw standing by the door, with folded arms, the grim, silent figure of Clark.—Page 66.

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Clark's Advance against Vincennes.

On they went across the Horse Shoe Plain wading in water sometimes breast high.

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Nevertheless he put on a bold front. The French began to waver, but he held them in line; the bolder and more adventurous stood by him, and he made preparations for a vigorous defence. Still the British did not come, and on January 27th a French trader came into Kaskaskia and told Clark that Hamilton was wintering in Vincennes and had with him less than a hundred men. Then the difference between the commonplace man and the man of imagination flashed out. Clark would do what Hamilton should have done. He would not wait until spring to be overwhelmed, he would take Vincennes and Hamilton now. He first equipped a galley with guns and sent her to patrol the Wabash and cut off British re-enforcements. Then, on February 7th, he started with a hundred and seventy men to march two hundred and forty miles. The cold had broken, but the thaw had brought floods. For the first week all went well. They marched rapidly and killed abundance of game, and, encouraged by Clark, fed freely and sang and danced about the camp-fires at night. Then they came to the branches of the Little Wabash, now one great stream five miles wide. Clark got pirogues built and in three days had everything ferried over. This brought them so near Vincennes that they dared not fire, and so could not get game. They struggled on through the flooded country, could not find a ford, and camped by the Wabash on the 20th, having had no food for two days. The Creoles began to lose heart and talked of returning, but Clark laughed, told them to go out and kill deer, and kept steadily on. The next day he got them ferried over the Wabash and on the same side with Vincennes. They could hear the morning and evening guns from the fort, so near were they, and yet the worst was still to come. All day they struggled along, wading over the flooded land, and when they came to a place where the canoes could find no ford the line halted, and it looked as if ruin had come. But Clark raised the war-whoop, plunged in, and, ordering them to start their favorite songs, led them through, for no one could resist his leadership. They camped, wet, shivering, and hungry, on a hillock six miles from the town. The night was very cold, and ice formed over the surrounding water. But the sun rose clear, and Clark, making a passionate speech, told them victory was before them, and plunged into the water. His men followed, in Indian file, with twenty-five told off at the end to shoot any who tried to turn back. On they went across the Horse Shoe Plain, four miles of wading in water, sometimes breast high. The strong helped the weak, Clark urging and appealing to them in every way. It was a desperate, almost a mad undertaking, but they kept on through the cold water and the floating ice and got through. In the afternoon they crossed a lake in their canoes, and were then within two miles of the town. The prey was in sight. The men looked to their rifles, dried their ammunition, and made ready for the fight.

Count Pulaski.

From an engraving by Ant. Oleszczynski.

From a prisoner captured while hunting, Clark learned that there were two hundred Indians just come to town, and this gave Hamilton a great superiority in numbers. Clark had it in his power to completely surprise Vincennes, as he had Kaskaskia, and trust to that advantage to overcome the odds against him. He reasoned, however, that if he sprang upon the town both French and Indians would fight because they would be suddenly plunged into battle without the opportunity of

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Drawn by A. I. Keller.

Attack on Savannah, October 8, 1779.

It was a gallant assault, and was continued for an hour. An American flag and a French flag were planted on the ramparts but the allies could not effect a lodgement.

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choice. On the other hand, if they knew of his coming, he thought the Indians might desert, and felt quite sure that the French would remain neutral. Accordingly, he sent in his prisoner to announce his coming, and at sundown started for the town, in two divisions. All went as he had hoped. The French retreated to their houses in terror. The Indians drew off or held aloof, some of them, with the engaging simplicity of their nature, offering to help Clark, who evidently struck them as a man likely to win victories. Hamilton had sent out a party, having seen the American camp-fires of the night before, but these men did not wade through icy water, found nobody, got nowhere, and slipped back into the fort the next day, where the British were soon closely besieged. Clark had opened fire on the fort at once, and, under cover of night, threw up an intrenchment. From this vantage-ground the American riflemen picked off Hamilton's artillerymen, so that the guns, which did but little execution at best, were quickly silenced. Clark then summoned the fort to surrender. Hamilton declined, and asked for a three days' truce. Clark refused, and ordered the backwoodsmen to open fire. While these negotiations were going on, one of Hamilton's scalping parties came back and ran right into Clark's men. They were all killed or captured, and the six Indian prisoners were tomahawked and thrown into the river, which showed the tribes that Hamilton's power was at an end, and made his own French volunteers from Detroit waver and lose heart. Hamilton had now only his English to depend on, and, in the afternoon of the 24th, sent out a flag. There was some bickering, and Clark made, apparently, some unpleasant remarks about murdering women and children, and buying scalps, and then Hamilton and his seventy-nine men who had remained true surrendered as prisoners of war. Most of the prisoners were paroled, but Hamilton and twenty-seven others were sent to Virginia.

The victory was complete. It was a very shining and splendid feat of arms. In the dead of winter, with a large part of his force composed of men of doubtful loyalty and of another race, Clark had marched across two hundred and forty miles of flooded wilderness. With no arms but rifles, he had taken a heavily-stockaded fort defended by artillery and garrisoned by regular troops under the command of a brave and capable soldier. The victory was not only complete, but final. Clark had broken the English campaign in the West; he had shattered their Indian confederacy, and wrested from them a region larger than most European kingdoms. He had opened the way, never to be closed again, to the advance of the American pioneers, the vanguard of the American people in their march across the continent. When the treaty of peace was made at Paris, the boundary of the United States went to the Lakes on the North, and to the Mississippi on the West, and that it did so was due to Clark and his riflemen. It is one of the sad questions, of which history offers so many, why the conqueror of Vincennes never reached again the heights of achievement which he attained in the first flush of manhood. But, whatever the answer may be, the great deed that he did was one of the glories of the revolution which can never be dimmed, and which finds its lasting monument in the vast country then wrested from the British crown by American riflemen inspired by the brilliant leadership of George Rogers Clark.

THE INVASION OF GEORGIA

THE first idea of the English Government in dealing with its revolted colonies was to subdue the North, where the rebellion had broken out. For this purpose they had seized Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, and planned with such care the expedition of Burgoyne. They had been driven from Boston; Burgoyne had been beaten and his army made prisoners, and they had been forced to retreat from Philadelphia. New York alone remained. It was evident to everybody that the attack from the North had failed, so the ministry determined as a last resort to conquer America from the South, and Lord George Germain proceeded to plan this new movement as carefully as he had that of Burgoyne. Attacks were to be made from Florida, whither men had already been sent, under Prevost. More men were

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The First and Last Parts of Sir Henry Clinton's Offer of Pardon to Rebels in 1780.
From the original document belonging to the Emmet collection in the Lenox Library.

to be detached from New York for the conquest of Georgia, and a separate expedition of 5,000 men was to be directed against it. Ignorant of the fact that their Western campaign was even then being shattered by Clark, and equally uninstructed as to the hard-fighting backwoodsmen in the settlements beyond the mountains, the ministry also intended to let loose the Indians on the western border of the Southern States. Thus, with attacks along the sea-coast, the seizure of the ports, Indian war upon the frontier, and a strong support from the loyalists, Germain and his king and colleagues hoped to conquer the Southern Colonies, bring them under the British flag, and, that done, once more assail and try to divide the Middle and Eastern States. It was an extensive and sufficiently intelligent plan, and no effort was spared to carry it to success. Ships and troops were furnished in abundance; the flames of a bitter civil war were lighted in the Carolinas and Georgia, and the last

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struggle of England to retain her colonies proved the most protracted and at times the most successful of any she had hitherto attempted.

A beginning was made in the autumn of 1778 by Prevost sending out two expeditions from East Florida composed of regulars and Tory refugees from Georgia and South Carolina. They were repulsed from the Fort at Sunbury and at the Ogeechee River, but they ravaged the country, robbed the houses, and carried off slaves, plate, and cattle. Robert Howe, who was in command in Georgia, undertook a retaliatory expedition against St. Augustine, but the movement was ill-planned; his men suffered from disease in the swamps, and he was forced to retire without having accomplished anything. Hardly had he returned when Colonel Campbell appeared off Tybee with 3,000 men from New York. He passed the bar successfully and advanced on Savannah. Howe attempted to oppose him, with less than one-third as many men, and those raw militia. The effort was vain. Campbell outflanked the Americans, routed them, and, with but trifling loss, captured Savannah, taking nearly five hundred prisoners, and large stores and munitions of war. Campbell then offered protection to all who would support the British cause in arms. The soldiers who refused to enlist were sent to die of fever on prison-ships. Many of the inhabitants submitted, others fled to South Carolina, and to the hill country of the interior, there to carry on the conflict. It was evident that the British war in the South was to be absolutely merciless, and that property was to be destroyed and plundered without let or hindrance.

Cheered by the news of the taking of Savannah, Prevost marched up, reducing Sunbury on the way, and Campbell, with eight hundred men, took Augusta. The colony had thus fallen completely and quickly into the enemy's hands, and been again subjected to the crown. The ease and rapidity of the British success were due to the fact that Georgia was the weakest and most thinly populated of the colonies. The only troops were militia hastily called out, and they were badly equipped and ill-led. Nor was the situation improved by the new commander of the Southern department, Benjamin Lincoln, sent down there by Congress. Lincoln was a worthy man, brave and patriotic, but he had seen little service, had been unfortunate in what he had seen, was slow, and without military capacity. He collected some 1,100 men and took up his position on the South Carolina side of the Savannah River. Then he and his opponents looked at each other, neither daring to cross. While they waited, it seemed, for a moment, as if fortune was turning again to the American side. Prevost sent out a detachment to Beaufort, and Moultrie whipped them and drove them back to their ships. Another and stronger party was sent to ravage the western part of South Carolina, was attacked by Colonel Pickens, routed, and driven back beyond the Savannah. Encouraged by these events, and having received large re-enforcements of militia from both North and South Carolina, Lincoln made the fatal mistake of detaching Ashe, with 1,500 men, to occupy Augusta and then descend the river to Savannah. Without discipline or any military precautions, ill-led and inexperienced, Ashe and his men offered an easy prey to the British, who, on March 3, 1779, cut them off, routed them, captured their arms and cannon, and made prisoners of all but some four hundred and fifty, who escaped by swimming the river. Undeterred by this loss of a fourth of his entire army, which showed how unfit it was as yet to undertake aggressive operations, and how much it needed care in handling, drill, and organization, Lincoln decided to march against Savannah with the troops he still had left. Instead of waiting for him, Prevost very wisely crossed the river with 3,000 men and his Indian allies, drove Moultrie before him, and made direct for Charleston. There all was confusion. Defences were prepared, but there was only the militia behind them. Washington and his army were far away, no help came from Congress, many people began to regret independence, others urged taking a neutral position between Great Britain and the United States, while the voice of the majority seemed to be in favor of surrendering the town to avoid the horrors of a storm. When Prevost appeared, parleys and negotiations were opened instead of batteries, and while these proceeded the British learned, by an intercepted letter,

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that Lincoln was advancing to the relief of the city. Prevost immediately abandoned the siege, took to his boats and sailed back to Savannah. Lincoln, having failed to reach Prevost, retired to the hill country with only about eight hundred men, to avoid the intense heat of the summer, and the English were left in complete possession of Georgia.

They were not destined, however, to remain long undisturbed, and the attack came from an unexpected quarter. On September 1st, D'Estaing, who had been cruising successfully in the West Indies, appeared suddenly off Savannah and captured four British men-of-war. He at once sent word to the government of South Carolina asking them to join with him in reducing Savannah, and then, unassisted, landed his own forces, and summoned Prevost to surrender. While notes were being exchanged, Colonel Maitland, by a forced march, succeeded in bringing up the troops from Beaufort, and, thus reenforced, Prevost refused to capitulate.

The South Carolinians responded eagerly to the invitation of D'Estaing, but, no army being ready and in the field, it took time to get out the militia, and it was September 23d before Lincoln arrived to aid the French. Prevost had employed the interval well. He had worked day and night with the ample slave labor at his command and had thrown up a strong line of redoubts and entrenchments. The result was that the days slipped by and the besiegers made no progress. At last, on October 8th, D'Estaing announced that he could not longer endanger his fleet by remaining in this exposed situation, with the storms of autumn at hand, and an assault was accordingly determined for the following day. It was a desperate undertaking, and the event proved its rashness. One column, under Count Dillon, became entangled in a swamp, was exposed to the British batteries, and never came into action at all. The other, led by D'Estaing himself, and composed of French and South Carolinians, assailed the works in front. It was a gallant assault, and was continued for an hour. An American flag and a French flag were planted on the ramparts, but the allies could not effect a lodgement. While they were still struggling to hold their ground, a well-directed charge, led by Maitland, drove them back, and the day was lost. The attack was ill-advised and unfortunate, but was delivered with great courage and daring. D'Estaing was hit twice. Pulaski fell mortally wounded, and gave his life to the country he had come to serve. The Americans lost two hundred men, the French nearly six hundred, while the loss of the British was very small. Prevost and Maitland defended their position with the utmost firmness and bravery. Their works were good, their arrangements excellent, and they fairly earned their victory.

This repulse was a heavy blow to the cause of the revolution in the South. The French retired to their ships and the fleet withdrew. Having failed to accomplish anything when, for the first time, they controlled the sea and also had a large body of regular troops to support them, the Americans had a gloomy outlook for success by their own unaided efforts. The militia of Georgia and South Carolina retired to their homes, while Lincoln withdrew to Charleston with the remnants of his army. Without men, without money, and without apparent ability for effective preparation, South Carolina seemed helpless if the enemy continued their invasion. The loyalists in the South were very numerous and more active than in the North. They came forward zealously in support of the crown, and disaffection began to spread among the people, who saw themselves exposed to war without, as it seemed, any support from the general government or any means of effective resistance or vigorous leadership among themselves.

Georgia, upon which the first attack had been made, had passed wholly into the power of the British, who re-established their government, and then proceeded to pillage and plunder everyone suspected of favoring the revolution. Slaves were seized and sold everywhere, plate and all valuables that could he found were taken, houses and plantations were wrecked and ruined. The war in the South thus assumed, at the start, a character of ferocity and terror which had been wanting, as a rule, in the North, where the British never succeeded in controlling any large region of country, and were constantly held at bay and brought to battle by Washington and his army. This policy of destruction,

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Virginia ss. In Council Williamsburg Jan.y 2. 1778

Lieut Colonel George Rogers Clark

You are to proceed with all convenient Speed to raise seven Companies of Soldiers to consist of fifty men each officered in the usual manner & armed most properly for the Enterprize & with them to attack the British Posts at Kaskasky.

It is conjectured that there are many pieces of Cannon & military Stores to considerable Amount at that Place, the taking & preservation of which would be a valuable Acquisition to the State. If you are so fortunate therefore as to succeed in your Expedition, you will take every possible Measure to secure the Artillery & Stores & whatever may advantage the State.

. . . . . .

It is in Contemplation to establish a Post near the Mouth of Ohio. Cannon will be wanted to fortify it. Part of those at Kaskasky will be easily brought further or otherwise secured as circumstances will make necessary.

You are to apply to General Hand for Powder & Lead necessary for this Expedition. If he can't supply it the Person who has that which Capt. Lynn brought from Pittsburgh can. Lead was sent to Hampshire by my Orders & that may be delivered you. Wishing you Success I am

Sir
your obedient Servt

P. Henry

Fac-simile (reduced) of the First and Last Parts of Patrick Henry's Letter of Instructions to George Rogers Clark.
(From "The Conquest of the Northwest," by William E. English.)

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accompanied, as it was, with much burning and slaying, had at first an effect of paralyzing opposition, but in the end it developed a resistance all the fiercer and more stubborn because inflamed by the sense of wrong, suffering, and cruelty. When the French fleet, however, sailed away, and Lincoln withdrew disheartened with his broken army to Charleston, nothing could have looked fairer on the surface than the prospects of the British. They had actually regained one colony, which they held firmly with the armed hand, and the whole South, as far as Virginia, as yet undefended and unprepared and with disaffection rife, lay open to their invasion.

The attack was not long delayed. Clinton, having received re-enforcements from England and withdrawn the troops from Rhode Island, set sail on December 26, 1779, with 8,500 men, in the fleet commanded by Admiral Arbuthnot. After a stormy voyage, in which the ships suffered severely, Clinton reached Tybee toward the end of January, where he was re-enforced by 3,000 men, and more were ordered from New York. He then began to move on Charleston. Lincoln had come to the city with 2,000 men, and, yielding to the wishes of the people, decided to remain and defend the town. With his little force, this was a hopeless undertaking and a blunder of the first magnitude. Against such overwhelming numbers there was nothing to be done, and his one plain duty was to abandon the city and hold the field, as Washington had done at Philadelphia. Even if he was unable to fight, he would have offered a rallying point for resistance, and would have been able to gather troops and check the enemy's movements. As it was, he simply devoted himself and his army to a feeble and useless resistance, and to certain capture. His North Carolina militia left him, but he allowed seven hundred veterans of the Virginian line to join him, thus involving in certain disaster a body of tried troops which would have made the nucleus of an effective army if they had been held outside the city.

The British moved slowly but surely. Their army advanced deliberately along the coast, and it was not until April 9th that Arbuthnot ran past Fort Moultrie and made himself master of the harbor. Even then there was time for Lincoln to withdraw and take to the open country. But he stayed quiet and helpless where he was, and watched the British, now re-enforced by Cornwallis with three thousand men, gradually draw their lines and parallels until every approach was closed and all escape was impossible. On May 12th the city surrendered, and Lincoln and his army were made prisoners of war.

It was a great disaster, and the loss of the city was the least part of it. The fatal blow was in the capture of Lincoln's army, the only organized American force in the South. Washington, too distant to be heard in time, had protested against the attempt to hold the city, and, when the news that Arbuthnot had crossed the bar arrived, urged immediate withdrawal. But his advice was too late, and would have been unheeded in any event. Then came the inevitable capitulation, and the result he had foreseen. No centre of resistance was left. No American army, however small, was in the field. The British ranged the State unopposed. One expedition marched up the Savannah to Augusta. Another took the post in Ninety-six, and a third, crossing the Santee, came on a portion of the Virginia line intended for Charleston, and, under the lead of Tarleton, massacred most of them after they had surrendered. Panic seized upon the country. A general confiscation of property was ordered, as had been done in Georgia, and those who had surrendered found no safety. Ruin was threatened to all who had supported the American cause, and the proclamation of June 1st, offering pardon to every one who came in and submitted, was superseded on June 3d by another proclamation, which Clinton put forth just before his departure, declaring that all who failed to take the oath of allegiance would be treated as rebels, and would suffer the extreme penalties of the law. South Carolina, like Georgia, now lay at the feet of the British. For six weeks all resistance ceased, but the savage policy of the English generals soon began to bear fruit. They had conducted their military operations well, and were in possession of two States where the loyalists were numerous and powerful. Instead of seeking to conciliate and divide, they took the course

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of ruining and killing in all directions. Friends as well as foes were involved, and the people soon saw that there was no safety except in armed resistance. No braver people lived than those of the Southern States, and they were thus put with their backs against the wall to fight for all that made life worth having. They were stunned at first by their misfortunes, but they were soon to rally, and then the British policy of rapine and ruin was destined to bring its natural results.

THE CHAMBER

By Julia C. R. Dorr

Room where I so oft have slept,
Room where I so oft have wept,
Room wherein my dead have lain
Wrapped away from care and pain,
When my earthly day is done,
Burdens dropped and rest begun,
Life and thought and being fled—
Who will love thee in my stead?

Who will make thee fair and sweet—
Bid the sun thy casements greet—
Open all thy windows fair
To the incense-laden air—
From the garden bring the rose,
And at daylight's dreamy close
See the moon's pale splendor fall
On the chamber's inmost wall?

I would charm thee, if I could,
Unto all that's bright and good,
For her sake who after me
Sometime shall find rest in thee.
I would weave a spell so rare—
Half a rhyme and half a prayer—
That nor grief, nor pain, nor sin,
Through thy doors should enter in!

If she dreameth maiden dreams,
Be they calm as sunlit streams;
If in some far, golden year,
A young mother shall lie here
With a fair child on her breast,
Cradled into softest rest,
Lo! I charge thee, for my sake,
Holy care of her to take.

If some woman, half dismayed,
Here shall see her beauty fade,
See a shadow slowly pass
O'er her image in the glass,
Comfort her, I pray thee! Spread
Wings of peace above her head—
Bid thine angels guard to keep
Over her, the while I sleep!

January 19, 1898.

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THE KING'S JACKAL

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

FOURTH PART

BARON BARRAT was suspicious by education, his experience of life and his own conduct had tended to render him so, and accordingly when three hours after he had seen Gordon apparently commit the French officer to jail he found them leaving a café in the most friendly and amicable spirit, he wasted no time in investigation, but hurried at once to warn the King.

"What we feared would happen, has happened," he said. "The Frenchman has told Gordon that Zara and Kalonay sold the secret of the expedition, and Gordon will be coming here to warn you of it. Now, what are you going to do? We must act quickly."

"I shall refuse to believe the Frenchman, of course," said the King. "I shall ask Zara in his presence to answer his charges, and she will tell him he lies. That is all there will be of it. What does it matter what he says? We sail at midnight. We can keep him quiet until then."

"If he is troublesome I can call for help from this room, and the servants of the hotel and the guards will rush in and find us struggling together. We will charge him with an attempt at assassination, and this time he surely will go to jail. By to-morrow morning we shall be many miles at sea."

"But he can cable to Messina, by way of Gibraltar, and head us off," objected Barrat.

"What can he cable?" demanded the King. "Nothing the people of the Republic do not already know. It is our friends here that must not find us out. That is the main thing. Thank Heaven!" he exclaimed, "Kalonay and Paul are out of the way and those crazy boys from Paris. We will settle it here among ourselves in five minutes."

"And the American?" asked Zara. "He knows, he will come with him. Suppose he believes, suppose he believes that Kalonay and I have sold you out, but suspects that you know it?"

"The American can go to the devil," said the King. "Confound him and his insolence. I'll have him in the prison too, if he interferes. Or Erhaupt can pick a quarrel with him here and fight it out behind the sand-hills before the others get back from their picnic. He has done as much for me before."

Zara stood up. She was trembling slightly, and she glanced fearfully from Erhaupt to the King.

"You will not do that," she said.

"And why not, madame?" demanded Louis.

"Because it will be murder," Zara whispered. "He will murder him as he did that boy in the Park at Pesth."

"What does the women mean!" growled the German. "Is she mad? Send her to her room, Louis."

"You know what I mean," Zara answered, her voice rising, in her excitement. "You fired before they gave the word. I know you did. Oh, Louis," she cried, "you never warned me it might come to this. I am afraid. I am afraid to meet that man——"

She gave a sudden cry. "And Kalonay!" She held out her hands appealingly. "Indeed," she cried, "do not let Kalonay question me."

"Silence!" commanded the King. "You are acting like a fool." He advanced toward her, and clasped her wrist firmly in his hand. "No nerves, now," he said. "I'll not have it. You shall meet Kalonay, and you shall swear that he is in the plot against me. If you fail us now, we are ruined. As it is, we are sure to lose the bribe from the Republic, but we may still get Miss Carson's money if you play your part. It

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is your word and the word of the Frenchman against Kalonay's. And we have the paper signed by you for Kalonay as evidence. Have you got it with you?"

Zara bowed her head. "It is always with me," she answered.

"Good," said the King. "It will be a difficult chance, but if you stand to your story, and we pretend to believe you, the others may believe you, too."

"But I cannot," Zara cried. "I know I cannot. I tell you if you put me face to face with Kalonay, I shall fail you. I shall break down. They will see that I am lying. Send me away. Send me away before they come. Tell them I saw the Frenchman, and suspected I had been found out, and that I have gone away. Tell them you don't know where I am."

"I believe she's right," Erhaupt said. "She will do us more harm than good. Let her go to her room and wait there."

"She will remain where she is," said the King, sternly. "And she will keep her courage and her wits about her, or——"

He was interrupted by an exclamation from Barrat. "Whatever you mean to do, you must do it at once," he said, grimly. He was standing at the window which overlooked the beach. "Here they come now," he continued. "The American has taken no chances, he is bringing an audience with him."

The King and Erhaupt ran to the window, and peered ever Barrat's shoulder.

Advancing toward them along the beach, some on foot, and some on horseback, were all the members of the expedition, those who had been of the riding party and those who had remained in Tangier. Gordon and the Frenchman Renauld were far in the lead, walking by themselves and speaking earnestly together; Father Paul was walking with Mrs. Carson and her daughter, and Kalonay was riding with two of the volunteers, the Count de Rouen and Prince Henri of Poitiers.

When the King and Erhaupt turned from the window the Countess Zara had disappeared. "It is better so," said Erhaupt, "she was so badly frightened she would have told the truth."

The King stood leaning on the back of a large arm-chair. "Well, the moment has come, it is our last chance," he said. "Send for the Crown Prince, Baron. I shall be discovered in the act of taking a tender farewell of my son."

Barrat made an eager gesture of dissent.

"I would not do that," he cried. "If we are to make charges against the Jackal do not have the boy present; the boy must not hear them. You know how Kalonay worships the child, and it would enrage him more to be exposed before the prince than before all the rest of the world. He will be hard enough to handle without that. Don't try him too far."

"You are absurd, Barrat," exclaimed the King. "The boy won't understand what is said."

"No, but the Jackal will," Barrat returned. "You don't understand him, Louis, he is like a woman; he has sentiment and feelings, and when we all turn on him he will act like a madman. Keep the boy out of his sight, I tell you. It's the only thing he cares for in the world. He has been a better father to him than you ever have been."

"That was quite natural; that was because it was his duty," said the King, calmly. "A Kalonay has always been the protector and tutor of the heir apparent. If this one chooses to give his heart with his service that is not my concern. Why, confound them, they all think more of the child than they do of me. That is why I need him by me now."

Barrat shook his head. "I tell you it will make trouble," he persisted. "Kalonay will not stand it. He and the child are more like comrades than a tutor and his pupil. Why, Kalonay would rather sit with the boy in the Champs-Élysées and point out the people as they go by, than drive at the side of the prettiest woman in Paris. He always treats him as though he saw the invisible crown upon his head, he will throw over any of us to stay in the nursery and play tin soldiers with him. And when he was ill——" Barrat nodded his head significantly. "You remember."

"That will do," said the King. "We have no time to consider the finer feelings of the Jackal; he is to be sacrificed, and that is all there is of it. The presence of the child may make him more unmanageable, but it will certainly make it easier for me. So go, bring the boy here as I bid you."

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Barrat left the room and returned immediately, followed by the Crown Prince and his nurse. The Prince was a dark, handsome little fellow of four years. His mother had died when he was born, and he had never played with children of his own age, and his face was absurdly wise and wistful, but it lighted with a sweet and grateful smile when anyone showed him kindness or sought to arouse his interest. To the Crown Prince Kalonay was an awful and wonderful being. He was the one person who could make him laugh out of pure happiness and for no reason, as a child should laugh. And people who had seen them together asked which of the princes was the older of the two. When the child entered the room, clinging to Barrat's finger, he carried in his other hand a wooden spade and bucket, still damp with sand, and he was dressed in a shabby blue sailor suit which left his little legs bare, and exposed the scratches and bruises of many falls. A few moments later, when the conspirators entered the King's salon, preceded by Erhaupt, they found the boy standing by his father's knee. The King had his hand upon the child's head, and had been interrupted apparently in a discourse on the dignity of kingship, for the royal crown of Messina had been brought out and stood beside him on the table, and his other hand rested on it reverently. It was an effective tableau, and the visitors observed it with varying emotions, but with silence.

The King rose, taking his son's hand in his, and bowed, looking inquiringly from Barrat to the Prince Kalonay.

"To what do I owe the pleasure of this visit?" he asked. "Was it discreet of you to come together in this way? But you are most welcome. Place chairs for the ladies, Barrat."

Kalonay glanced at the others, and they nodded to him as though to make him their spokesman. He pointed at Gordon with his cap.

"We are here on the invitation of this gentleman, your Majesty," he said. "He took it upon himself to send after those of us who had gone into the country, and came in person for the others who remained in town. He tells us he has news of the greatest importance to communicate, which he cannot disclose except to you, and in the presence of all of those who are to take part in the expedition. We decided to accompany him here, as he asked us, and to leave it to your Majesty to say whether or not you wished us to remain." Kalonay smiled in apology at the King, and the King answered him with a smile.

"The procedure is perhaps unconventional," the King said, "but in America they move quickly. No doubt our young companion has acted as he thought was for the best. If he has taken a liberty, the nature of his news will probably excuse him. Perhaps, Mr. Gordon," he added, turning to the American, "you had better first tell me what this discovery is, and I will decide whether it is best to discuss it in open council."

Gordon did not appear to be the least disturbed by the criticism Kalonay and the King had passed upon his conduct. He only smiled pleasantly when the King had finished speaking, and showed no inclination to accept a private audience.

"What I have to say, your Majesty," he began, "is this. I have learned that all the secrets of your expedition have been sold to the Republic of Messina. One of those now present in this room is charged with having sold them. Shall I go on," he asked, "or do you still think it advisable for anyone to leave the room?"

He paused and glanced from the King to the double row of conspirators who were standing together in a close semicircle facing the King and himself. The instant he ceased speaking there rose from their ranks an outburst of consternation, of anger, and of indignant denial. The King's spirits rose within him at the sound, although he frowned and made a gesture as though to command silence.

"Mr. Gordon, this is a serious charge you make," he said, smiling grimly. "One that may cost you a great deal—it might cost you your life perhaps." He paused significantly, and there was a second outburst, this time from the younger men, which came so suddenly that it was as though Louis had played upon certain chords on a keyboard, and the sounds he wanted had answered to his touch.

"Pardon me, that is not the question," said Gordon. "That I make charges or run risks in making charges is not impor-

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tant. That your expedition has failed before it has even started is, however, of great importance, at least so it seems to me."

There was a movement in the circle, and Father Paul pushed his way forward from his place beside Miss Carson's chair. He was so greatly moved that when he spoke his voice was harsh and broken. "What is your authority for saying we have failed?" he demanded.

Gordon bowed gravely and turned and pointed to the Frenchman. "This gentleman," he said, "is General Renauld, Commander-in-Chief of the army of Messina. He is my authority. He knows all that you mean to do. If he knows it, it is likely, is it not, that his army and the President of the Republic know it also, and that when we attempt to land they will be waiting for us."

The King silenced the second outburst that followed this by rising and holding up his hand.

"Silence! I believe I can explain," he said. He was smiling, and his bearing was easy and so full of assurance that the exclamations and whispers died away on the instant. "I am afraid I see what has happened," the King said. "But there need be no cause for alarm. This gentleman is, as Mr. Gordon says, the Commander-in-Chief of the Messinian army, and it is true he suspected that an armed force would invade the island. It is not strange that he should have suspected it and it needed no traitor to enlighten him. The visit of Father Paul and the Prince Kalonay in the yacht, and their speeches inciting the people to rebellion would have warned the government that an expedition might soon follow. The return of our yacht to this place has no doubt been made known in Messina through the public press, and General Renauld followed the yacht here to learn what he could of our plans—of our intended movements. He came here to spy on us, and as a spy I ordered Mr. Gordon to arrest him this morning on any charge he pleased, and to place him out of our way until after to-night when we should have sailed. I chose Mr. Gordon to undertake this service because he happened to speak the language of the country, and it was necessary to deal directly with the local authorities without the intervention of an outsider. What has happened is only too evident. The spy, who when he came here only suspected, now, as Mr. Gordon says, knows the truth, and he could have learned it only from one person to whom he has no doubt paid a pretty price for the information." The King took a step forward and pointed with his hand at the American. "I gave that man into your keeping, sir," he cried, "but I had you watched. Instead of placing him in jail you took him to a café and remained there with him for three hours, and from that café you came directly here to this room. If he knows the truth, he learned it in that café, and he learned it from you!" There was a ring of such earnestness and sincerity in the King's speech, and he delivered it with such indignation and bitter contempt that a shout of relief, of approbation and conviction, went up from his hearers and fell as quickly on the words as the applause of an audience drowns out the last note of a great burst of song. Barrat, in the excess of his relief, turned his back sharply on the King, glancing sideways at Erhaupt and shaking his head in speechless admiration.

"He is wonderful, simply wonderful," Erhaupt muttered; "he would have made a great actor, or a great diplomat."

"He is wasted as a King," whispered Barrat.

There was a menacing movement on the part of the younger men toward Gordon and General Renauld, which the King noted, but which he made no effort to check. Neither Gordon nor General Renauld gave any sign that they observed it. The American was busily engaged in searching his pockets and from one of these he produced two pieces of paper, which he held up above his head, so that those in the room might see them.

"One moment, please," he began, and then waited until the tumult in the room had ceased. "Again, I must point out to you," he said in brisk, business-like tones, "that we are digressing. The important thing is not who did, or did not, sell out the expedition, but that it is in danger of failing altogether. What his Majesty says is in part correct. I did not take this gentleman to jail; I did take him to a café, and there he told me much more concerning the expedition than I had learned from those directly interested. His

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information, he told me, had been sold to the Republic by one who visited the island and who claimed to act for one other. I appreciated the importance of what he said and I also guessed that my word and his unsupported, might be doubted, as you have just doubted it. So I took the liberty of verifying what General Renauld told me by cabling to the President of Messina."

There was a shout of consternation at these words, but Gordon's manner was so confident and the audacity of his admission so surprised his hearers that they were silent again immediately and waited, with breathless interest, while Gordon unfolded one of the pieces of paper.

"This is a copy of the cablegram I sent the President," he said, "and to which, with his permission, I signed General Renauld's name. It is as follows:

The President. The Palace, Messina—They will not believe you are fully informed. Cable at once the exact hour when they will leave Tangier, at what hour they expect to land, at what place they intend to land, what sum you have promised to pay for this information, and the names of those to whom it is to be paid. *Renauld.*

Gordon lowered the paper. "Is that quite clear," he asked. "Do you follow me? I have invited the enemy himself to inform you of your plans, and to tell you who has betrayed them. His answer, which was received a half hour ago removes all suspicion from any save those he names. General Renauld and myself cease to be of the least consequence in the matter; we are only messengers. It is the President of Messina who will speak to you now. If you still doubt that the secret of your expedition is known to the President you will have to doubt him."

The King sprang quickly to his feet and struck the arm of his chair sharply with his open hand.

"I shall not permit that message to be read," he said. "If we have a traitor here, he is a traitor against me. And I shall deal with him as I see fit, in private."

There was a murmur of disappointment and of disapproval even, and the King again struck the arm of his chair for silence. Kalonay advanced toward him shaking his head and holding out his hands in protest.

"Your Majesty, I beseech you," he began. "This concerns us all," he cried. "It is too evident that we have been betrayed, but it is not fair to any of us that we should all lie under suspicion as we must unless it is told who has been guilty of this infamy. I beg your Majesty to reconsider. There is no one in this room who is not in our secret and whoever has betrayed us must be with us here and now. I, who have an interest second only to your own, ask that that cablegram be read."

There was a murmur of approbation from the conspirators and exclamations of approval and entreaty. Miss Carson, in her excitement, had risen to her feet and was standing holding her mother's hand. The King glanced uncertainly at Kalonay and then turned to Barrat and Erhaupt as if in doubt.

Gordon's eyes were fixed for a moment on Kalonay with a strange and puzzled expression. Then he gave a short sigh of relief, and turning quickly searched the faces of those around him. What he saw seemed to confirm him in his purpose, for he folded the paper and placed it in his pocket. "His Majesty is right," he said. "I shall not read this."

Kalonay and Father Paul turned upon him angrily. "You have no choice in the matter, sir," Kalonay cried. "It has passed entirely out of your hands."

"I beg, your Majesty, that the cablegram be read," the priest demanded, in a voice that held less the tone of a request than of a command.

"I shall not read it," persisted Gordon, "because the person chiefly concerned is not present."

"That is all the more reason for reading it," said Kalonay. "Your Majesty must reconsider."

The King whispered to Barrat, and the others waited in silence that expressed their interest more clearly than a chorus of questions would have done.

"It shall be as you ask," the King said at last. "You may read the message, Mr. Gordon."

Gordon opened the paper and looked at it for some seconds of time with a grave and perplexed expression and then, with a short breath as one who takes a plunge, read it aloud. "This is it," he said.

To General Renauld. Cable Office, Tangier.—They leave Tangier Tuesday at midnight, they land at daybreak Thursday morning on the south

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beach below the old breakwater. The secret of the expedition was sold us for three hundred thousand francs by the Countess Zara and the Prince Kalonay.

Gordon stuck the paper in his pocket and crossing to Kalonay held out his hand with a smile. "I don't believe it, of course," he said, "but you would have it."

Kalonay neither saw the gesture nor heard the words. He was turning in bewilderment from the King to Father Paul, and he laughed uncertainly.

"What nonsense is this," he demanded. "Whose sorry trick is this? The lie is not even ingenious."

General Renauld had not spoken since he had entered the room, but now he advanced in front of Kalonay and faced him with a threatening gesture.

"The President of Messina does not lie, sir," he said, sternly. "I, myself, saw the Countess Zara write out that paper which I and others signed, and in which we agreed to pay to her and to you the money you asked for betraying your King."

Father Paul pressed his hand heavily on Kalonay's shoulder. "Do not answer him," he commanded. Gordon had moved to Kalonay's other side and the three men had unconsciously assumed an attitude of defence and stood back to back in a little group facing the angry circle that encompassed them. The priest raised his arm to command a hearing.

"Where is Madame Zara?" he cried.

"Ah, where indeed?" echoed the King, sinking back into his chair. "She has fled. It is all too evident now, she has betrayed us and she has fled."

But on his words, as if in answer to the priest's summons, the curtains that hid the door into the King's private room were pulled to one side and Madame Zara appeared between them, glancing fearfully at the excited crowd before her. As she stood hesitating on the threshold she swayed slightly and clutched the curtains for a moment as though for support. The priest advanced and led her to the centre of the room. She held a folded paper in her hand which she gave to him in silence.

"You have heard what has passed," he asked, with a toss of his head toward the heavy curtains. The woman raised her head and bowed. The priest unfolded the paper.

"Am I to read this?" he asked. The woman bowed again.

There was silence in the room while the priest's eyes ran quickly over the paper. He crushed it in his hand.

"It is as General Renauld says," he exclaimed. "In this the Republic of Messina agrees to pay the Countess Zara and the Prince Kalonay three hundred thousand francs if the expedition is withdrawn after it has made a pretence of landing on the shores of Messina."

He took a step forward. "Madame Zara," he cried, in a tone of warning, "do you pretend that the Prince Kalonay was your accomplice in this; that he knew what you meant to do?"

Madame Zara once more bowed her head.

"No! You must speak," commanded the priest. "Answer me!"

Zara hesitated, in evident distress, and glanced appealingly at the King, but the expression on his face was one of grief and of unrelenting virtue.

"I do," she said at last, in a low voice. "Kalonay did know. He thought the revolution would not succeed; he thought it would fail, and so—and so—and we needed money. They made me—I, oh, my God, I cannot—I cannot," she cried suddenly, sinking on her knees and hiding her face with her hands.

Kalonay stepped toward her and lifted her gently to her feet, but when she looked and saw who it was that held her, she gave a cry and pulled herself free. She staggered and would have fallen had not Gordon caught and held her by the arm. The King rose from his chair and pointed at the shrinking figure of the woman.

"Stand aside from her," he said, sternly. "Why should we pity her, what pity has she shown for us—for me? She has robbed me of my inheritance. But let her go, she is a woman; we cannot punish her. Her sins rest on her own head. But you—you," he cried, turning fiercely on Kalonay, his voice rising to a high and melancholy key, "you whom I have heaped with honors, whom I have leaned upon as on the arm of a brother, that you should have sold me for silver, that you should have turned Judas!"

The crowd of volunteers, bewildered by the rapid succession of events and con-

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fused and rendered desperate by the failure of their expedition caught up the word, and pressing forward with a rush, surrounded Kalonay in an angry circle, crying, "Judas," "Traitor," and "Coward."

Kalonay turned from side to side. On some he smiled bitterly in silence, and at others he broke out into swift and fierce denunciations, but the men around him crowded closer and would not permit him to be heard. He had turned upon them, again challenging them to listen, when there was an opening in the circle and the men stepped back, and Miss Carson pushed her way among them and halted at Kalonay's side. She did not look at him, but at the men about him. She was the only calm figure in the group, and her calmness at such a crisis, and her youth, and the fineness and fearlessness of her beauty, surprised them into a sudden quiet. There was instantly a cry for order, and the men stood curious and puzzled, watching to see what she would do.

"Gentlemen," she said, in a clear, grave voice. "Gentlemen," she repeated, sharply, as a few murmurs still greeted her, "if you are gentlemen, let this lady speak. She has not finished." She crossed quickly, and took the Countess Zara by the hand. "Go on, madame," she urged, gently. "Do not be afraid. You say they made you do it. Who made you do it? You have told us a part of the truth. Now tell us the whole truth." For a moment the girl seemed much the older of the two, and as Zara glanced up at her fearfully, she smiled to reassure her and stroked the woman's hand with her own. "Who made you do it?" she repeated. "Not the Prince Kalonay, surely. You cannot hope to make us believe that. We trust him absolutely. Who was it then?"

The King sprang forward with an oath, his apathy and mock dignity had fallen from him, like a mask. His face was mottled, and his vicious little eyes flashed with fear and anger. Erhaupt crowded close behind him, crouching like a dog at his heels.

"She has lied enough already," the King cried. "We will not listen to her. Take her away."

"Yes, let her go," shouted Erhaupt, with a laugh. "If she had been a decent woman——"

There was a quick parting in the group and the sound of a heavy blow as Kalonay flung himself upon Erhaupt and struck him in the face, so that he staggered and fell at length upon the floor. Gordon stood over him, his fingers twitching at his side.

"Stand up, you bully," he said, "and get out of this, before we throw you out."

Zara's face had turned a pitiful crimson, but her eyes flashed and burned with resolve and indignation. She stood erect and menacing, like an angry goddess and more beautiful in her indignation than they had ever seen her.

"Now, I shall tell them the truth," she said, sternly. "That man," she cried, pointing her finger at the King, "that man whom they call a King, that man who would have sacrificed the only friend who serves him unselfishly, is the man who sold your secret to the enemy. It was he who made me do it. He sent me to Messina, and while the priest and the Prince Kalonay were working in the south, I sold them to the government at the capital. Barrat knew it, Erhaupt knew it, the King himself planned it—to get money. He has robbed all of his own people; he had meant to rob this young girl, and he is so mean and pitiful a creature that to save himself he now tries to hide behind the skirts of a woman, and to sacrifice her—the woman who has given her soul to him. And for this—my God!" she cried, her voice rising in an accent of agony and bitter contempt—"for this!"

There was a grim and momentous silence in the room while Zara turned and without waiting to learn what effect her words might have, made her way swiftly through the crowd and passed on out of the room and on to the terrace beyond.

The King crouched back in his chair like a common criminal in the dock, glancing fearfully from under his lowered eyebrows at the faces about him, and on none did he see the least question of doubt but that Zara had at last spoken the truth.

"She lies," the King muttered, as though answering their unspoken thoughts, "the woman lies."

There was no movement from the men about him. Shame for him, and grief and bitter disappointment for themselves showed on the face of each. From out-

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side, a sea-breeze caught up the sand of the beach and drove it whispering against the high windows, and the beat of the waves upon the shores filled out and marked the silence of the room.

The Prince Kalonay stepped from the circle and stood for a moment before the King, regarding him with an expression of grief and bitter irony. The King's eyes rose insolently, and faltered, and sank.

"For many years, your Majesty," the Prince said, but so solemnly that it was as though he were a judge upon the bench, or a priest speaking across an open grave, "the Princes of my house have served the Kings of yours. In times of war they fought for the King in battle, they beggared themselves for him in times of peace; our women sold their jewels for the King, our men gave him their lives, and in all of these centuries the story of their loyalty, of their devotion has had but one sequel, and has met with but one reward—ingratitude and selfishness and treachery. You know how I have served you, Louis. You know that I gave up my fortune and my home to go into exile with you, and I did that gladly. But I did more than that. I did more than any king or any man has the right to expect of any other man. I served your idle purposes so well that you, yourself, called me your Jackal, the only title your Majesty has ever bestowed that was deserved. There is no low thing, nor no base thing that I have not done for you. To serve your pleasures, to gain you money, I have sunken so low that all the royal blood in Europe could not make me clean. But there is a limit to what a man may do for his King, and to the loyalty a King may have the right to demand. And to-day and here, with me, the story of our devotion to your house ends, and you go your way and I go mine, and the last of my race breaks his sword and throws it at your feet, and is done with you and yours for ever."

Even those in the room who held no sympathy in their hearts for the sentiment that had inspired the young man, felt that at that moment and in their hearing, he had renounced what was to him his religion and his faith, and on the faces of all was the expression of a deep pity and concern. Their own adventure, in the light of his grief and bitterness of spirit, seemed selfish and little, and they stood motionless, in an awed and sorrowful silence.

The tense strain of the moment was broken suddenly by the advent on the scene of an actor who had, in the rush of events, been neglected and forgotten. The little Crown Prince had stood clinging to his nurse's skirts, an uncomprehending spectator of what was going forward. But he now advanced slowly, feeling that the silence invited him to claim his father's notice. He halted beside the chair in which Louis sat, his head bent on his hands, and made an effort to draw himself up to his father's knee.

But the King pushed him down, and hid his face from him. The child turned irresolutely, with a troubled countenance, and, looking up, saw that the attention of all was fixed upon him. At this discovery a sudden flood of shyness overtook him, and he retreated hastily until his eyes fell on the Prince Kalonay, standing alone, with his own eyes turned resolutely away. There was a breathless hush in the room, as the child, with a happy sigh, ran to his former friend and comrade, and reached up both his arms. The tableau was a familiar one to those who knew them, and meant only that the child asked to be lifted up and swung to the man's shoulder, but following as it did on what had just passed, the gesture and the attitude carried with them the significance of an appeal. Kalonay, as though with a great effort, lowered his eyes to the upturned face of the child below him, but held himself back and stood stiffly erect. A sharp shake of the head, as though he argued with himself, was the only sign he gave of the struggle that was going on within him.

At this second repulse, the child's arms dropped to his side, his lips quivered, and he stood, a lonely little figure, glancing up at the circle of men about him, and struggling to press back the tears that came creeping to his eyes.

Kalonay regarded him steadfastly for a brief moment, as though he saw him as a stranger, searching his face with eyes as pitiful as the child's own, and then, with a sudden, sharp cry, the Prince dropped on his knee and caught the child toward him, crushing him against his heart, and burying his face on his shoulder. There was a shout of exultation from the nobles, and

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an uttered prayer from the priest, and in a moment the young men had crowded in around them, struggling to be the first to kiss the child's hands, and to ask pardon of the man who held him in his arms.

"Gentlemen," Kalonay cried, his voice laughing through his tears, "we shall still sail for the island of Messina. They shall not say of us that we visited the sins of the father on a child. I was weak, my friends, and I was credulous. I thought I could break the tradition of centuries. But our instincts are stronger than our pride, and the House I have always served I shall serve to the last." He swung the Crown Prince high upon his shoulder, and held his other arm above his head. "You will help me place this child upon his throne," he commanded, and the room rang with cheers. "You will appeal to his people," he cried. "Do you not think they will rise to this standard-bearer, will they not rally to his call? For he is a true Prince, my comrades, who comes to them with no stain of wrong or treachery, without a taint, as untarnished as the white snow that lies summer and winter in the hollow of our hills, 'and a child shall lead us, and a child shall set them free.' To the yacht," he shouted. "We will sail at once, and while they wait for us to be betrayed into their hands at the north, we shall be landing in the south, and thousands will be hurrying to our standard."

His last words were lost in a tumult of cheers and cries, and the young men poured out upon the terrace running toward the shore, and filling the soft night-air with shouts of "Long live the Prince Regent!" "Long live our King!"

As the room grew empty, Kalonay crossed it swiftly, and advancing to Miss Carson took her hand. His face was radiant with triumph and content. He regarded her steadily for a moment as though he could not find words to tell his feelings.

"You had faith in me," he said at last. "Can I ever make you understand how much that means to me? When all had turned against me you trusted me, you had faith in me, in the King's Jackal."

"Silence; you must never say that again," the girl commanded, gently. "You have shown it to be the lie it always was. We shall call you the Defender of the Faith now; you are the guardian of a King." She smiled at the little boy in his arms, and made a slight courtesy to them both. "You have outgrown your old title," she said, "you have a proud one now, you will be the Prince Regent."

Kalonay, with the child in his arms, and Miss Carson were standing quite alone. General Renauld had been led away, guarded by a merry band of youngsters, the King still crouched in his chair, with Barrat bowed behind him, but pulling, with philosophic calm, on a cigarette, and Father Paul and Gordon were in close conversation with Mrs. Carson at the farther end of the room. The sun had set and the apartment was in semi-darkness. Kalonay moved closer to Miss Carson and looked boldly into her eyes. "There is a prouder title than that of the Regent," he whispered; "will you ever give it me?"

The girl started, breathing quickly and turned her head aside, making an effort to free her hand, but Kalonay held it closer in his own. "Will you give it me?" he begged.

Then the girl looked up at him smiling, but with such confidence and love in her eyes that he read his answer, though she shook her head, as though to belie the truth her eyes had told him.

"When you have done your work," she said, "come to me or send for me, and I shall come and give you my answer, and whether you fail or succeed the answer will be the same."

Kalonay stooped quickly and kissed her hand, and when he raised his face his eyes were smiling with such happiness that the little child in his arms read it there, and smiled too in sympathy, and pressed his face closer against his comrade's shoulder.

Gordon at this moment moved across the room and bowed, making a deep obeisance to the child.

"Might I be permitted," he asked, "to kiss His Royal Highness? I should like to boast of the fact later," he explained.

The Crown Prince turned his sad, wise eyes on him in silence, and gravely extended a little hand.

"You may kiss his Highness's hand," said Kalonay, smiling.

Gordon laughed and pressed the fingers in his own.

"When you talk like that, Kalonay," he said, "you make me feel like Alice in the

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court-room with the Kings and Queens around her. A dozen times this afternoon I've felt like saying 'After all, they are only a pack of cards.'"

Kalonay shook his head and glanced toward Miss Carson for enlightenment.

"I don't understand," he said.

"No, you couldn't be expected to," said Gordon, "you have not been educated up to that. It is the point of view."

He stuck out the middle finger of his hand, and drove it three times deliberately into the side of the Crown Prince. The child gasped and stared open-mouthed at the friendly stranger, and then catching the laugh in Gordon's eyes, laughed with him.

"Now," said Gordon, "I shall say that I have dug the King of Messina in the ribs, that is even better than having kissed him. God bless your Royal Highness," he said, bowing gravely. "You may find me disrespectful at times," he added; "but then, you must remember, I am going to risk a valuable life for you. At least it's an extremely valuable one to me.

Kalonay looked at Gordon for a moment with serious consideration and then held out his hand. "You also had faith in me," he said. "I thank you. Are you in earnest; do you really wish to serve us?"

"I mean to stay by you until the boy is crowned," said the American, "unless we separate on our several paths of glory—where they will lead depends, I imagine, on how we have lived."

"Or, on how we die," Kalonay added. "I am glad to hear you speak so. If you wish, I shall attach you to the person of the Crown Prince. You shall be on the staff with the rank of Colonel."

Gordon made a low and sweeping bow.

"Rise, Sir Archibald Gordon," he said. "I thank you," he added. "We shall strive to please."

Miss Carson shook her head at him, and sighed in protest.

"Will you always take everything as a joke, Archie?" she said.

"My dear Patty," he answered, "the situation is much too serious to take in any other way."

They moved to the door, and there the priest and Mrs. Carson joined them, but on the threshold Kalonay stopped and looked for the first time since he had addressed him at the King.

He regarded him for some seconds sternly in silence, and then pointed, with his free hand, at the crown of Messina, which still rested on the table at the King's elbow. "Colonel Gordon," he said, in a tone of assured authority, "I give the crown of Messina into your keeping. You will convey it, with all proper regard for its dignity, safely on board the yacht, and then bring it at once to me."

When he had finished speaking the Prince turned, and without looking at the King, passed on with the others across the terrace and disappeared in the direction of the shore, where the launch lay waiting.

Gordon crossed the room and picked up the crown from the table, lifting it with both hands; the King and Barrat watching him in silence as he did so. He hesitated and held it for a moment, regarding it with much the same expression of awe and amusement that a man shows when he is permitted to hold a strange baby in his arms. Turning he saw the sinister eyes of the King and of Barrat fastened upon him, and he smiled awkwardly and in some embarrassment turned the crown about in his hands, so that the jewels in its circle gleamed dully in the dim light of the room. Gordon raised the crown and balanced it on his finger-tips, regarding it severely and shaking his head.

"There are very few of these left in the world now, your Majesty," he said, cheerfully, "and the number is getting smaller every year. We have none at all in my country, and I should think—seeing they are so few—that those who have them would take better care of them, and try to keep them untarnished, and brushed up, and clean." He turned his head and looked inquiringly at the King, but Louis made no sign that he heard him.

"I have no desire, you understand me," continued Gordon, unabashed, "to take advantage of a man when he is down, but the temptation to say 'I told you so' seems almost impossible to resist. What," he asked—— "I beg your pardon, I thought you spoke." But the King continued scornfully silent, and only a contemptuous snort from Barrat expressed his feelings.

Gordon placed the crown carefully un-

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der his arm, and then removed it quickly, with a guilty look of dismay at its former owner and let it swing from his hand, but this fashion of carrying it seemed also lacking in respect, so he held it up again with both hands and glanced at the King in some perplexity.

"There ought to be a sofa-cushion to go with this, or something to carry it on," he said, in a grieved tone. "You see, I am new at this sort of thing. Perhaps your Majesty would kindly give me some expert information. How do you generally carry it?"

The King's eyes snapped open and shut again.

"On my head," he said, grimly.

Gordon laughed in great relief.

"Now, do you know, I like that," he cried. "That shows spirit. I am glad to see you take it so cheerfully. Well, I must be going, sir," he added, nodding, and moving toward the door. "Don't be discouraged. As someone says, 'It's always morning somewhere,' and in my country there's just as good men out of office as there are in it. Good-night."

While the sound of Gordon's footsteps died away across the marble terrace, the King and Barrat remained motionless and silent. The darkness in the room deepened and the silence seemed to deepen with it and still they remained immovable, two shadowy figures in the deserted apartment where the denunciations of those who had abandoned them still seemed to hang and echo in the darkness. What thoughts passed through their minds or for how long a time they might still have sat in bitter contemplation can only be guessed, for they were surprised by the sharp rattle of a lock, the two great doors of the adjoining room were thrown wide open and a broad and brilliant light flooded the apartment. Niccolas, the King's major domo, stood between the doors, a black silhouette against the glare of many candles.

"His Majesty is served!" he said.

The King lifted his head sharply, as though he found some lurking mockery in the words, or some fresh affront; but in the obsequious bow of his major domo there was no mockery, and the table beyond glistened with silver, while a pungent and convincing odor of rich food was wafted insidiously through the open doors.

The King rose with a gentle sigh, and nodded to his companion.

"Come, Barrat," he said, taking the baron's arm in his. "The rascals have robbed us of our throne, but, thank God, they have had the grace to leave me my appetite."

THE END.

THE ONE GRIEF

By Edith Wharton

ONE grief there is, the helpmeet of my heart,
That shall not from me till my days be sped,
That walks beside me in sunshine and in shade,
And hath in all my fortunes equal part.
At first I feared it, and would often start
Aghast to find it bending o'er my bed,
Till usage slowly dulled the edge of dread,
And one cold night I cried: *How warm thou art!*

Since then we two have travelled hand in hand,
And, lo, my grief has been interpreter
For me in many a fierce and alien land
Whose speech young Joy had failed to understand,
Plucking me tribute of red gold and myrrh
From desolate whirlings of the desert sand.

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THE WORKERS—THE WEST

BY WALTER A. WYCKOFF

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. R. LEIGH

V—AMONG THE REVOLUTIONARIES

No. — SANGAMON STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.
February 27, 1892.

AGAIN I am in the army of the unemployed, and have been there for the past three weeks and more, but on other than the terms of my first experience in Chicago. I have been looking for work and testing many phases of this lurid life of enforced idleness, but with a wide difference from the original venture here. My savings from wages earned in the factory have put me on quite another footing. The room in which I am writing has been an adequate shelter, and I have paid for it only $1.50 a week. Odd jobs have helped me often in the matter of securing food, and, when these failed, I have had my dwindling store of savings to fall back upon; and I have a not inconsiderable knowledge of the cheap eating-houses of the town.

All through my time of service in the factory, I saved scrupulously. A wage of $9 a week held out a hopeful prospect as the result of seven weeks of labor. I did not miss even a fraction of a working day, and so the total of my earnings would have reached $63 but for the unfortunate fact that, besides Sundays, there fell two holidays within the limits of that period. On Christmas and New Year's Day the factory was closed, and I found, to my surprise, that holidays, which I should have supposed were joyously welcome to all the world, are really of very doubtful blessedness to the vast number of workers who are paid for the actual amount accomplished, and by the detailed reckoning of time. I lost $3 in hard cash by Christmas Day and that of the New Year, while my living expenses were uninterrupted; and $3 would pay for two weeks of comfortable housing from the cruelties of this inclement life.

It was three weeks before I could get appreciably ahead in the matter of saving. Nearly all the first instalment of my wages was already due for board, and a bill for washing cut deep into the small remainder. A pair of shoes was an absolute necessity at the end of the next week, for I was going about almost barefooted, and some other articles of clothing were equally requisite. And so my wages for week by week together were already mortgaged to nearly the last penny before I had actually earned them. But at last the materials of a fairly respectable appearance had been secured, and then, out of the wages of the last four weeks of factory work, I managed, by closest economy, to save $17.50.

Gradation in respectability in the matter of dress, from the point at which a man is unmistakably in his working-clothes to that in which he readily passes as a workman in his Sunday best, has furnished the means of some range in the experiment of church-going. From the first I have gone regularly to church. But appearing in the garb of a day-laborer in the fashionable churches of a great city is far removed as a matter of experience from attending the service of a village meeting-house. I am inclined to think that the latter would be the greater ordeal to a real workman. Country parishioners turn out on Sundays with an amazing show of dress, and one of their own number in flannel shirt and labor-stained clothing would be oddly conspicuous; and he would feel his peculiarity much more, I imagine, than if he found himself among persons whom he did not know on equal social footing. For me the case was different and was wholly artificial, but in going to church in the country, dressed in working clothes which had been carefully protected by overalls, and mended, and brushed, and cleaned to the utmost, I yet could but feel how intolerable to a workingman the actual situation would

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have been. To slip early into a quiet corner of the village church which was usually free, and then out again before most of the congregation had well started for the door, was a widely dissimilar thing from regularly attending service with your neighbors.

In overalls and a "jumper," a man is easily classified; without them, however plain may be the stamp upon him of attempted cleanliness, it is difficult to place him among a Sunday-dressed community, whether in the country or in town, unless he, too, is evidently in Sunday clothes. It is not, in its general application, a question of fashion; the cut of a man's garments may be that of ten years back, or may be foreign to any fashion known, but his clothing must not bear the marks of labor, and must have the linen accompaniments which render, while they are worn, all manual toil impossible. If he would conform, a man must never worship in garments in which he could work.

A want of conformity might quite possibly expose him to aggressive criticism and ridicule among his accustomed fellows. I never found it so myself in the country, where I always went to church in working clothes because I had no others, for never once was I made to feel the least embarrassment, while many times I wondered at the gracious courtesy which met me. But I was always a stranger, and had never to face companions of long standing. And so, as in many phases of my experiment, the unreality of my position marred, in large measure, the value of the result.

In Chicago, however, the circumstances were not so clearly against me, and they served to give to my own experience something of a normal character. In entering a church door on Sunday mornings, I was objectively in no other station than that of any working-man who may have wished to worship there. The treatment which I received is, therefore, a fair gauge of the reception which another worker might expect.

If it were a single instance I should not mention it, and I venture to offer no generalization, although I am speaking of tests which covered many Sundays and included all the principal churches of the town. All that can be said, I think, is that the uniformity of result is some evidence of what a like-conditioned workingman might count upon in the way of treatment at the hands of fashionable churches.

I was sure, in the first venture or two, that the circumstances were exceptional, and that I had chanced upon churches which, although most evidently of the rich, were yet watchful for every opportunity of welcoming the poor. It was not until I had made the rounds of many churches of many denominations that I realized how general and how sincere among them is the spirit of hospitality to the working poor.

In the vestibules, I always found young men who acted as ushers, and who were charged with the duty of receiving strangers. Never once did I fail of a friendly greeting. With every test I felt increasingly the difficulties of the situation for these young men, and my wonder grew at their graceful tactfulness. A touch of the patronizing in their tone or manner would have changed the welcome to an insult, and any marked effusiveness of cordiality would have robbed it as effectually of all virtue. It was the golden mean of a man's friendly recognition of his fellowman, with no regard for difference in social standing, which was the course so successfully followed by these young ushers.

I had always to avoid a more desirable seat by particularly asking for one far to the rear. And in the pews there was no withdrawing of skirts, nor were there other signs of objection to me as a fellow-worshipper. On the contrary, a hymnal or a prayer-book would be promptly offered, and sometimes shared; and, at the service-end, a cordial invitation to come again would often follow me from the pew-door, although frequently I noticed that I was conspicuously lonely as a representative of the poor.

How natural it was and how inevitable that the poor should not be there shone clear as day the moment that I regarded the matter from the subjective attitude of a genuine worker.

From their status as citizens in a free land American workingmen have acquired, together with the sense of individual freedom, the quality, in very marked degree, of self-respect. It exhibits itself sometimes in highly contradictory fashion,

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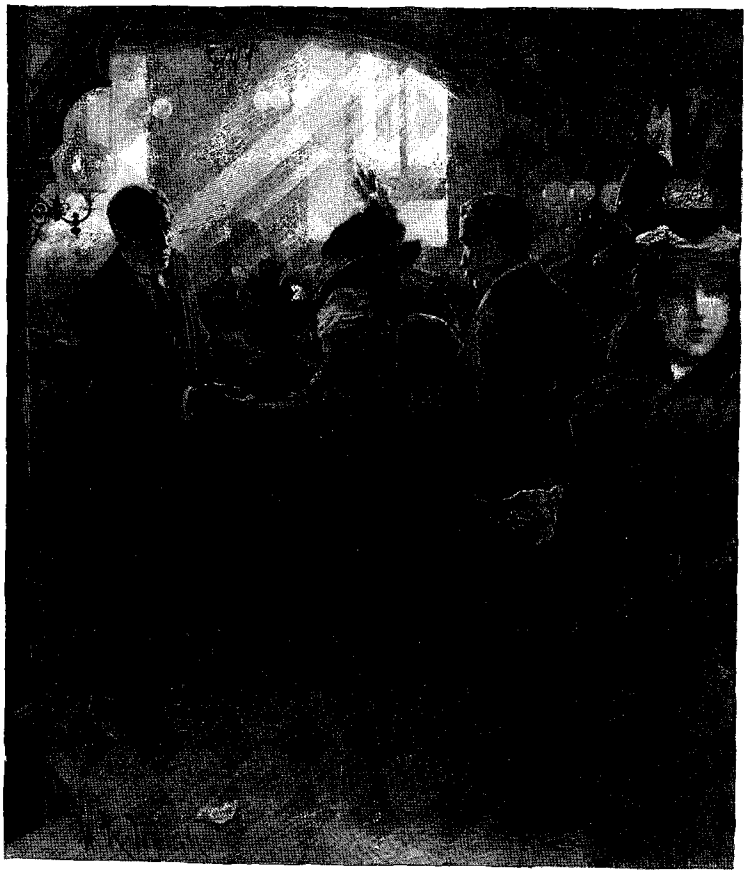

Never once did I fail of a friendly greeting.—Page 92.

for it is sensitive and jealous in the making; but self-respect is none the less a fundamental characteristic.

Besides Dennis and three others, who were Roman Catholics, the men at Mrs. Schulz's boarding-house did not go to church. In talking with them I discovered that all had been more or less in the habit of church-going in their country homes, but that the habit had dropped completely from them upon coming to live in town. The case was perfectly apparent. The mere suggestion of a mission church was insulting to them, and, from the new idea of churches for the rich, they had learned their first lesson in class distinctions. Every feature of such a church, its richly dressed occupants in their high-priced pews, and the general atmosphere of merely social superiority, would have inflicted upon these men, in spite of a cordial welcome, as deep a wound to their self-respect as they would have felt in being decoyed to a formal reception in a lady's drawing-room. To them, the latter function could not be more obviously intended for another class than theirs.

One night, before I left the factory, Albert spoke his mind to me on the subject with much freedom. Several times I had asked him to come with me to church, and on this particular Saturday evening I spoke of a preacher whom I hoped to hear in the morning, and who, I urged, would surely interest him.

"Look here, John," he said, finally, "it's all right you asking me to go to church, but I ain't going. I used to go regular when I lived to home, although I ain't no church-member. It was different out there, for most everybody went and chipped in what they could, and everybody sat where they liked, and it wasn't one man's church more than another's. You

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He hated kings and potentates and all governmental authority.—Page 100.

go to church if you like. That's your own business. But I ain't going to no one-horse mission chapel that the rich has put up so they won't be bothered with the poor in their own churches. You say they treat you well when you go to church on Michigan Avenue. I don't doubt it. What reason would they have for not treating you well? But, all the same, they take you in for charity, for you couldn't pay for a seat in one of them churches. No, sir, the rich folks build their churches for themselves, and they keep them up for themselves, and I ain't never going to interfere with that arrangement. I don't mind going to the meetings of the Association once in awhile, for there's fellows of your own kind there, and you hear some good speaking and singing. I ain't got much use even for that, for it's only a side-show that's run mostly by the rich, but I ain't got no use at all for your churches."

Nevertheless, on the whole, I was sorry the next morning that Albert was not with me. There were moments when I did not regret it, but the sermon, for all its strange setting, was one which could scarcely have failed to impress him.

After a seven o'clock breakfast, which seemed luxuriously late, and which Dennis and I shared alone on Sunday mornings, I set out as usual for the South Side. It was five miles to my destination in that section of the city, and I always walked both ways, for sometimes I had not the fare, and, in any case, ten cents saved was no mean item in a careful account of possible economy.

The Sundays of my term of service in the factory were, for the most part, splendid winter days, and this was of the best. No snow lay on the ground, no winter wind stirred the dust in the long, quiet streets, and clear from out the cloudless sky came the glowing rays of the sun, tempering the cold air to the exquisite delicacy of reviving warmth wherein you catch your breath with wonder, so charged is it with the mystery of the coming spring. Walking, on such a day, is of the essence of delight. Some measure of bodily exercise is needed to keep one warm, and this forth-faring on a holiday, free from the necessity of labor, which begins almost with the dawn of consciousness after sleep and ends only as the night of sleep closes down upon one, is a form of pleasure which life does not often match.

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The Socialist Meeting.—Page 101.

The spell of it bore me company through the factory region, and where there opened to my view mile after mile of lumber-yards, with unsightly piles of seasoning timber stretching away to where the vessels lie in the canals which are fed from the river, and there rise the gaunt bulks of towering elevators, and the tall chimneys that everywhere send forth their ceaseless volumes of black smoke. All this was eloquent of work, and wages, and the means of decent living, and it therefore had a beauty which will not be denied to it by one who knows something of the misery of the unemployed. Even the grotesque ugliness of the long lines of buildings, as I entered the closely built-up sections of the town, could not rob me of the comforting sense of shelter and much legitimate business among the well-paid working poor.

But, before crossing thence to the South Side, there remains a belt through which even the stanchest optimism on its way to church on a bright Sunday morning could scarcely pass without misgivings. A varying foreign population, chiefly from southern and eastern Europe, thickens here to a point of incredible crowding, and sweat-shops abound, and cheap bakeries, and there is a marked increase in the number of pawn-shops and saloons.

The crowds in the streets had been in Sunday dress thus far for the most part, and were evidently on the way to mass or just returning. Many children were among them, uniformly well-booted and dressed, and here and there appeared the white veil and crowning flowers of a first communion.

There was no sharp transition to a region which knows no Sunday, for everywhere were the outward symbols of the day in closed shops, and streets free from the noise of traffic, and the presence of holiday garments; and yet more obvious on every hand became now the evidences of a poverty which finds no day of rest. The unemployed, in the uniform of rags, were loafing on the streets—the long, relentless waiting which is an honest work-

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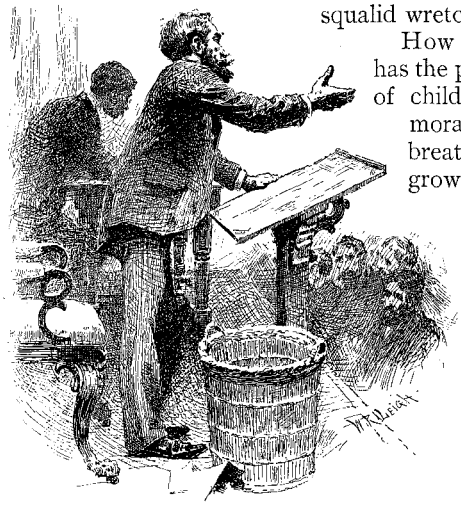
man's torment until he finds employment, or loses hope and self-respect, when it becomes his sure destruction. Children who have scant knowledge of clean water or clean clothes were playing in the unclean streets, or emerging from the "family entrances" of saloons with pitchers or tin-pails of beer, destined for rooms swarming with workers whose labor never ceases, except for a few hours each night, unless there comes the calamity of no work at even a bare-living rate.



The Leader's Closing Remarks.—Page 104.

It was the age-old picture of the lot of the very poor, which alters not with the varying fortune of the State. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new," one epoch of society merges into another, and the lives of men are lived on other planes; but there is a constant quantity in it all at the point where the pressure upon the limits of subsistence is the strongest, and the weakest, driven to the wall, live from hand to mouth in squalid wretchedness.

How familiar to our day has the picture come to be of children who breathe moral death with every breath they draw, and grow up to certain crime and shamelessness from out the haggard struggle for daily bread in sordid attics where disease is born in reeking filth and in warrens of beastly incest! Familiarity with it breeds no contempt, but rather a wondering recognition of the touch of better nature which reveals itself—the shouts of true delight from children hard at play; their rapt absorption in the game, an ecstacy in which all the hidden beauty of their faces is disclosed; the loving tending of a plant that grows in the fetid air of a working-chamber; and, more than all, the unfailing miracle of ministry, wherein the poor, out of cramping penury, relieve the grimmer needs

There was nothing in the domestic scene which met us to suggest the home of a revolutionary.—Page 105.

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of yet poorer brethren. Once through the belt, and over a narrow river which flows black with the noisome sewage of the city, and past the region of unceasing railway traffic, and through the chilling gloom of streets which are like sunless caverns between sheer walls of stone, almost a single step in an eastward walk brought to sudden view the revelation of new order. A long, wide avenue, bathed in winter sunlight, lay radiant from polished windows and the garnished pavements of all its length. Glimpses were had of an inland sea which reflected, as from clearest crystal, the infinite serenity of unclouded skies. Down the far extent of the thoroughfare, blending into indistinguishable unity in distant, gleaming haze, were homes where, in quiet and comfort, some in high refinement and some in barbaric splendor, live the strong of their generation, working out life's fateful ends.

It was down this avenue that I passed on the way to church. An outward calm, as of perfect peace, possessed it. There was no hint of hunger there, nor of the cruel need which eats into the living souls of men until it devours them or leaves them maimed and stunted of their rightful growth. Plethora here took the place of want. Then quickly came the sense of excess, with its end in sad satiety, and hard upon the sight of lavish luxury followed the impression of a world of men seeking at any cost to hedge themselves with unstinted plenty from all sight and knowledge of their kindred who know but little relief from pangs of plague and famine.

Among the first to enter it, I walked up the steps of a large stone church and into an inviting vestibule. Several young men were grouped in conversation between the inner doors, and the one who first marked my entrance stepped out at once to meet me. A little painfully regardful of his dress, he yet was frank and cordial, and the ease with which he greeted me could not have become him better had he spent his life in leading workingmen up the aisles of rich churches.

"I have a seat well up on this side, where you can hear perfectly," he suggested, looking me full in the eyes, as we stood for a moment at the door. "May I show you to that?"

"I should like to sit here, if I may," I said, and I pointed to the corner of the first seat from the wall.

"I am sorry," he answered, "but that seat is reserved for an old gentleman who has occupied it for years, and who always prefers to sit there. Would you mind taking the seat just in front of it?"

"Certainly not," I said. "That will suit me quite as well," and I sat myself down in the place in question.

Not half a dozen persons were in the building, and its restful quiet was unbroken even by the prelude from the organ. Two ladies in deep mourning entered now, in the company of the church treasurer. It appeared, from their conversation, that they had met him by appointment; and, although they were speaking in low tones, yet they stood so near me that I could not help overhearing what they said.

The point in discussion among them related to a pew, and the treasurer politely pointed out a small one not far from where I sat, which was at their service for $200 a year, and also two sittings farther to the front, which they might have on the same terms. There was much considering of the *pros* and *cons* of this alternative, and, incidentally, the treasurer indicated the range of prices in the pews, from $200 near the door to $1,600 where seats were most in demand.

In growing numbers the congregation was assembling, and above the gentle breathing of the organ, which began to spread in soothing waves of prayerful music through the church, rose the soft rustle of rich dress, and the air, glowing with deep colors from stained glass, took on a subtle perfume.

When the pews were dense with worshippers, scarcely a vacant seat remaining, and my closest watchfulness had failed to note the presence of a single other person of my class, there broke faintly on the waiting company the clear, uplifting sweetness of a rare contralto voice. Vague and lightly stirring at the first, as when some deeply buried feeling, recalled to life, gives utterance to new being in "the language of a cry," it rose to ever-fuller power, unfaltering and pure in every tone, until it smote with the touch of truth each silent chord of life and waked them all to perfect harmony, wherein they sing the mystic unity

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of things, where the senses mix and whence they radiate, and where,

> . . . in the midmost heart of grief
> Our passions clasp a secret joy.

I was not present, however, merely as a worshipper, but also as a member of my chosen order. I tried to see with their eyes, and then to think their thoughts and feel their emotions. When I held myself honestly to this task, with the aid of what I had learned directly from the men and caught of their ways of thinking, it was another revulsion of feeling which set in.

I thought of my $9 a week, and of the meagre pittance which resulted from utmost care in saving, even when my own support was the only claim upon me, and how far beyond my reach was all possibility of a seat in the pews which were held for barter. The image of Mrs. Schulz rose up to me, worn, and wan, and almost ill, yet always cheerful, and I remembered the patient, unflinching courage with which she faced the obligations of her life, and the heart-breaking economies by which she must meet many of its duties. On that very day, the two older children had gone at different hours to church, because there was but one pair of shoes and stockings between them, and Mrs. Schulz herself went out to mass, through the tingling cold of the early morning, in clothing which would have been light for summer.

While here, on every hand, was dress whose cost, as indicating not warmth and comfort but mere conformity to changing fashion, represented, in scores of cases, more of annual individual expenditure than the whole net income of many a workman's family. And even more poignant to a mind made sensitive by this train of thought was the impression which weighed upon it of a company well-fed to a degree of comfort beyond the sense of sympathy with hunger that rarely learns the meaning of enough. The mere suggestion of a breakfast of rich food in wide variety, and served often at great cost in almost wasteful plenty, to be followed soon after the hour of worship by another meal yet more varied, and abundant, and rich, seemed the very pitch of heartless mockery, in the full presence almost of hundreds of men and women to whom bare day's bread is an agony of anxious seeking, and of multitudes of little children to whom, not nourishing food alone but even food enough to stay the pangs of hunger, is a luxury.

These familiar feelings, roused, as always, by the common contrasts of life, which one follows in close study through bewildering complexities of casual relations, were dominant, from the new point of view, as the outcome of patent facts. Superficial and undiscriminating, and yet most real and living, is the thought of the actual workman, as his mind responds to the obvious leading of the things he sees. I was glad at this point that Albert was not with me. A few minutes later I deeply regretted his absence.

The minister had begun his sermon. I scarcely heard the opening sentences, so oppressed was my mind with the workman's sense of the ruthless Philistinism of this phase of modern Christianity. It was the preacher's tone which first attracted me. There was quiet in it and a great reserve, and he spoke as a pastor who holds earnest conversation with his flock. I was all attention in a moment, and I saw that I listened to a man who knew his fellowmen, and whose words made strong appeal to their intelligence.

It was as though he spoke from a heart well-nigh broken with personal grief, but chastened to new love, and truth, and tenderness, by the sorrow which it had borne.

He was speaking of the needs of men, and through his thoughts there breathed a knowledge of the *weltschmerz* of to-day, and deep sympathy with it. There was no weak ignoring of the difficulties of honest doubt, and no false claims for the basis of belief; and, when he spoke of the awful suffering of our time, his words were true to the high dignity of man through the infinite consequences of free choice in his life upon the earth. His appeal was no emotional blending of the false and true, wherewith to blind men's eyes to the eternal verities, and to cause to rest lightly upon comfortable consciences the sense of personal responsibility for one's fellows, but rather the sure claim of clear conviction which comes from out the facts of daily life seen in the light of their true meaning.

The effect upon his hearers was unmistakable. I was unaware of it for a time, so engrossed was I in the speaker's words,

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and in the strongly human personality of the man, but by degrees I awoke to the fact that all about me were listeners as eagerly intent as I. The sense of hardened, pampered, Philistinism gave way before the overwhelming consciousness of a sympathetic unity of thought and feeling. Indifferent to the vital needs of the world and to the pressing problems of its life? No emotion could have been farther from these men and women, the intensity of whose interest could be felt in almost an agony of breathless attention to the sober truthfulness of the minister. The very stillness was charged with mute appeal for guidance from hearts wrung with the hurt of the world and pleading for some useful outlet to the tide of generous feeling. It was as though distress had ceased to be for them the visible sufferings of the poor, and had grown, through the deepening sense of brotherhood, into an anguish of their own, which must find healing in forms of effective helpfulness. Very clearly dawned the conviction that, if one could but point out to the members of this waiting company some "way," "something to do," which would square well with their practical business sense of things, instant and unmeasured would be their response for the furthering of an end which would work them such glad relief!

From the church my destination was the meeting of the Socialists. But not immediately, for I stopped on the way at the well-known haunt in Madison Street for the usual Sunday dinner.

By this time I had attended several of the Socialists' meetings, and had come to know personally a number of the members of the order, and I was not surprised, upon taking a seat in the restaurant, to catch sight of three Socialists who were nodding pleasantly to me from a neighboring table. One was the broad-minded Pedler, whose good impression made in the first speech of his which I had heard was heightened by all my later knowledge of him. Another I had learned to know as a near approach to my original preconception of a revolutionary. He was a Communistic Anarchist, and just what peculiar variation of individual belief it was which led him to ally himself with the Socialists I could never make clearly out.

It puzzled me not a little; for, by this time I had thoroughly in mind the fundamental fact that Socialism and Anarchy, as two schools of social doctrine, are at the very poles of hostile opposition to each other. And, if I may judge from the little that I have seen and heard between them, the vituperative heat of their controversies is equalled only by the warmth and malignancy which has marked the history of theological debate.

I soon learned that Socialist and Anarchist are not interchangeable terms, to be used with light indifference in describing the general advocate of revolution against established order. Indeed, to my great surprise, I found that a policy of active, aggressive revolution among these men had almost no adherents. Certainly none among the Socialists, for they repudiated the bare suggestion of violence as being wholly inadequate and absurd, and pinned their faith instead to what they called the "natural processes of evolution." These, to their belief, would, in any case, work out the appointed ends with men, but their operation could be stimulated by education, they said, and helped on by organized effort toward the achievement of manifest destiny in the highly centralized and perfected order which is to result from the common ownership and administration by all the people of all land and capital used in production and distribution, for the common good of all.

And even among the Anarchists the upholders of a policy of bloody revolt against social order were rare. Most of those whom I came to know were distinctly of a metaphysical turn of mind. It was easy to trace their intellectual kinship with the Physiocrats of the last century, in their implicit confidence in the universal efficacy of *laissez faire*. Their views, reduced to simplest terms, seemed to take the form of the epigram—that 'the cure for the evils of freedom is more freedom.' The removal of all artificial restraint in the form of man-made laws would result eventually, to their thinking, in a society as natural and as wholesome as is all physical order, which is the exact resultant of the free play of natural law.

It was the Socialist's conception of a highly centralized administration which drove the Anarchist into a frenzy of vehement antagonism. And it was the An-

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archist's *laissez faire* ideal which roused the latent fighting-spirit of the Socialist. The Anarchist would maintain with stout conviction that centralized administration is already the core of the malady of the world, and that our need is for freedom in the absence of artificial limitations wherein natural forces can work their rightful ends. And the Socialist would retort, with rising anger, that it is from anarchy—the absence of wisely regulated system—that the world even now suffers most, and that the hope of men lies in the orderly management of their own affairs in the interests of all, and in the light of the revelations of science. They were heartily at one in their dislike for what they were fond of calling the present "*bourgeois* society," and for the existing rights of private property, which they regarded as its chiefest bulwark, but they parted company at once, and with sharp recriminations, on the grounds of their dislike, and of their purposes and hopes for a regenerated state of things.

Such Anarchists were of the "Individualistic" type. Not all of those I met were so philosophical, however. The Communistic one, who was nodding at me in a friendly manner from a near table, notably was not. Very much the reverse. He was for open revolution to the death, and he made no secret of it. He had little patience for the slow pace of evolution believed in by the Socialists, but he had less, apparently, for the *laissez faire* conception of his brother Anarchists. At all events, I found him most commonly in the meetings of the former sect, where his revolutionary views were frowned down, but his invectives against society were tolerated in a spirit of free speech, and as being warranted by the evils of the existing state.

He was a German, of tall, muscular frame, erect, square-shouldered, well-poised, as a result of long service, most bitterly against his will, in the Prussian Army, and he hated kings and potentates and all governmental authority, with a burning hatred. His was the broad-featured likeness of his race, and his stiff, fair hair was brushed back in straight lines from a well-shaped forehead, while his beard, brown and streaked with white, bristled from his lower face like the bayonets of a square in full formation. He was a mechanic by trade, and a good one, as I had happened to learn.

The last of the three, like the Pedler, was a Socialist, but was very unlike his two companions as a man. My acquaintance among the Socialists had not gone far before I began to observe that I was meeting men who, whatever their mental vagaries, were craftsmen of no mean order. They were machinists and skilled workmen mostly, and some were workers in sweat-shops. All of them had known the full stress of the struggle for bread, but they were decidedly not the inefficients of their class, having fought their way to positions of some advantage in the general fight.

Here, however, was an exception in this third "comrade," and I marvelled at the rarity of his type. Incompetence was stamped on every feature. His long, lank, flabby figure, with its disjointed movements, suggested no virility. The hair grew thin and blonde from his head and from his colorless face, and his large, pale-blue eyes flitted in their movements, as though there were behind them not intelligence enough to hold them in fixed attention. The man's emotions were boundless. He had, moreover, a gift of utterance, and, when he spoke in meeting, it was sheer feeling that expressed itself in words which were marvellously void of any sane concatenation. It was a psychological phenomenon, this public speech of his. We had premonitory warnings of it, for we could see him writhing in his seat when his emotions were aroused, and starting nervously until he had gained the floor, when a half-suppressed, general groan would greet the torrent of his sentences, which flowed directly from chaotic feeling which had never reached his mind.

We four left the restaurant together, and walked on to Waverley Hall. I fell in with the Pedler, and from him I was glad to learn that the Poet was to read that afternoon his long-deferred paper on the "Opening of the Exposition Grounds on Sunday."

It was a little before the appointed hour when we reached the hall, but already there was promise of an uncommon meeting. The audience was larger than usual, the benches on both sides of the central aisle being well filled nearly to the door. The Pedler and I had some difficulty in find-

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ing seats near the front. More than ever marked was the atmosphere of keen alertness, which, from the first, had so attracted me in the gatherings of the Socialists. They might be futile, but their meetings were never dull. And, while they could not have been more orderly, they might easily have proved far less engaging than they were, had a saving sense of humor been more conspicuously a characteristic of the members.

There was a sense of pleasurable excitement in sinking back into my seat, whence, by turning a little to the right, I could command the hall. The afternoon sun was streaming through the two large windows in the south end. The heavy draperies, looped up to admit the light, were in perfect keeping with the carpet on the daïs and the pulpit chairs upholstered with plush, on one of which sat the Leader, behind a reading-desk. There were other paraphernalia of the Masonic lodge which habitually held its meetings there, and among the life-sized portraits on the walls was one of Washington in the full regalia of a Mason. At small wooden tables, resting on the floor at the Leader's right, sat a few young reporters, sharpening their pencils in preparation for any points which could be turned to good account as "copy."

To the pleasure of excited interest was added the ease of some familiarity, for, besides the heads of meeting, I recognized among the gathering company the faces of *habitués*. In a seat across the aisle the Poet sat in earnest conversation with the Citizeness, holding fast a roll of manuscript in both hands. And at the end of the bench behind them was a young man who interested me far more than any of the Socialists whom I had met. A long black overcoat of cheap material concealed his work-worn garments to the knees, and his hands, dark with the dye of clothing, lay folded in his lap. His face showed faintly the marks of Jewish origin, and, although he was full three-and-twenty, he bore a strange resemblance to the Christ-child in Hoffmann's picture of Jesus Among the Doctors in the Temple.

Quite oblivious to what was passing about him, he sat in his usual mood, with an expression of much serenity on his pale face, and his great, dark, luminous eyes glowing with the ardor of his thought.

I have never lost the first impression which he made upon me; it was in one of these meetings, when an idle slur had been cast upon his race and the Leader had given him an opportunity to reply. He rose modestly to his feet, and from the first my attention was riveted by the convincing quality in his rich, deep voice. Without a word of cheap rejoinder, he simply restated the issues of debate in clear, incisive sentences, which seemed to gather force from their broken English, until he had shown the entire irrelevance of the insulting charge, even had it been true.

I had waited for him on that afternoon at the meeting's end, and we began an acquaintance which to me has been of great value. It is easy to predict for such a man an eventual escape from the bondage of a sweat-shop, but, inasmuch as he has been held in slavery to that work from his earliest infant memories of a crowded den in Poland, where he was born, I feel some measure of justice in naming him "The Victim."

Promptly on the hour the Leader called the meeting to order, and introduced the Poet, whose paper presented the topic of the day's debate. In a few moments we were all following in close attention the ready flow of the poet's voice as it passed with clear articulation over the well-chosen words of his introductory sentences. There was admirable precision in the statement of the case at issue, and we were bracing ourselves with pleasure for the logical sequences of detailed discussion, when, to our surprise, the Poet broke abruptly from all judicial treatment of his theme. At a single leap, he took the ground that certainly the Exposition should be accessible every day—that its opening on Sundays was not a subject for debate.

Then there followed a storm of hot invective. Christianity was assailed as the giant superstition of historic civilization, still daring, to the shame of high intelligence, to hold its fetich head aloft in the light of modern science. Its ministers were attacked as sycophantic parasites, whose only motive, in urging the closing of the Fair on Sundays, was the fear of the spread among working people of that enlightenment which will achieve the overthrow of capitalistic society and with it the tottering structure of the Church. Most of all, his

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bitterness spent itself upon these "blind leaders of the blind," as he called them, who will not themselves enter into a knowledge of a better state nor suffer others to enter in, and who grievously break the law of rest on Sundays in befooling their fellow-men, and then live through the remaining days in luxurious unproductiveness upon the labor of their dupes.

What was coming next we could not guess, and it seemed a long cry to any shout of exultation from all this, but he accomplished it with facility, for his paper closed with a peroration, wherein he rose to fervid panegyric upon the increasing intellectual emancipation of workingmen. The Romish Church, he said, keeps many of them in bondage yet, but the Protestant organizations have all but lost their hold upon them; and the widening gulf between the two great classes in society has left these churches in the nakedness of their true character, as mere centres of the social life of the very rich and of the upper *bourgeoisie*, and as a prop to the social order from which these idle classes so richly profit, at the merciless cost of the wage-earners.

Instantly this was accepted as the dominant note of the meeting. The applause which greeted it was genuine and prolonged. With light-hearted disregard of the subject appointed for debate, men began ardently to speak to this new theme: Modern Christianity a vast hypocrisy—a cloak made use of by vested interest to conceal from the common people the real nature of the grounds on which it stands.

But for the masterly qualities of the Leader, who held the meeting to strict parliamentary order, it might have degenerated into a mob. Men were crowding one another in their desire to gain the floor, but not for a moment was the peaceful conduct of the gathering disturbed. With accurate knowledge of the shades of social belief there represented and of the personalities of the men, the Leader chose for recognition with discriminating justice.

At one moment an American workman was speaking, a Socialist of the general school of Social Democracy. There was self-respecting dignity about him and a calm reserve as he began.

The Christian Church served as well as any institution of the capitalistic order, he said, to measure the growing cleavage between the classes in society. But, to his mind, the paper of the afternoon had emphasized unnecessarily the existence of the *bourgeoisie*; for, economically considered, there is no longer a middle-class to be reckoned with in vital questions. There remain simply the capitalists and the proletarians. The old middle-class, which had made its living by individual enterprise, was fast being forced (by the play of natural laws, which showed themselves in the increasing centralization of capital) out of the possibility of successful competition with aggregated wealth, and down, for the most part, to the level of those who can bring to production, not land nor capital, but merely their native qualities of physical strength, or manual skill, or mental ability—proletarians, all of them, whether manual or intellectual, and coming surely, in the slow development of evolution, to a conscious knowledge of their community of interest as against the vested "rights" of monopoly in the material instruments of production. But athwart this path of progress rose the hardened structure of the Christian Church, bringing to bear against it all her temporal power and the full force of her accumulated superstitions.

But now the speaker's calm deserted him, and, with fist uplifted in threatening gesture, and his strong, bronzed face working with the fervor of his hate, he cried out against the ministers of Christ, who preach to the wronged and down-trodden poor the duty of patience with their "divinely appointed lot," and who try to soothe them to blind submission with promises of an endless future of ecstatic blessedness, when the rich of this world shall burn in the unquenchable fires of hell.

"Oh! the fiendishness of these men," he shouted, "who hide from ignorant minds the truth, which they themselves know full well, that for no mortal man is there any heaven or hell which he does not realize in the span of his earthly history, and if he misses here the happiness to which he was rightly born, he misses it forever! And the miserable paltriness of their motive in working this cruel wrong—merely that they may exempt themselves from toil and live in comfort upon the labor of others, instead of being, where most of

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them belong, out in the open fields hoeing corn!"

In another moment a man of widely different cult was speaking. For some time he had been trying to gain the floor, and now the Leader recognized him. He was a Christian Socialist, chief spokesman of the little band of his persuasion, who were very regular in their attendance upon these meetings. An insignificant Englishman he was, whose h's transposed themselves with consistent perversity, and whose general qualities of physique, and tone, and manner reminded one strongly of the type of parson with weak lungs and a large family who is incumbent in out-of-the-way English churches on the Continent. He was not wanting in pluck nor in a certain strength of conviction, but the gentleness of the dove was his without the wisdom of the serpent, and the words he spoke, in weak voice and apologetic manner, while they would have met with sympathy in a company of believers whose emotions were already stirred, served here only to inflame the antagonisms of men whose views were stoutly materialistic.

The Communistic Anarchist was the first to rise when the Christian Socialist sat down, and the Leader gave to him the privilege of the floor. There was the power of primal force in the suppressed passion of the man, and joined to this the exciting struggle of a human will in keeping rage in bounds. His heavy frame heaved with paroxysms of volcanic wrath, and the sibilants of English speech, augmented by the z's in Teutonic struggle to bring forth sounds, came hissing and sputtering through his teeth from a tongue which could not frame words fast enough for his impatience.

I have no power to reproduce his actual sentences, and at best I can but suggest the purport of his talk, which was in full sympathy with most of what had gone before:

"God a decaying myth, and the Bible a silly legend, and Jesus a good man seeing some human truth, but gone mad in the credulous ignorance of his age, and dead these two thousand years, and Christianity a hoary superstition, made use of in its last days by *bourgeois* civilization to stay off a little longer its own fateful day of reckoning! And here is a man, who calls himself a Socialist, who dares to bring before us this enfeebled monster of worn-out faith, which has been the tyrant of the poor from the moment of gaining temporal power, trying to hide its oppressions under a guise of so-called charity! It has been, too, from the beginning the stubbornest foe of scientific knowledge, and even now, in the last hour of its heartless cruelties, employs its utmost craft to put off the manifest dawn of freedom to the workers."

Breaking through the forced restraint of the beginning, his feelings bore him in resistless course until, in the full sweep of his long arms, his fingers were clutching wildly at the empty air, and his blood-shot eyes were rolling in a frenzy, and his hair stood straight on end, while his voice rose to its highest pitch in fierce scorn and denunciation.

The hall was still echoing to the roar, when a scattered number of us were on our feet, straining forward in our efforts to catch the Leader's eye. The Victim was recognized, and almost immediately the meeting began to feel the calming effect of a cool, conciliatory mind. Clearness was highly characteristic of the Victim's mental processes, and, as his ideas slowly framed themselves, in translation to English from the native language in which he thought, they took on a charming piquancy and precision, in the oddest mixtures of strange idioms and bookish phrases and the current coin of common slang.

"The assigned subject for debate this afternoon," he was saying (in a paraphrase which wholly lacks his strongly individual character), "is one which opens up questions of great economic value and importance. It is a pity, it seems to me, that the time has been consumed in a discussion of side issues, rather than of the fundamental question of the observance of Sunday as an economic institution, and the relation borne to that great issue by the present agitation over the opening of the Exposition grounds on Sundays. It is well to remember that this is a meeting of Socialists. Freedom of speech is one of our cardinal beliefs. But a freedom of speech which ignores the subject appointed for debate would make better use of its liberty by asking for a particular afternoon to be devoted to the theme which it wishes to discuss.

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"Not only has the talk of to-day been wide of the mark, but it has been out of harmony with the genius of Socialism. I am proud to own myself a Scientific Socialist, and a disciple of Karl Marx. To my way of thinking, there can be no verified truth which the mind of man can accept as such aside from the established results of naturalistic science. I, therefore, attach no more value to Christianity, as an authoritative source of truth, than I do to the sacred writings of my race. Both are merely historical facts, to be dealt with precisely as are all the facts of history. This afternoon, however, they have been dealt with in a spirit of intolerance, as malignant and uncompromising as the spirit which is charged against historic Christianity. It will be well for us who profess Socialism to be on our guard, lest there grow up among us an intolerance bred of dogmatic science, which may prove in the future as destructive of free thought and of true progress as has proved in the past the bigotry of dogmatic theology."

It was now well past the ordinary time for adjourning. The Leader announced the fact, and I feared that he meant to call for a motion to adjourn without making his usual closing speech. It was his habit to sum up the discussion, and we always looked forward to that address, for the Leader had the gift of speech and a liking for it, and a knowledge, moreover, of the minds of Socialists which was by no means common. There was little of the declamatory in his habitual speaking, and he lacked the analytical skill of some of the other members, but he had a shrewd perception of the dramatic, and he could make use of it to striking purpose. He had been born and bred a workingman, and was an artisan of much ability, and he knew thoroughly the workmen's point of view. I have watched him play upon their feelings with the skill of a native orator.

He spoke now in high commendation of what The Victim had said, and deplored the fact that the afternoon had passed without discussion of the appointed theme. As a Socialist, he regretted, he said, that the talk had taken the form of an attack upon Christianity. Such a spirit was directly counter to the tolerance of Socialism. For his own part, although he had been brought up under the influence of the Protestant religion, he found himself very little in sympathy with modern Christianity. Supernaturalism he was willing to regard as a question apart, and as being entitled to fair, dispassionate discussion, but the Christian Church, as a practical embodiment of the teachings of its founder, he felt justified in judging in the light of every-day facts, and in their light he was free to say that Christianity was a failure.

"Let us take an illustration," he went on. "A very urgent problem in our city just now is that of 'the unemployed.' Certain of the newspapers have made a careful investigation in the last few weeks, and the result of their inquiry shows that, within the city limits to-day, there are at least 30,000 men out of work. There may be 50,000 but the first estimate is well within the truth.

"It is a matter primarily of supply and demand. Among these idle men there may be many inefficients and many chronic loafers, and many who, from one cause and another, are incapable of effective work. But the nature of the present status is unaffected by these considerations. It means, in its last analysis, that the local labor market is overstocked to the extent of 30,000 men. However willing to work, and however efficient as workmen they might be, these men, or their equivalent in number, under existing conditions, would invariably find themselves unemployed.

"And how does the Christian Church among us hold itself in relation to this problem? Its members profess themselves the disciples of 'the meek and lowly Jesus,' whom they call 'divine.' He said of Himself that 'He had not where to lay His head,' and He was the first Socialist in His teaching of universal brotherhood.

"His followers build gorgeous temples to His worship in our city, and out of the fear, apparently, that some of the shelterless waifs, whom He taught them to know as brothers and who are in the very plight their Master was, should lay their weary heads upon the cushioned seats, they keep the churches tight locked through six days of the week, and then open them on one day for the exclusive purpose of praising that Master's name!

"Nor is this condition truer of Chicago than it is of any large industrial centre in this country, or even in all Christendom,"

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he went on, warming to his theme as the intently listening company hailed vociferously the name of the Redeemer as the first teacher of Socialism. "Only last week news came from London that the unemployed there had grown to an army of 100,000 men. Picturing the horror of it, and the suffering, and the awful degradation, not in these men alone, but among the women and children whom they represent! Cold, and hunger, and the ravages of disease were bad enough, in the ferocity of this inclement winter; but imagine, if you can, the pitiless despair which is eating the hearts out of these our brothers, and then tell me whether we have not here a fairly good imitation of the hell where 'the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.'

"Suppose, for a moment, that the Christ were to appear in the heart of that 'Christian' city. Most certainly He would be found among the poor, ministering to their needs, and comforting them in their sorrows, and bringing life and hope among them. I can imagine His perplexity at sight of the man-inflicted suffering and degradation, and the Godless tyranny of men over their brother men, in the very stronghold of Christianity and 2,000 years after He had taught that, under the Fatherhood of God, to love our neighbor as ourselves is the fulfilling of the law to all who have need of our sympathy and help.

"I hear Him ask in His amazement for some authoritative head of the brotherhood which He established upon earth. I hear men tell Him that He must see the Archbishop of Canterbury. I watch Him as He picks His way to the palace of the Archbishop, along narrow streets which thunder to the din of mammon-worship and are blackened with the smoke from off its countless altars, seeing everywhere the hideous contrasts between rich and poor, and the lives of His toiling ones worn out in ceaseless labor.

"Weighed down with the heartless misery of the world, I see Him stand patiently at the palace-gate. A footman in rich livery answers to His knock.

"'I would see the Archbishop,' says the Christ.

"'And who shall I say wishes to see his Lordship?' asks the flunky.

"'Tell him that his Master is at the gate.'

"'Oh,' replies the servant, 'but his Lordship has no "master"; he is the primate of all England!'"

Here the speaker abruptly ceased, but for that gathered company the picture was complete, and the cheers with which the hall had rung at the mention of Christ, the social teacher, were changed to hisses against the church which calls itself by His name.

On the crowded stairs, as we descended to the street, I found myself beside a young German mechanic whose acquaintance I had made in these meetings. My knowledge of him was limited to the fact that he was a Socialist and was employed in a large factory on the North Side.

"What are you going to do, this evening?" he asked, after our exchange of greetings.

"I have no definite plan," I said.

"Then come home with me," he suggested, and I assented gladly.

We were a long time getting there, but when, at last, we reached his door, the journey was quickly forgotten. As flat as the untroubled sea, the open prairie lay about us, browned and seared by frosts and gleaming faintly under the winter stars. Long parallels of street-lamps, cutting one another at right angles, marked the outlines of city "blocks," and threw into stronger relief the deep black of clustered trees and the forms of lonely cottages with lights glancing dimly from their windows.

When my friend opened the door of his house, there was nothing in the domestic scene which met us to suggest the home of a revolutionary. It was the typical home, rather, of the prosperous American workman. The living-room, which we entered, was aglow with light, and redolent of dry, unwholesome, excessive heat from a closed iron stove, and it seemed at first to be already crowded by occupants. The wife was standing over a cradle, in which she softly rocked her baby, whose sleep was undisturbed by the conversation between two young men of the family. An old couple, seated in easy chairs, were reading to themselves, and formed a feature of the picture that fitted well with the books which stood ranged in swinging brackets on the wall. There was the usual floral paper, with a border sad enough to move one to tears, and the worsted tidies, and the prints

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wherein sentimentality has so long and so often posed as sentiment. But the plain, rough furniture was redeemed by the marks of long usefulness, and the room, as a whole, had all the cosey homeliness of fitness to those whom it served.

Soon we were seated at supper, and the family, accustomed, apparently, to the presence of a stranger brought home from the meeting, left my friend and me to our own discussion of Socialistic themes. I found this deeply interesting, for my host was finely representative of the views of the majority of the Socialists whom I saw at Waverley Hall. In the main he was a Social Democrat. His economic views were drawn, I found, entirely from Karl Marx. "*Das Kapital*" was his Bible, and he seemed to know it by heart. To question Marx's theory of value or his treatment of labor in relation to production was blasphemy akin to casting doubt before a devout believer upon the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures.

He was a Socialist of serene temperament, with boundless faith in the silent processes of development. Propaganda was hysterical from his point of view.

"There could be no propaganda in behalf of Socialism," he said to me, "one hundredth part so effective as the unchecked activity of men who imagine themselves the bulwarks of social order and the bitterest foes of Socialism. We have no quarrel with the increasing centralization of capital. The opposition to "trusts" and the like comes mainly from the *bourgeoisie*, who feel themselves being forced out of independent business. We Socialists are already of the proletariat, and we see clearly that all trusts and syndicates are the inevitable forerunners of still greater centralization. The men who are employing their rare abilities in eliminating the useless wastes of competitive production, by unifying its administration and control, and so reducing greatly the cost of the finished article, and who are perfecting the machinery of transportation and distribution by like unity of administration, are doing far more in a year to bring about a co-operative organization of society than we could do, by preaching the theory of collectivism, in a hundred years.

"The collectivist order of society may be distant, but, at least, we have this comfort—that the day of the old individualist, anarchical order is past. We can never return to it. The centralization of capital has proved the inadequacy of all that, in the present stage of progress. We have no choice but to go on to further centralization, and the logical outcome must be eventually, not the monopoly of everything by a few, but the common ownership of all land and capital by all the people."

. . . . . .

It was in the middle of the next morning that I chanced to meet, in the thick of a sweat-shop region of the West Side, an old acquaintance of the Socialist meetings. "The Unionist" I shall call him, for he had much to do with organizing the workers in sweat-shops into labor-unions. A victim of the sweaters himself, earning his living at a sewing-machine in a densely crowded shop, he yet managed to get about among the other victims and further their organization. More than once he had taken me with him on his rounds, and I had grown familiar with the sight of rooms, in all the poorer sections of the city where the rent is relatively low, turned into factories on a small scale for the manufacture of ready-made garments.

And this idea of miniature factories is really the key to the situation. The industry of ready-made clothing is an enormous one, involving millions of dollars of invested capital, and competition among the merchants is very keen. The difference of a fraction of a cent in the cost of production, by the piece, of a given garment may mean the difference between profit and loss in the whole output. Cheapness of production is, therefore, of the first necessity.

Merchants of the greatest executive ability and highest efficiency are able to secure the maximum of cheap production through the legitimate factory system. Men of less business ability, in order to compete successfully, avoid the factory system of production and make use of the sweat-shops instead. The sweat-shop is, therefore, in a single word, an evasion, under the stress of competition, of the factory system of production.

There are few industries which could profit any longer by this system as opposed to that of the factory, but the manufacture

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of ready-made clothing is an exception ; and, in it, the less fit to survive are sure to take advantage of the sweat-shops, until they have been driven out of the business altogether by those whose superior abilities enable them to undersell the product of the shops with the product of legitimate factories.

The manufacturer who makes use of the factory system at once subjects himself to certain regulations. His work-rooms must show a certain cubic area to every operative employed ; certain sanitary provisions must be regarded ; children under a certain age must not be set to work, and a prescribed number of hours must be accepted as the limit of the working day.

But the manufacture of ready-made clothing lends itself to an easy escape from all this. Instead of having his work done in a factory, subject to wholesome but costly restrictions, a merchant may give it out to the lowest bidders among the sweaters. These men take it to their homes, and secure there the services of their wives and children, and employ the families of their neighbors. Thousands of rooms are thus closely packed with workers who have underbid one another in the struggle for existence, until, in the cheapest quarters available, without regard to light and air, and decent sanitation, the work is hurried forward at feverish haste by human wretches whose utmost toil through excessive hours can often earn them little more than the means of bare subsistence.

The Unionist was leading me in a brisk walk through a labyrinth of city squalor. Over unswept wooden pavements we passed, along uncleaned, wooden streets, in whose broken surfaces lay heaps of decaying garbage. Wooden houses for the most part flanked the way, hideous, blackened shanties which leaned grotesquely on insecure foundations, with rickety flights of broken steps clinging to the buildings' sides, where, on warmer days, the teeming population can be seen overflowing from work-rooms and sewing ceaselessly, even in their search for fresh air.

Opening directly upon the black rot of crumbling pavements were the steep descents to dark cellars which undermine these reeking hovels. From many of them, as we passed, came the hot breath of furnaces laden with the wholesome smell of baking bread. These were the underground bakeries of the region, and down their wooden steps, whose surfaces were buried under layers of hardened filth, were ranged the great round loaves of dark bread on which this population largely lives. While through the open doors, which admitted freely the floating germs from off the putrid streets, we caught glimpses of baking-tins full of soft muffins ready for the oven, and bakers in white dress who moved about in the gloomy, fetid air over floors strewn with ashes and the crumpled shells of eggs and crumbs of unbaked dough.

Mingling in the squalid crowds upon the streets were other figures peculiar to the scene. Women they were for the most part, with ragged, faded shawls tied round their heads and falling over their shoulders, and limp skirts dangling about their legs and brushing the surface slime of the pavements. Some upon their shoulders, and others in Oriental fashion upon their heads, they bore large bundles of clothing which had been cut at the great dealers' shops, and which they were taking now to be made up in the sweaters' dens.

The Unionist was talking rapidly, almost vehemently, at my side, with the swift, nervous gesticulation of his race, for he was a young Polish Jew, of short, sturdy figure, with wiry black hair and eyes which were like burnished coals. The scenes about us, which were far more interesting to me, concerned him not at all in contrast with the delight he felt in picturing the outcome of political change. Like so many of the Socialists whom I met, he was an admirable workman, and thoroughly practical in his views of life, and hugely energetic and efficient in the organization of his trades-union ; but yet he was possessed, as most of them are, of a strange faculty of living intensely at times in dreams of a fulfilment of preconceptions of another social order. He was hard at it now, and was completely blind to the significant facts about us. With an amazing acquaintance with contemporaneous political history, he had been sketching for me what he regarded as a great economic revolution in America. The drift of what he said was simply that in this country, from colonial days to the present, the middle-class, who are the small owners of land and capital, have been the main support of the society in which we have

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lived, and that the chief strength of the middle-class has been the farmer.

In every movement in this country wherein the wage-earners have sought for separate political action in their own interests, they have invariably found the farming classes in opposition to them and supporters of conservatism. But there are marked indications of a change, he went on. The farming classes are no longer economically independent, in the sense of owning their land and capital, but are tenants of the capitalists who hold their mortgages. And, with this change in economic standing, they have begun to find that their interests lie, not in maintaining rights of private property, which have robbed them of their own, but in joining forces with all wage-earners to bring about a state of things wherein property shall be a monopoly of all.

And having touched once more in prophetic spirit the beatific vision of the Socialist, he waxed eloquent in high praise of it, and then turned to me with an impatient:

"Can't you see it, Comrade Vikoff—can't you see it?"

He sympathized with me as one of the countless seekers for employment in the city, and he had cultivated me because of my interest in the meetings. Really admirable in their sincerity were his patient efforts to convert me to Socialism; and when, at last, he gave me up, I am sure that it was from the conviction that he was dealing with a mind hopelessly Philistine, whose constant appeal to dry facts marked it as wholly incapable of appreciation of the charming theory of human perfectability.

We turned now and passed down a flight of wooden steps to the basement of a small, brick building. I knew that we were going into a sweater's den, for I had visited many of them under the lead of the Unionist, and many of them on my own account in futile search for work.

There was nothing exceptional in this one beyond the fact that, more commonly than in the cellar, I had found the shops on the ground floor, and oftener still in the upper stories of tenements.

As we neared the door, there was the usual sound of the clattering rush of sewing-machines going at high speed—starting and stopping abruptly, at uneven intervals, and giving you the impression, in the meantime, of racing furiously with one another.

The opened door revealed the customary sight of a room perhaps twenty feet square, with daylight entering faintly through two unwashed windows, which looked out upon the level of the street. The dampness showed itself in dew-like beads along the walls and on the ceiling, which I could easily reach as I stood erect. In spite of its being winter, the dingy walls were dotted with black flies, which swarmed most about a cooking-stove, over which, stirring a steaming pot, stood a ragged, dishevelled woman, who looked as though she could never have known any but extreme old age. In the remaining floor-space were crowded a dozen machines or more, over which, in the thick, unventilated atmosphere, were the bending figures of the workers. Oil-lamps lit up the inner recesses of the room, and seemed to lend consistency to the heavy air. From an eye here and there, which caught his in a single movement, the Unionist received a look of recognition, but not a head was turned to see who had entered, and the whir of feverish work went on, unchecked for an instant by our coming.

While the Unionist was talking to the sweater, I walked between the close lines of machines over a floor covered with deep accumulations of dirt, and shreds of cloth, and broken threads, to where, in a corner, a group of girls were sewing. The oldest among them may have been twelve, and the youngest could have been a little over eight, and their wages averaged about seventy-five cents a week for hours that varied widely according to the stress of work.

Near the corner was a passage, and through it I could see into a small room which had no window, nor any opening but the door; there, in perpetual darkness lit up by one oil-lamp, was a man who, for twelve (and sometimes fifteen) hours a day, pressed the new-made clothing for a living.

It was ladies' cloaks that the sewers were making; of course, they worked by the piece, and the best among them could earn a dollar in the day, and sometimes more by working over-time. They were very smart-looking garments, and their air

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An Evasion of the Factory System of Production.—Page 106.

of jaunty stylishness was a most incongruous intrusion upon their surroundings. When I asked the Unionist for whose trade they were being made, he seemed to think nothing of the fact that he mentioned, in answer, one of the foremost merchant-citizens of the town.

We were on the point of leaving, when a heavy foot-fall sounded on the wooden steps, and the door opened to the touch of an inspecting officer, whose glowing health and neat, warm uniform were as though a prosperous breeze were sweeping the stagnant room. The work, however, was as unaffected by his coming as it had been by ours. Not a sewer noticed him, and the stitching of machines went racing on with unabated swiftness. Only "the old man" watched nervously the movements of the officer, as he walked about the shop, making note of the bad air, and the filth upon the floors, and the group of little girls, and the dark, unventilated chamber beyond.

The Unionist had caught me by the arm.

"We'll wait," he said; and we stood together in the shadow of the open door.

Returning finally to the side of the old sweater, the officer handed him a printed form.

"You must make out this blank," he said, "and have it ready for me when I call again." And without another word he started for the stairs. But on the way some evidence of unsanitary condition more shocking than any met with yet—a heap of offal on the floor, or a fouler gust of poisoned air—checked him, and he turned, indignantly, to the nearest worker.

"Look here," I could hear him say,

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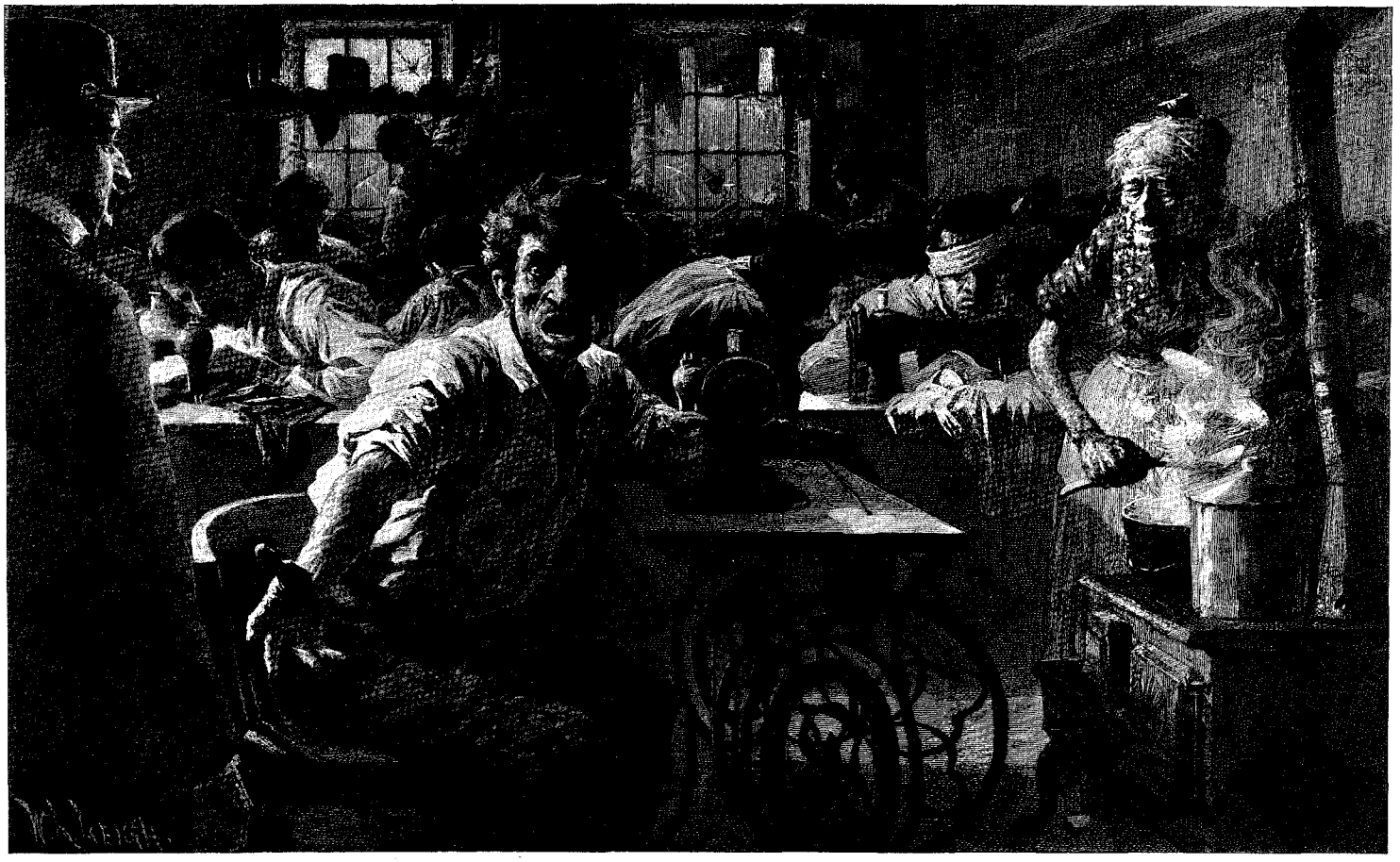

"Don't talk to us about disease; it's *bread* we're after, *bread!*"—Page 111.

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Returning Work from Sweat Shops.

"you've got to clean up here, and right away. The first thing you know you'll start a fever that will sweep the city before we can stop it."

The young Hebrew had stopped his work and turned half round in his chair until he faced the officer. There were deep lines in his haggard, beardless face, and his wolfish eyes were ablaze with the sense of sharp injustice.

"You tell us we've got to keep clean," he answered, in broken English, lifting his voice to a shout above the clatter of machines. "What time have we to keep clean when it's all we can do to get bread? Don't talk to us about disease; it's *bread* we're after, *bread!*" And there sounded in the voice of the boy the cry of the hungry for food, which no man hears and can ever forget.

The officer passed, speechless, up the steps, and we followed into the clean, pure air, under the boundless blue of smiling skies.

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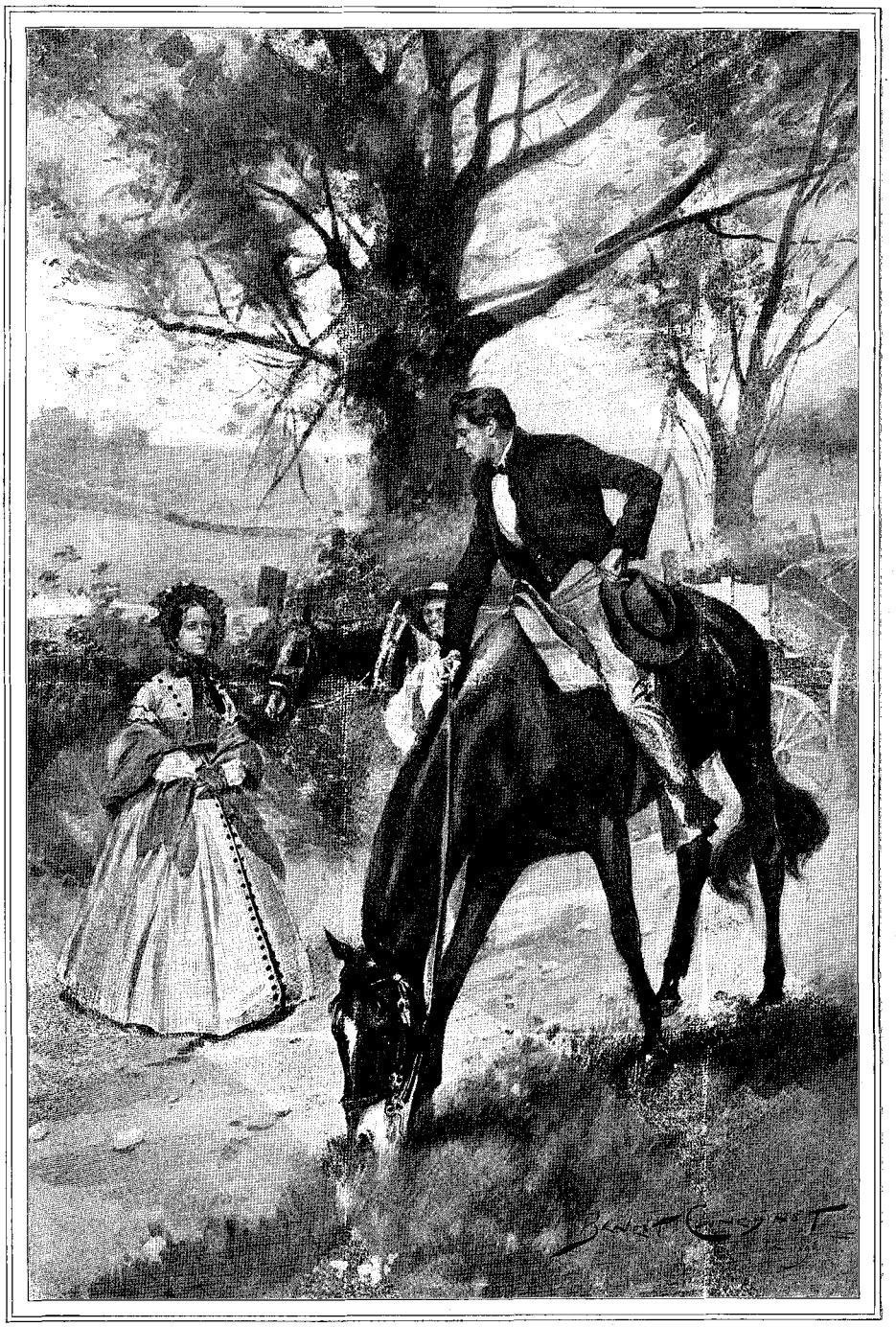

"I couldn't let you be run away with again under my very eyes," he said. – Page 116.

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RED ROCK

A CHRONICLE OF RECONSTRUCTION

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY B. WEST CLINEDINST

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE next day Still called to see Major Welch and made him a proposition to sell him a part of the Red Rock place. He believed, he said, that the Major would find it safer to buy from him a place he had got under decree of Court and had already held quietly for some time, than to buy a place about which there might be a question and where he'd be sure to incur the enmity of the old owners.

This reason did not make much impression on Major Welch. He did not wish to incur anyone's enmity, he said; "but if he bought honestly, and became the lawful owner of a place, he should not mind what others thought."

Still shook his head. Major Welch did not know these people, he said. "And to be honest with you, Major, I feel as if having you right here by me was a sort of protection. They daresn't touch a gentleman who's been in the Union Army and who's got big friends. And that's one reason I'd like to have you right close to me."

His manner had something so sincere in it that it was almost pathetic. So as he made Major Welch what appeared to be really a very reasonable proposal, not only as to the Stamper place, but also as to several hundred acres of the Red Rock land adjoining, the Major agreed to take it under advisement, and intimated that if the title should prove all right and Mrs. Welch should like it when she arrived, he would probably purchase.

Within a week or two following Major Welch's trip to the county-seat, and Still's offer to sell him the Stamper place and a part of Red Rock, Mrs. Welch arrived. The telegram she had sent had miscarried, and when she reached the little station there was no one to meet her.

A country station is a sad place at best to one who has just left the bustle and life of a city, and strong as she was, Mrs. Welch, when the train whirled away and no one came to her, felt a sense of her isolation strike her to the heart. A two-horse carriage stood some little distance off, and for a little while she supposed it had come for her; but presently a colored man and woman got into it. Even then it occurred to Mrs. Welch that perhaps he was the coachman, and for a moment she was buoyed by hope; but she was doomed to disappointment. The man was talking loudly, and apparently talking to be heard by all around. Mrs. Welch could hear something of what he was saying, though much of it was jargon to her.

"We're all right. We've got 'em down and we mean to keep 'em down, too, by ——!" A shout followed this. "Yes, the bottom rail is on top, and we mean to keep it so, till the fence rots down, by ——!" Another burst of laughter. "You jest stick to me 'n' Leech and we'll bring you to the promised land. Yas, we're in the saddle, and we mean to stay there. We've got the Gov'ment behind us, and we'll put a gun in every colored man's hand, and give him, not a mule, but a horse to ride, and we'll dress his wife in silk and give her a carriage to ride in."

"Ummh! heah dat! Yes, Lord! Dat's what I want," cried out an old woman, jumping up and down in her ecstasy to the amusement of the others.

"A mule's good 'nough for me—I b'lieve I ruther have mule 'n hoss. I'se fotched up wid mules," called out someone, which raised a great laugh and some discussion.

"Well, all right, you shell have your ruther. Everyone shell take his pick. We'll do the ridin' now."

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Mrs. Welch was listening with keen interest. The speaker gathered up the reins. As he did so, someone called :

"You better watch out for de K.K.'s," at which there was a roar of laughter.

"They's the ones I'm lookin' for. I'm jist fixed for 'em by ——!" he shouted.

"Dee ain' gwine meddle wid him," said someone in the crowd.

"Don' know. I wouldn' drive roun heah an' talk 'bout 'um like he does, not for dat mule he gwine gi' me."

As the carriage drove off Mrs. Welch's heart sank. Her last hope was gone. She was relieved somewhat by the approach of the station-agent, who up to that time had been engaged about his duties, and who now, seeing a lady standing alone, came up to her. Mrs. Welch stated who she was. He had heard that Mrs. Welch was expected, but thought it was to be the next day.

No telegram such as she spoke of had passed through his office, and it was a long ride up to Red Rock, when the roads were bad. He invited her to remain as his guest—"People right often did so, when they came unexpected-like."

Mrs. Welch thanked him, but thought she would prefer to go on, if she could get a conveyance, even if she could go that evening only as far as Brutusville.

He gazed at her with a serenity which was in strong contrast to her growing decisiveness.

"Can't I get a wagon," she asked.

He did not know as she could—the mail-wagon went over in the morning after the early train; people generally went by that. Dill Herrick had a wagon, and folks sometimes took it, if they got there too late for the mail-wagon, and was in too big a hurry to wait till next day. But Dill was away that day. The wagon was there; but Dill had gone away on his horse.

All this was told quietly, impersonally, as if it was quite as much a thing of course as any other order of nature. Mrs. Welch was on her metal. She would for once give this sleepy rustic an illustration of energy; she would open his eyes.

"Well, is that the only horse anywhere about here?" Her tone was energetic, perhaps even exasperated. The agent was unmoved.

"No'm; Al Turley's got a *sort* of a horse, but he don't work very well. And Al ain't got any wagon."

This was too much for Mrs. Welch.

"Don't you think we might get a horse of one man, and the wagon and harness of the other, and put them together?" she laughed.

The agent was not so sure. "Al might be going to use his horse, and he didn't work so well anyhow."

"But he does work?" Mrs. Welch persisted.

"Oh, yes'm—*some*. Al ploughs with him."

"Well, now, let's see what a little enterprise will do. I'll pay well for both horse and wagon."

The agent went off, and after a time came back. Al would see what he could do. But again he renewed his invitation to her to wait until to-morrow. He was almost urgent; he painted the difficulties of the journey in the gloomiest colors. Mrs. Welch, however, had set her mind on carrying out her plans. It had become a matter of principle with her. She had come down there to show what energy would accomplish, and she might as well begin now.

While she waited she passed her time watching the negroes.

They were so boisterous that she was glad when the station-agent returned and asked if she wouldn't go over and sit in his house "till Al came." She would have done so, but she thought it would be a good opportunity to learn something about the negroes, and perhaps also to teach him a little on her part.

"Are the negroes not improving?" she asked. Her companion's whole manner changed. She was surprised to see what a keen glance was shot at her from under his light brows.

"Not as I can see—you can see 'em yonder for yourself."

"Do they ever give you trouble?"

"Me? No'm; don't never give *me* no trouble," he answered, negligently. "Don' give nobody as much trouble as they did."

Mrs. Welch was just taking in this as corroborative of her own views, when as he turned and, with his back to her, stooped for something the butt of a pistol gleamed in his trousers pocket. Mrs. Welch froze

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up. She could hardly refrain from speaking of it. She understood now the significance of his speech. Just then there was quite a roar outside, followed by the rattle of wheels, and the next instant Mrs. Welch's vehicle drew up to the door. For a moment Mrs. Welch's heart failed her, and she regretted the enterprise which had committed her to such a combination. In the shafts of a little rickety wagon, the wheels of which wobbled in every direction and made as it came up four distinct tracks, was a rickety, little yellow horse, which at that moment was apparently attempting to back the wagon through a fence. One instant he sat down in the shafts, and the next reared and plunged, and tried to go any way but the right way. Two negroes were holding on to him, while the others were shouting with laughter and delight. The driver himself was a spare, dingy-looking countryman, past middle age, and was sitting in the wagon, the only creature in sight that appeared to be unmoved by the excitement. Mrs. Welch's heart sank, and even after the plunging little animal was quieted she would have declined to go; but it was too late now. She had never put her hand to the plough and turned back.

"I can manage him," said the driver to her, serenely. And as there were many assurances that he was "all right now," and everyone was expecting her to get in, she summoned the courage and climbed in.

It was a wearying drive. The roads were the worst Mrs. Welch had ever seen; but in one way there was excitement enough. The tedium was relieved by the occasional breaking of the harness and the frequent necessity of dismounting to walk up the hill when the horse balked.

The day before had been a warm day, and Mrs. Welch's journey had not been a comfortable one, and this last catastrophe capped the climax. But she did not complain—she considered querulousness a sin—it was a sign of weakness. Perhaps, she even found a certain satisfaction in her discomfort. But when the harness broke for the half-dozenth time, she asked:

"Why don't you keep your harness in good order?"

The somewhat apathetic look in the driver's face changed.

"'Tain't my harness."

"Well, whosever it is, why don't he keep it in order?"

"You'll have to ask Dill that," he said, dryly.

When, a few minutes later, they came to their next stand, she began again:

"Why don't you keep your roads repaired and rebuild your fences?"

"I don't live about here." This time the tone was a little shorter.

"Well, it's the same all the way. It's been just as bad from the start. What is the reason?" she persisted.

"Indeed, ma'am, I don't know," he drawled. "Some says it's the Yankee carpet-baggers steals all the money——"

"Well, I don't believe it; I believe it's that the people are just shiftless," Mrs. Welch fired back.

The man for answer only jerked his horse: "Git up!"

"A dull fellow," thought Mrs. Welch, and presently she essayed again.

"The Yankees are thrifty enough. In all the North there is not such a road as this. I wish you could see their villages, how snug and trig and ship-shape they are; houses painted; fences kept up; everything nice and neat."

"Maybe, that's where they puts the money they steals down here," said the driver, more dryly than before.

Mrs. Welch grew hot, but she could not help being amused too.

"It must be an accident, but it is really rather a good reply—I'll write that home," thought she. But she had not much time to think. Just then they were descending a steep hill and the breeching gave way, the wagon ran down on the horse, and without a second's warning the little steed, like the Gadarene swine, ran violently down the steep hill and on up the road. The driver, who was swinging to him for life, was in the act of assuring Mrs. Welch that she need not be scared as he could hold him, when the rein broke and he went out backward over the wheel, and Mrs. Welch herself must soon have followed him had not a horseman dashed up, unexpectedly, from behind and, spurring his fleet horse beside the tearing little beast in the wagon, seized the runaway by the bridle and after a time brought it to a standstill.

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The transition from the expectation of immediate injury, if not death, to absolute security is itself a shock, and even after the vehicle was quite still, Mrs. Welch, who had been holding on to its sides with all her might, could hardly take in her escape. Her first thought, however, was for the driver.

"Oh! I'm afraid that poor man is killed!" she exclaimed.

"Oh! he's all right. I hope you are not hurt, madam?" said her rescuer, solicitously. "I think I'd better hold the horse, or I would come and take you out."

Mrs. Welch assured him that it was not necessary, and she sprang out and declared that she would go back at once and look after the driver. Just then, however, the driver appeared, covered with dust; but not otherwise injured.

"Well, I was just sayin' I'd saved Al anyhow," he said, as he came up. "And I'm glad to find, Cap'n, you saved the others."

"Well, what are you going to do now?" Mrs. Welch asked when the driver had finished talking to the gentleman and begun to work at the harness.

"I'm goin' to take you to the Cote-house. I told you I'd do it."

"Behind that horse?"

"Ain't nothin' the matter with the hoss—it's the gear."

"I think I'd better take her," the young man who had rescued her said to the driver, though with a little hesitation. "I can take her behind me, and get her there by the through way."

"What! On that horse! I can't ride that creature," declared Mrs. Welch, with wide-open eyes looking at his handsome horse that was still prancing with excitement.

"Why, he's as quiet as a lamb—he's carried double many a time, and several ladies have ridden him. I could get you there much quicker than you can drive. All you have to do is to hold on to me. Whoa, boy!"

"I know that sort of lamb," declared Mrs. Welch. "What shall I do with my trunk?"

The young man's confidence was telling on her and she was beginning to weaken: the choice was between the two horses, and she had had experience of one.

"Oh! your trunk's all right. I'll carry your trunk on," agreed the driver. He had finished his mending and was gathering up his reins.

"Do you mean that you are going to get in there and try to drive that horse again?"

"That's what I'm agoin' to do'm——." He put his foot on the hub to climb up.

"Then I'll get in too," declared Mrs. Welch, firmly. Her face was pale, but there was a light in her eyes that made her suddenly very handsome. The two men looked at her, and both began to expostulate.

"I made him come, and I don't mean that he shall risk his neck for me alone," she declared, firmly, gathering up her skirts. But the horseman suddenly intervened.

"I couldn't let you be run away with again under my very eyes," he said, smilingly; "I might be held accountable by your d—by your fam—your Government."

Mrs. Welch had not been used to being talked to in this way; but she liked him none the less for it.

It was finally agreed that a trial should be made first without her, and then if the horse went all right she could get in. The young man who had rescued her told her plainly, though politely, that he would not allow her to get in the wagon again until the experiment had been made.

After a little while, as the horse appeared to have been sobered by his unwonted exertion, she was allowed to mount once more, and so proceeded, the young gentleman riding close beside the horse, to prevent any further trouble.

Mrs. Welch at last had time to look at her deliverer, and she found him to be a tall, fine-looking young fellow with the face and address of a gentleman. A slouch hat much weather-stained, and a suit of clothes by no means new, at first sight made his dress appear negligent; but his voice was as refined as any Mrs. Welch had ever heard; his manner was a mixture of deference and protection, and his face, with its clear gray eyes, firm mouth, and pleasant smile, gave him an air of distinction, and, at the same time, was one of the most attractive she had ever seen.

He had introduced himself to her when

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he first spoke; Captain Somebody, he said, she had not caught the name; and she waited until she should get a chance to ask the driver. When she did ask him she understood him to say Captain Nallum.

CHAPTER XXIX

MRS. WELCH had not been in the county forty-eight hours before the signs of her occupation and energy were unmistakable. Every room in the little cottage was scoured afresh, and things were changed around in the old house and were undergoing a change without, which would have astonished the departed Stampers.

A gang of darkies, of all ages and sizes, was collected somehow (perhaps, no one knew just how, unless Hiram knew), who Andy Stamper said "looked like harvesters and got harvest wages;" and the rooms were turned inside out, the yard cleared up, the fences repaired and whitewashed, and the chambers were papered or painted of a dark maroon or other sombre rich color, then the fashion, by Doan, whom Hiram Still sent over for the purpose—Mrs. Welch not only superintending actively, but showing, with real skill, how it ought to be done. For "what your hands find to do, do it with all your might," was one of the lady's maxims.

Ruth, during the repairs, took occasion to pull out carefully the nail on which Andy Stamper had told her his father used to hang his watch, and sent it wrapped in a neat little parcel to Andy, with a note saying how much pleasure she had in sending it. She did not know that by this little act she was making one of the best friends of her life. Sergeant Stamper fixed the nail in a strip beside his bed, and as he struck the last blow he turned to his wife who, with softened eyes, was standing by, "Delia," he said, "if I ever fail to do what that young lady asks me, I hope God will drive the nails in my coffin next day."

On the arrival of Mrs. Welch there was a repetition of those visits of mingled friendliness and curiosity which had been paid Major Welch and Miss Ruth. And as Major Welch and Ruth formed their opinions, so now Mrs. Welch formed hers.

Dr. Cary and Mrs. Cary called, with Miss Thomasia and Blair; and General Legaie and Jacquelin Gray and Steve Allen rode up together one afternoon. The two former paid only a short visit, but Captain Allen stayed to tea. Steve treated Mrs. Welch with that mingled deference and freedom that, in just the right proportion, make—at least in a young and handsome man—the most charming manners. He even dared to tease her on the serious sentiments she expressed, and her appearance that day in the wagon, a liberty that neither Ruth nor Major Welch ever ventured to take; and to Ruth's exceeding surprise, her mother, so far from resenting it, actually appeared to like it.

As for Ruth, her mother surprised a look of real delight in her eyes.

It gave her food for thought. "That young man talked to me, but he looked at Ruth. What does it mean? It might mean one thing—yes, it might mean that? But it is impossible."

Mrs. Welch had no time to spend in the sort of hospitality practised by her neighbors. The idea of going over to a neighbor's "to spend the day," as most of the invitations she received ran, or of having them come and spend the day with her, was intolerable. It might have done, she held, for an archaic state of society, but it was just this terrible waste of time that made the people about her what she saw them, indolent and shiftless and poor. She had "work to do," and she meant to do it. So, having called formally at Dr. Cary's, Miss Gray's, and the other places around, the ladies from which had called on her, she declined further invitations and began her "work." She wrote her Society back at her old home that as she looked around her, her spirit groaned within her. The harvest was ripe, already too ripe, and the over-ripened wheat, day by day, was falling to the earth and being trampled in the ground. She wrote, also, her impressions of her new neighbors. She was charmed with Miss Thomasia and the General. The former reminded her of her grandmother, whom she remembered as a white-haired old lady knitting in her arm-chair, and the General was an old French field-marshal, of the time of Bayard or Sidney, who had strayed into this century, and who would not surprise her by appearing in armor with a sleeve around his helmet, *funny*

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dear old fossil that he is. She was pleased with Miss Cary and the Doctor, though the former appeared to have rather too antiquated views of life, and the Doctor was unpractical to the last degree. They were all densely prejudiced; but that she did not in the least mind. They were also universally shiftless; but she had hope; they must be enlightened and aided. (Mrs. Welch was conscious of a feeling of virtuous charitableness when she penned this. It was going further than she had ever deemed it possible she could go.)

When it came to the question of the poor blacks, the whites were all alike. They had not the slightest idea of their duty to them; even those she had mentioned as the most enlightened, regarded them yet as only so many chattels, as still slaves. Finally, she could not but admit, she wrote, that nothing but kindness had been shown them since their arrival. One could not but appreciate such kindness, even if it were the result of mere impulse rather than of steady principle, but Mr. Still, the Union man, of whom her friends knew, had intimated that it was only a concerted effort to blind them to the true state of affairs, and that if they showed any independence it would soon change. As to this she should be watchful. And she appealed for help.

Such was the substance of the first letter which Mrs. Welch wrote back to her old Reform and Help Society at home.

Having despatched her appeal, Mrs. Welch did not waste time waiting for a response, but was as good as her word, and like an energetic soul, without waiting for a day, sickle in hand, entered the field alone. Her first step was what she termed, "Informing herself." She always "informed herself" about things; it was one of the secrets of her success, she said.

Her first visit on this tour of inspection was to the Bend. She selected this as the primary object of her visitation, because she understood it was the worst place in the community. Dr. Cary had spoken of it to her as "a festering spot;" General Legaie had referred to it as "a sink of iniquity."

"Well, if it were a festering sore it ought to be treated; if it were a den it ought to be opened to the light," said Mrs. Welch. She found it worse than she had expected. But this did not deter her. She forthwith set to work to build a school-house near the Bend and send for a woman to come down and take charge of it.

It does not take an earthquake to start talk in a rural community, and Mrs. Welch had not been in her new home a month, or for that matter a week, before she was the most talked-of woman in the county.

Hiram Still hoped that he could effect the sale of his land to Major Welch before it became known, but notwithstanding his desire to keep it secret, it was soon rumored that Major Welch was to buy the Stamper place and a considerable part of Red Rock. Leech, it was reported, had come up from town and given a clean title and prepared a deed which was to be delivered on a certain day.

Allowing for exaggerations, it is astonishing how accurate the bureau of advanced rumor often is. Steve Allen and Jacquelin Gray held sundry conferences in the Clerk's Office with the papers in Still's old suit before them, and it got abroad that they were not going to permit the sale.

A day or two before that set by this exact agency for the final consummation of the deal, a letter was brought for Major Welch. The messenger who brought it was a handsome, spirited-looking boy of seventeen or eighteen. The Major was away from home, but Ruth happened to be in the yard when he rode up. He was mounted on the bay with white feet, which Ruth recognized as that which Captain Allen rode. Ruth loved a fine horse, and she went up to him. As she approached, the boy sprang to the ground and took off his hat with a manner so like Captain Allen's that she smiled to herself.

"Is—is Major Welch at home?" He had pulled a paper from his pocket and was blushing with a boy's embarrassment.

Ruth said he was not, but explained that she would take any letter he might have to leave for him—or would not he tie his horse and come in and wait for her father?

This invitation quite overthrew the little structure of assurance the boy had built up, and he was thrown into such a state of confusion that Ruth's heart went out to him.

He thanked her, but he was afraid his

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horse would not stand tied. He was stuffing the paper back into his pocket, hardly aware of what he was doing.

Ruth was sure the horse would stand; she had seen him tied, but she respected the boy's embarrassment and offered to take the letter for her father. He gave it to her, apparently with almost reluctance. "His cousin, Steve Allen, had told him to give it to Major Welch himself," he half stammered.

"Well, I am his daughter, Miss Welch," Ruth said, "and you can tell Captain Allen that I said I would certainly deliver it to my father. Won't you tell me who you are?" she asked, smiling.

"I'm Rupert Gray, Jacquelin Gray's brother."

"Oh! You have been off at school?"

"Yes'm; Jacquelin would make me go; but I've come back for good now. He says I needn't go any more." This in a very cheery tone. He was partly recovering from his embarrassment. "Steve, he wanted to send me to college, but I won't go."

"You won't? Why not?"

"Steve ain't got any money to send me to college. Besides, they just want to get me away from here—I know 'em—and I won't go." (With a boy's confidentialness.) "They're afraid I'll get—" He stopped short. "But I'm not afraid. Just let 'em try—" He paused, his face flushed with excitement, and looked straight at her. He evidently wanted to say something else to her, and she smiled encouragingly.

"You tell your father not to have anything to do with that Still and that man Leech." His tone was a mixture of sincerity and persuasiveness.

"Why?" Ruth smiled.

"Because—one's a carpet-bagger and t'other a scalawag."

"Why, we are carpet-baggers, too!"

"Well—yes—but—Steve, he says so, too—and he don't want you to get mixed up with 'em. That's the reason." His embarrassment returned for a moment.

"Oh! Captain Allen says so? I'm very much obliged to him, I'm sure." Ruth laughed; but her head went up and her color deepened.

"No. No—not that way. Steve's a daisy. And so is Jacquelin. He's just as good as Steve. Never was anybody like Jacquelin. You ought to know him. That fellow Leech imprisoned him. But I knocked him down—I could die for Jacquelin. At least, I think I could. That's the reason I hate 'em so!" he broke out, vehemently. "And I don't want you to get mixed up with 'em. You aren't like them. You are more like us."

Ruth smiled at the ingenuousness of this compliment.

"And you tell your father, won't you?" he repeated. "Good-evening." He held out his hand, shook hers, sprang on his horse, and making her a very flourishing bow, galloped away, evidently very proud of his horsemanship.

He left Ruth with a pleasant feeling around her heart, which she could scarcely have accounted for. She wondered what it was that his brother and Captain Allen were afraid the boy would do.

As for Rupert, when he returned to Captain Allen he was so full of Miss Welch that Steve declared he was in love with her, and guilefully drew him on to talk of her and tell, over and over, every detail of his interview. The charge of being in love the boy denied, of course, but from that time Ruth, without knowing it, had the truest blessing a girl can know: the ingenuous devotion of a young boy's heart.

When her father came home the current of her thoughts was changed.

The letter Rupert had brought contained a paper addressed to Major Welch, which was a formal notice to him that the title by which Still held Red Rock was fraudulent and invalid, and that he would buy it at his peril, as a suit would be brought to rip up the whole matter and set aside the deed under which Still held. The paper was signed by Jacquelin Gray, and witnessed by Stevenson Allen, counsel, in whose handwriting it was. In addition to the formal notice, there was a note to Major Welch from Captain Allen, in which he stated that having heard the rumor that he was contemplating buying the place in question, he and Mr. Gray felt it their duty to let him know at once that such a step would involve him in a lawsuit, and that possibly it might be very unpleasant to him. It concluded by denouncing Still as, in his opinion, an unmitigated rascal.

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Mrs. Welch took the letter not as a legal notice, but as a declaration of war, and when that gage was flung down she was always ready to accept it. She came of a stock equally prepared to be martyrs or fighters. She urged Major Welch to reply plainly at once. "It was just a part of the persecution that all loyal people had to go through." Major Welch was for moving a little deliberately. He would certainly not be bullied into receding from his purchase by anything of this kind, but he would act prudently. He would look again into the matter, and see if there were any foundation for the charge.

Ruth rallied to the side of her mother and father, and felt as angry with Mr. Allen and everyone else concerned in the matter as it was in the nature of her kind heart to be.

Major Welch's investigation did not proceed exactly on the lines on which he would have acted at home. Both Still and Leech insisted that the notice given was merely an attempt to bully him. They further furnished him an abstract of the title, which showed it to be perfectly regular and clear, and when Major Welch applied in person to the old clerk, he corroborated it and certified that no cloud was on it.

He was, however, by no means as gracious toward Major Welch as he had been the first time he saw him; was, on the contrary, rather short in his manner, and, that gentleman thought, almost regretted to have to give the certificate.

"Yes, it's clear to date as far as the records show," he said, with careful limitation, in reply to a request from Major Welch for a certificate. "But if you'll take my advice——."

Mr. Still, who was sitting near, wriggled slightly. Major Welch had been a little exasperated. "My dear sir, I should be very glad to take your advice generally, but this is a matter of private business between this gent—between Mr. Still and myself—and I must be allowed to act on my own judgment. What I want is not advice, but a certificate of the state of those titles."

A change came over the old clerk's countenance. He bowed stiffly.

"All right, sir—I reckon you know your own business," he said, dryly, and he made out the certificate and handed it to Major Welch, almost grimly.

"You can have your deeds prepared, Mr. Still; I am going to town to-morrow and shall be ready to pay over the money on my return," Major Welch said, in a tone for the clerk to hear.

Still followed him out and suggested that he'd as leave give him the deeds to put to record then, and he could pay him when he came back. "He was always willing to take a gentleman's word." This, however, Major Welch would not consent to.

Still kept with Major Welch all the rest of the day and returned home with him—a fellowship which, though somewhat irksome to the Major, he tolerated, because Still, half-jestingly, half-seriously, explained that somehow he "felt sort of safer" when he was with the Major.

Two or three days afterward, Major Welch, having returned from the capital, paid Still the money and took his deed, and it was duly recorded.

The interview in the clerk's office, in which Major Welch had declined to hear the old clerk's advice, was reported by Mr. Dockett to Steve Allen and Jacquelin Gray that same evening. The only way to save the places, they agreed, was to institute their proceedings and file a notice of a pending suit, or, as the lawyers call it, a *lis pendens*. The bill could be filed later.

"He'll hardly be big enough fool to fly in the face of that," said Mr. Dockett.

So the very next day a suit was docketed and a *lis pendens* filed, giving notice that the title to the lands was in question.

The summonses were delivered to the sheriff, Mr. James Sherwood, but this was the day Major Welch spent in the city, and when the sheriff delivered the summons to Still, and showed the one he had for Major Welch, Still took it from him, saying he would deliver it.

Thus it happened that when Major Welch paid down the money, he was in ignorance that two suits had already been instituted, to declare the title in Still fraudulent.

Meantime, copies of Mrs. Welch's letter to her friends had come back to the county in the columns of the *Censor*, and the effect was instantaneous.

When Mrs. Welch wrote the letters to her friends, describing her new home and

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surroundings, she gave, as has been said, what she considered a very favorable account of her neighbors. The *Censor* was as well known, even if not so extensively known, in the old county as in Mrs. Welch's former home. It had long been known as Leech's organ, and was taken by more than one of the Red Rock residents.

When the issue containing Mrs. Welch's first letter appeared, it raised a breeze. The neighborhood was deeply stirred, and, what appeared most curious to her, that which gave most offence was the reference to individuals, which she had intended to be rather complimentary. She made up her mind to face boldly the commotion she had raised, and to bear with fortitude whatever it might bring. She did not know that it was her patronizing attitude that gave the most serious offence.

"I don't mind her attack on us, but blame her impudent, patronizing air," declared the little General—"General Fossil," as Steve called him. "And to think that I should have put myself out to be especially civil to her. Steve, you are so fond of Northern cherries, I shall let you do the civilities for us both hereafter." To the little General's surprise, Steve actually reddened.

The next time Mrs. Welch met her neighbors she was conscious of the difference in their bearing toward her. It was at old St. Ann's. When she had been there before, the whole congregation had thronged about her, with warm greetings and friendly words. But now there was a marked change. Though Steve Allen and Rupert and Blair and a few others came up and spoke to them, the rest of the congregation contented themselves with returning her bows coldly from a distance, and several ladies, she was sure, studiously avoided her greeting.

"Well, sir, I knew she was a one-er as soon as I lay my eye 'pon her," said Andy Stamper to a group of his friends in the Court-yard the next Court day, "but I didn' know she was goin' to take that tack. She's done fixed up the place till you wouldn' know it from a town place. She have painted them old rooms so black, that Doan had to git a candle to see how to do it; and I was born in one of 'em. I told her I never heard o' paintin' nothin' that black befo' but a coffin; but she said it was her favorite color."

"'Pears like that's so, too, Sergeant," laughed someone.

"Now she's been over yonder to the Bend and got 'em all stirred up, diggin' dreens and whitewashin' and cuttin' poles for cross-lay."

"She'll be tryin' to whitewash *them*," said one of his auditors.

"Well, by Jingo! if she sets her mind to it, she'll make it stick," said Andy. "What gits me, is the way she ain't got some'n better to work on."

Report said that Jacquelin was blossoming into a fine young lawyer. Steve Allen declared that his practice was doubling under Jacquelin's devotion to the work, which was very well, as Steve, whether from contrariness or some other motive, was becoming a somewhat frequent visitor at Major Welch's these days.

The little General, too, was very complimentary about Jacquelin. "But he'll kill himself if he does not stop it. Why, I can see the difference in him already," he declared to Miss Thomasia, solicitously. Miss Thomasia herself had seen the change in Jacquelin's appearance since his return home. He was growing thin again, and she expostulated with him, and tried even to get Blair to do the same, for Blair always had great influence with him, she told her. Blair, however, pooh-poohed the matter, and said, indifferently, that she thought he looked very well. Miss Thomasia shook her head, sadly. Blair had not always been so hard-hearted.

But, however this was, Jacquelin did not alter his course. The negroes had become so unruly, that, as Rupert was often away from home, and his aunt was left alone, he came home every night, though it was often late before he arrived, but early in the morning he returned to the Court-house and spent the day there in his office, rarely accepting an invitation or taking any holiday.

When he and Blair met, which they did sometimes, unavoidably, there was a return of the old constraint, and even with Steve he appeared to be growing silent and self-absorbed.

Blair had become the main stay of her family. Unconsciously, she had slipped

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into a position where she was the prop on which her parents leaned. She taught her little colored school, and at home was always busy about something. She vied with Mrs. Andy Stamper in raising chickens, and with Miss Thomasia in raising violets. Under her skilful management, the little cottage, and its wilderness of fruit-trees, became a rose-bower, and the fruit-trees became an orchard with its feet buried in clover. Her father said of her that she was a perpetual reproduction of the miracle of the creation; that she created the sun and followed it with all the plants and herbs after their kind.

Yet with all these duties Blair found time to run over to see Miss Thomasia, almost every day or two; at first shyly and at rarer intervals, but after she found that Jacquelin was always at his office, oftener and more freely. She always declared that a visit to Miss Thomasia was like reading one of Scott's Novels; while Miss Thomasia asserted that Blair was a breath of May.

Jacquelin, after a time, came to recognize the traces of Blair's visits in the little touches of change and improvement about the house; a pruned rose-bush here, a fold of white curtain there, and he often had to hear her praises sung by Miss Thomasia's guileless tongue; and the good lady's lament that she and Steve did not proceed a little more satisfactorily with their affairs. She had an idea that it was on account of Steve's former reputation for wildness. "It would have been such a good influence on Steve; would be just what he needed. I quite approve of a young lady being coy and maidenly," declared Miss Thomasia, "but, of course, I know there is an understanding between them, and I must say I think Blair is carrying it too far."

She bridled, as she always did, at the thought of anyone opposing Steve. "I know that a man is sometimes driven by a young lady's cruelty—apparent cruelty—for I am sure Blair would not wittingly injure anyone—into courses very sad and injurious to him." Miss Thomasia heaved a sigh and gazed out of the window, and a moment latter resumed her knitting.

"Do you see anything of that—young lady, Miss Welch?" she asked Jacquelin, suddenly.

Jacquelin said he had not seen her for some time, except at church, and once or twice in the village, at a distance.

"I did not suppose you had," said Miss Thomasia, "She is a very nice, sweet girl—has always been very sweet to me when I have met her—but of course—!" Her lips closed firmly and she began to knit vigorously, leaving Jacquelin to wonder what she meant.

"I only wanted to know," she said, presently, and that was the only explanation she gave.

(To be continued.)

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THE POINT OF VIEW

THERE are more glimpses of Thackeray in the introduction to the leading volume of "the Daughter's Edition"—more formally the Biographical Edition—of his writings, which came out in April. This first of a series of thirteen volumes is "Vanity Fair," and Mrs. Ritchie has prefixed to it about twenty-five pages of discourse about her father, with many extracts from letters, and some interesting portraits and sketches. Her plan has been to publish memories of Thackeray which chiefly concern his books, and though altogether they will by no means amount to the biography which he disapproved, the books and the man were much too closely associated for it to be possible that memories that concern the books would not add materially to our intimate knowledge of their author. To that she is resigned. "So much," she writes, "has been forgotten, so much that is ephemeral has been recorded, that it is my desire to mark down some of the truer chords to which his life was set. For this reason I have included one letter to my mother among the rest. It will show that he knew how to value the priceless gifts of home and of happiness while they lasted, as well as to bear trouble and loneliness when they fell upon him."

Thackeray.

We shall be glad to read that letter when it comes. The instalment of memories which this first volume brings has to do with the periods of Thackeray's life in which he gathered some of the impressions which made "Vanity Fair" possible, and with the years in which he wrote that book. There is something about his early school-days at Chiswick—the Chiswick of Miss Pinkerton's Academy—before his mother's return from India, something about his travels in Germany in his youth and the taste of polite society at Weimar in 1831, which furnished the setting, many years later, for some experiences of the worthy family of Sedleys. And there is a good deal about the years from 1846 to 1848, when he was settled in the house at Kensington and writing a great book, which was being issued in shilling numbers to a public wofully reluctant at first to accept them in place of its shillings. The first lots of manuscript went begging among the publishers, to be undertaken, after awhile, by Bradbury & Evans. After publication was begun (on January 1, 1847), success was still so uncertain that the expediency of stopping the issue was considered, but by summer matters had mended, and the author writes that the book "does everything but pay."

It was while Thackeray was at school at Chiswick that his mother and her husband came home from India. In a letter written to India, she tells of her meeting with her son:

> He had a perfect recollection of me; he could not speak, but kissed me, and looked at me again and again, and I could almost have said, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." He is the living image of his father, and God in heaven send that he may resemble him in all but his too short life. He is tall, stout, and sturdy. His eyes are become darker, but there is still the same dear expression. His drawing is wonderful.

There is a great deal of biography in that short extract, and the reference to Thackeray's father constitutes the only allusion to him not merely formal which ever happened to come to the present reader's notice. Evidently this boy loved his mother, and she him, as was to be expected, and one may recognize, from scraps of later letters, that the relation always continued intimate. If the man's nature was sweet, and a store of love was always in his heart ready to leaven the thoughts of a host of readers, it is obvious that he came honestly by those blessed attributes.

The interest in Thackeray is still such an intense and affectionate interest among so many readers, and the incentive to trace a connection between everything we know that was in his life and something that is in some book of his is so strong, that perhaps it is as well that we should not be able to indulge it too fully. He writes to his mother of seeing "poor, dear, old Mrs. Buller at Richmond," whose husband was dying downstairs, and who "told me with tears in her eyes what a comfort her sons had been to her. Charles, with his indifferent manner, never forgets his duty. He never brags about his goodness, but goes laughing through the world, honest and to be depended upon."

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So we read, and remember "The End of the Play," and

> Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
> Be weeping at her darling's grave?

So surely we should go on trying to fit all we learned to what we knew, and apt to put backgrounds of real life to familiar fiction. Doubtless it is as well that our ingenuity in that direction should lag in some degree for want of matter.

Mrs. Ritchie has evidently no intention of giving us more than we ought to have, and for all that she does give us we will be grateful. Among Thackeray's unpublished letters there must be many that it would do us good to read, and some of them—a good many, I hope—are on the way toward us now. To have kept from the world such a letter as that of May 1, 1848, to the Duke of Devonshire, telling what finally became of Becky Sharp, would not have been kind.

The chronology of the introductions to these books will evidently be a wonderful tangle. The most that we can expect is that between them all they will throw light on nearly every period of Thackeray's life.

THERE was an unusual opportunity in the Spring to see the American people make up its mind, and, incidentally, to form an opinion as to what sort of a conglomeration the American people is and what sort of a mind it has. It is a composite mind, of course, subject to so many conflicting influences, so many impulses, incentives, emotions, prejudices, convictions; so many restraints of thrift, reason, and conscience, that it seems wonderful that it can really arrive at a state of certainty worthy to be called a conclusion. Yet it was demonstrated three months ago that that was possible. The American people, after years of rather listless consideration of the affairs of Cuba, and after months of agitation and uncertainty, finally made up its mind that something must be done about Cuba, and that without further delay. When the decision finally came, it came quickly. It followed Senator Proctor's report of the condition of affairs in Cuba, and especially of the condition of the reconcentrados. That report still seems to have been the determining statement of facts that settled the question. It was everywhere accepted as the record of the observations of a just man who had seen with unbiassed eyes what he described and whose testimony could be trusted. The conclusion made necessary by that report was that the state of affairs the existence of which it recorded was too bad to continue. That accepted, the next question was what action was essential to stop it for all time. Would autonomy do it? Would any Spanish concession short of the abandonment of Cuba accomplish it? Consciously or unconsciously, the American mind grappled hard with that question. There was a profound aversion to war in the breasts of millions of persons, and an eagerness to be convinced that half measures would do. But that conviction would not come. The only conviction that would come was that Spain's authority in Cuba must end. Yellow journals greeted it with exultant yells; the young and fervent welcomed it with enthusiasm; older men and conservative newspapers tried long and faithfully to avoid it; men of business and men whose intellects had been trained to see what they wished to see rather than what was in sight tried strenuously to discredit and ignore it. That was as vain as arguing back the sea. The mind of the people had reached a conclusion. It showed conspicuously in Congress, but it also showed all the way from Maine to San Francisco. It was by no means a universal conclusion, but it was so nearly universal that the President knew just what his backing was and where the country stood. It was a conclusion shared by the unlettered, the irresponsible, the light-headed, by grave men who hated war, and realized the costs and horrors of it, and by a host of sober, God-fearing people whose thoughts ran ceaselessly and sadly, and who, unstirred by ambitions or impatience, or any lust for vengeance, sought to know only one thing: what was this country's duty in the sight of God. "For humanity's sake!" That was the effectual cry and the controlling sentiment.

A Novel Spectacle.

They were stirring days, those days of March and April, and even the swift course of events that followed, the mustering of troops and sea-fights of tremendous moment, have not dulled our memory of them. We are used to political campaigns to decide who shall govern and which of two policies shall prevail; we are used to seeing one side win at the polls, and the other submit and go quietly about its business. But to the present generation of Americans the spectacle of the nation making up its mind about a question of foreign policy was a new thing.

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THE FIELD OF ART

THE COMBINED ARTIST AND BUSINESS MAN

I

IT is jokingly said that "the American artist does not paint; he serves on committees." In this remark there is as much truth as sarcasm. Certain it is that a large number of talented men in this country have not only won distinction as artists, but also as "men of affairs."

At a recent meeting, for the purpose of organizing an important function, the majority present were representatives of artistic professions. In an hour's time a plan was perfected, the necessary committees appointed, the work outlined and assigned, and all the details of what afterward proved a most successful affair arranged. In leaving the room a layman was heard to remark "had these been business men they would not have accomplished half so much." And yet, only a few years ago nothing was further from the thoughts of these artists than the cultivation of the business ability which they now exhibit. Most of them were then students on the Continent. Paris, Munich, and Rome were their temporary homes. Their one object was art, and that for art's sake. All else was considered as far beneath them, and held in silent contempt. With no obligations to the community, no families to support, living inexpensively on funds brought from America, they cast aside care and entered into the spirit of the fascinating life about them. This existence was ideal. It had its dangers; it had also its charms; but it had along with both the sources of inspiration so difficult to find in this nineteenth century.

In those days the thought of engaging in any line of business would have been maddening. The case of one is recalled who, while deeply engrossed in his effort for the approaching *Salon*, received a request from a New York firm to attend to some matters of business in France, for which he was to receive a most acceptable compensation. The poor man was straightway in an agony of mind. Previous obligations to his New York correspondent made it impossible for him to decline; besides, the consideration was most acceptable. Nevertheless, he became in his own eyes and in those of his friends—and not without some reason—a martyr.

But to each in his turn there came an end to the dream. The failure of funds, the unexpected letter calling for a return home, the advice of the agent that nothing had sold, the announcement of a death, or some other cause, served as an awakening, and his habitual haunts knew him no more.

No words can picture the anguish of the next two years. We pass over it in silence. Perhaps it was the artist's fault. In his view the America to which he returns is all wrong. His criticism is—"no art atmosphere"—"all matter of fact." Sad days ensue in which our talented friend quite disappears from view.

But such men are not born for oblivion, and one by one they reappear upon the scene. But what a change! We meet A. in the street and grasp his hand. We ask where he has been all this time, and what he has to show in his studio. "Well," he replies, "to tell you the truth, I am not painting just now. You see, I have arranged to write a series of articles for the ——— *Magazine*, and as soon as I get paid for them, I am going to paint in Gloucester. Next we run across B. Well, how does painting thrive? "Very well, though just at present I am teaching. I've got a large class, you know, and I am also the instructor for Madam ——'s School for Girl's on Washington Heights. C. is president of a corporation; he paints in the evenings. D. tells you that he has made an invention, and is just now busy with the patents—expects more time for painting next summer. E. has gone into the business of house decorating; not mural decoration in its highest form, but he ultimately hopes to attain to that. G. is sacrificing himself as manager of an art gallery; H. holds the position of treasurer in the same institution. All are intensely interested in the political problems of the times, and stop to discuss them with you. All are active members of societies and clubs and are serving on innumerable committees, and many of them

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are representative delegates to the Fine Arts Federation of New York.

It is certainly strange that those who, such a short time ago, scorned the business interests of life should now be gaining reputations for business ability. They are now, with few exceptions, family men, carrying their share of responsibilities. Some have assumed obligations as executors, others as directors or even presidents of companies. All talk with a certain knowledge of business principles, and rapid execution of business is an object to every one of them.

There are two thoughts suggested by the above: One is that every resident in America, even the artist, must be a business man. It is a prerequisite to any kind of existence in this country. The other is that perhaps, after all, the training of the artist is not such a bad one for a business career. Objective teaching, direct intercourse with nature, straightforward methods directly toward the goal sought and without regard for too many conventionalities, all these fit the mind as well for practical questions as for those artistic. Objective teaching, largely based in the study of art, is fast becoming the keynote of the modern system of education. The idea that the study of art is fatal to a business career must go. It may have had some truth when those who called themselves artists had for their highest aim the painting of some pretty picture to hang on the wall, but it has no truth in these days, when the wide nature of art and its exalted mission are beginning to dawn upon us. The pursuit of art is in itself a liberal education.

H. R. B.

II

IN the clever novel which Stevenson and his son-in-law wrote, apparently with the object of comparing and contrasting the art-student life of Paris and the money-getting life of America, one of the heroes utters his wail thus: "I do not wonder," he says, in effect, "that you want to do all this; but that you should want to do nothing else, beats me." The art students coming back from Paris find out that there are other things in the world to do; and this is unmistakably good for them. No man is the worse for becoming a business man, in the sense of one who keeps his engagements, who is prompt and punctual, who is strict not to miss his appointments or his trains, and who neither directs wrongly his letters, nor puts the wrong letters into the wrong envelopes. To have business habits is as compatible with the successful practice of fine art as is the wearing of the conventional dress of the men of the day. Just as the painter has ceased to wear, out-of-doors, velvet jackets and hats of startling shape, so he has, in a great measure, ceased to be careless, forgetful, and lazy at the wrong time; and he may be said to have ceased altogether to justify such anomalous behavior on the ground of the artistic temperament and its necessary drawbacks.

There is always danger, however, that the world of men who are not artists will misunderstand their friends, the painters and sculptors, and will suppose them shiftless, unsteady and idle, when the reverse is the fact. The man of six hours a day steady attention to banking or to the ribbon of the stock telegraph; the man of eight hours a day steady grind at the business of the law—will be slow to learn how differently the artist does his most important work. It happens very often that a painting which will bring a very large sum to its author—a sum which will pay his rent for a year—may be earned in a few hours. From the time that the artist begins to sketch-in his charcoal outline until he finally lays down his brush with the conviction that to do more to the canvas would be to spoil it, there may have elapsed so few hours of actual work as to seem incredible when stated to the outsider. This rapidity of execution implies, however, hours and days of mental preparation; and there will be many times during that period of thought, of indecision, of passing in review of plans and schemes and motives, when the painter will seem but a languid and purposeless individual to the business man who watches him. The picture painted in a dozen hours and sold for a notable sum, implies many days of preparatory thought in which are not included the time of previous study. And, then, the picture so painted does not always sell promptly.

One sees the designer of a building which is intended to be a work of refined art as well as a mere physical convenience—one watches such a designer during the three days that succeed his first definite interview with the employer; he sketches with apparent lack of purpose on a scrap of paper as big as an envelope; he looks out of the window; he whistles; he opens a dozen big books and

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piles them one upon another; he selects from a great bunch of photographs a dozen which are laid upon the great books; he smokes most unduly. At the end of three days he begins to draw. No Philistine who might see him then would take him for an idle fellow.

If the well-paid writer could work eight hours a day at turning out copy; if the somewhat successful painter could work eight hours a day at producing salable canvasses; they, and not the heads of big factories, would be the rich men of the time. Their position is not so very unlike that of the professor in a great university whose salary, small enough when measured by the earnings of his friends, the business men and the lawyers, seems yet large when compared to the number of hours which he spends weekly in the lecture-room. Artist and professor are paid for much besides their hours of visibly fruitful labor, and when all this is reckoned their pay is low enough!

In fact, neither artist nor professor is necessarily an unbusinesslike person, and it is well that the public should be reminded how very energetic, clear-headed, and purposeful the artists of great cities have lately shown themselves to be. Z. Z.

III

WHAT is it to be business-like? As the American world stands to-day it means, very often, to be shrewd and cunning. What is the business man? He is, in many men's minds, the wide-awake fellow who has discovered a way of getting much more than he earns. What is business? As very often understood among us, it is the art of juggling money out of your neighbor's pocket into your own. There is a world in which to earn your bread by honest and continuous labor is not to be business-like—is not even to be "in business." In that world, to take advantage of opportunities, to conceal what you may have learned, and to trade upon your knowledge, is business. Misleading even, if secrecy cannot otherwise be obtained; that is business. In short, in that world to be business-like is to be unscrupulous. A lover of fine art may continue to hope that its devotees will not too rapidly become business men in that sense.

It has been said above that artists nowadays know how to manage their affairs. That is well. No man can be too prompt and too attentive to duty. When the duty is to paint we may suppose that the painter does it with all his soul. *Hoc age* is a good adage for artists as well as business men. It is a fact, by the way, that John Ruskin, of all men the least a man of the world, sealed his letters at one time with a seal bearing that motto and nothing else. We like to hear of the parson whose sermon for Sunday was always written on the Monday morning previous. We rejoice to learn of men living in the world of thought, of books, and of art, who can do their work on time. We like to know the writer or the artist, as well as the superintendent or chief of the department, who is always up to his work. Nothing can be more likely to inspire confidence than the manner of the man who is never hurried. No man can be more likely to gain our confidence, in any pursuit, than he who has always leisure to talk with us—evidently, because his work is well up to date.

The world will go on believing, however, that the artists may still lack something of perfection in these respects. If that be a true report, can they not be kept from becoming business men in the other sense? They have been compared above with the professors. That is well, for teachers and artists have kept, so far, the habit of living by their wages. They have done their work and then drawn their pay. In common with blacksmiths and bricklayers, they have toiled and have been recompensed for their toil. This honorable way of life the artists are solicited, on all sides, to abandon. One hates to hear of their serving on committees. One dreads their association with "business men" in boards of management. What will become of the art power of the man who learns that dollars by the thousand can be "made" by skilful management, while hundreds are all that his best work, his own hand work, can bring him? Heaven keep the artist from the knowledge and from the relish of business methods and business habits! R. S.

IV

OF the cases suggested in the first paragraph above, some are rather those of men who are not so much artists and business men at one and the same time, as men who have changed their calling. Some of the painters, who "do not paint, but serve on committees," probably never could be painters in any higher sense of the word, and mis-

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took their vocation when they studied the art of painting. There are in every profession, in every line of business, men who have previously been engaged in other pursuits, but we do not on that account call them by the name of their previous occupation. We do not speak of a ranch-owner as a lawyer, even if he has once been a lawyer, nor of an actuary as a professor of mathematics, even though that has once been his calling. Why, then, do we hear of artists who have gone into business? Is it because of the extraordinary charm of the artist-life, which is so very delightful that even the man who has taken up other work cannot make up his mind to abandon it entirely? This powerful charm exists and it is well that the artist should live in an atmosphere of art. Intercourse with workers who, like himself, are trying to solve delicate and difficult problems of execution; communion with fellow-artists, and with the work of the great masters—all this forms not only a most delightful environment, but one most necessary to the artist. And the world of ordinary affairs is not more unfit for the artist than is the world of literature. Whether the sculptor, for instance, is thrown among railroad kings or professors of mathematics, or shop-keepers or writers of criticism, each of these societies is a bad one for him to live in. Nor is this true only in this country. It is true in the other countries of the world, and would be true in any land we can now imagine. The mental process by which a work of fine art is produced seems to be inconceivable to the layman. And herein lies the general failure of art criticism. This failure is conceded by all; but not all recognize that the difficulty lies in the lack of understanding in the men who are not producers of works of fine art, of the manner in which such works of fine art are produced. This is why the artist should have the daily companionship of his fellows, and why, if he become a business man in the ordinary sense of the word, he will cease to be a producer of good art and to be a good judge of his own productions.

M. S. T.

V

THEMISTOCLES said that he "could not make use of any stringed instrument; could only, were a small and obscure city put into his hands, make it great and glorious." In this way did the budding statesman declare at once his belief in himself and his belief that politics are the only pursuit worthy of an able man. He has his sympathizers; but the artist is he who would rather play the stringed instrument rightly, and, who, *a fortiori*, would rather compose music for it, greatly, than deal in public affairs at all.

Make a small city great and glorious? Yes, but what if the one worthy object of having a great and glorious city be to shelter the artist, with his compeer, the thinker and the student? What was the city which Themistocles did, indeed, make great and glorious, but a home for the artist, the dramatist, the philosopher? The greatness and the glory which Themistocles sought to give, and gave, to his city, vanished within the lifetime of one man, but during those seventy years the walls of Athens had sheltered Æschylus, Euripides, Sophocles and Aristophanes; Plato, Socrates, and Xenophon; Thucydides; Phidias and the sculptors who worked under him: the architects of the Parthenon and the Propylæa; the creators of expressional painting whom we refer to when we vaguely say "Polygnotus." What is the city good for, what is the state good for, but as a means to an end? That the individual shall live his life freely and do his work under the fitting conditions—that is all we have to ask of the state. Let Themistocles build it up if he will; the artist will thank him for that, chiefly because the conditions are thus provided for the production of the work of art.

The production of the work of art; is this, then, the chief reason why the state should exist? The artist may be permitted to think so; it is his business to think so. It is his business to think that a noble work of art is the noblest achievement of man, and that the state exists chiefly that such works of art may be brought into being. To the artist, the work of art is the noblest intellectual work of man. Until the non-artistic world understand that he holds this belief and somewhat of his reasons for holding it, the artist had better live among his fellows, and mainly apart from the world which does not and cannot really comprehend him.

R. S.

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Drawn by I. W. Taber.

DECK OF THE BONHOMME RICHARD DURING THE FIGHT WITH THE SERAPIS.

—John Paul Jones in the Revolution.

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